

# Buddha, Tree, River

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## Dedication

*To: Louis Jaramillo, my caring, loving father. Rest in peace. 11/03/1942 - 08/08/2018*

## About the author

I have been writing poetry since I was thirteen years of age. As an adolescent my poetry writings and readings developed in the early nineties when I lived in Denver, CO. While there I published *Walk With Me*- available at the Denver Public Library. I have published in Mile High Poetry Society, Western Poetry Association, and Famous Poets Society. While living in Washington state my poetry writing was dormant as I focused on family, work, and short story writing. I have returned to poetry with a new release of creativity and inspiration.

The following poems are dedicated to my father who recently passed away.

## summary

Silence

Nothing Is Forever Dead

Dream Walker

Buddha, Tree, River

Speak! Silence Speak!

Pickup Truck

The Universe

New Mexico

Solitary Mist (Dialogue)

camera life

Pete Townsend

The Room

## Silence

Awake from the ground  
Tell me something profound  
Speak to me proud  
The wisdom behind a cloud  
Not in worldly words  
But like the ocean in cadences

## Nothing Is Forever Dead

Nothing is forever dead  
Instead  
Life moves on  
Like a river-song  
Nothing is forever dead  
Instead  
Life is serene  
In nature's vibrant green  
Nothing is forever dead  
Instead  
A chopped tree  
With skills of carpentry  
Becomes a house, table,  
And chairs  
For a family  
And for each other to care  
To talk, eat, and rest  
With wine and bread  
As the Host's guest  
Nothing is forever dead

## Dream Walker

Sunday night  
Alamo city  
I walk along ancient  
Architecture of passion and fiesta  
White fire  
Feather light crescent  
Below moons eye patch  
Can I share my peace with anyone?  
Aztecan totem poles  
Mexican heroes  
Sacred hearts still beat to  
Creations drums  
Hypnotized to a mosaic pond  
Living things in the water  
One side struggles  
The other is calm  
Unity with division  
Humanities reflection  
I see myself  
Can I share my peace with anyone?  
I hold my friends hand  
A guitar case handle  
Pull her out and begin to  
Play  
Music and city circulate like  
One blood  
While I sit still  
Like a patient swimmer  
The city  
Breathes one note at a time  
Rises to breathe again  
I return to my room  
The city has its music

Can I share my peace with anyone?



## Buddha, Tree, River

A sunny Buddha sits on a  
Mountain  
Like a crystal ball  
He holds the third eye  
Universe in  
His warm enlightened belly  
Bowl  
Gentle brown eyes open  
Like a lotus  
Mind peacefully falls into  
Focus  
Speaks from a sacred kiss  
Of  
A long nights hypnosis  
Listen beyond his voice  
As an ear to a seashell  
Hears the ocean  
His divine diamond  
Precision  
Spins the mountain top like A weathervane  
Down to the forest deep  
Full moon pond  
He sits behind a wall of sleep  
Awakes with a dove of dawn  
An ancient Tree stands  
Beside the dreamy Buddha  
Who listens to a distant Flute  
Tree is one  
Buddha is one  
They share the same root  
The Tree and the Buddha Speak from the belly ground  
To fingertip branches  
And reach skyward bound

Follow the River  
Beside the Buddha and Tree  
They all speak together  
With the misty breeze  
Rest your body and thoughts  
Drink from what the River has taught  
Though it speaks what cannot be spoken  
Listen - the ripples move to heavens golden  
Palace shores  
Wisdoms whispering deep sleep  
Opens holy doors  
The Buddha rises  
Follows a single cloud in the sky  
Raindrops fall as he meditates  
And with the cloud he evaporates  
The Buddha  
The Tree  
The River  
Stand still

## Speak! Silence Speak!

Silence

Move the moon

Awake the sunlight

From the slithering night

Speak!

Silence

Speak!

From the distant deep

Forests

From the unheard mountain

Streams

From the receding midnight

Streets where we roamed

From your lonely twilight

Tombstone

Speak!

Father

Speak

## Pickup Truck

Riding with my father  
In his pickup truck  
Drinking a beer  
And listening to Tulsa Time  
He describes James Dean  
Philosophically  
I listen while tapping my foot to Werewolves of London  
We rent a boat at Gig Harbor  
Ride a wake as far as we can  
I take a picture underneath  
The Tacoma Narrows bridge  
Driving back we put on Jelly Roll Morton  
And I feel warm  
Give me my father and the country  
And I feel just right.

## The Universe

I perform with you

Verse by verse

You are planted, a seed

Yet the speed of light

The universe

You are my eyes

And nerves

You have nursed me

Through the earth

Nothing could be better

Or worse

For your vastness

Contains most everything

Except my loneliness

## New Mexico

New Mexico

Land of nativities

Echoes

Spanish cities

Land of rainbows

Shadows

Distant clouds

Rain curtain shrouds

White sands

Multiple children's hands

I have grown

And you are gone

## Solitary Mist (Dialogue)

Solitary mist  
Persists  
With pressing  
Dry kiss  
I resist  
A desire to be catalyst  
So I insist  
Ghostly mist - exit!  
I will cover you  
Truer than blue  
Take you to a land  
You could never have planned  
Is it already within me  
The entire palatial city?  
Am I  
A tree in the sands of time?  
You are more in my cover  
A born lover  
Of all living beings  
You dream and spring forth  
How could I ever be  
Separated from eternity?  
Mist you are but are not  
My existence is tied in a knot..

## camera life

camera shutter click

Rick's shuffled card trick

snuffed candlesticks



## Pete Townsend

So  
Star  
Guitar  
Man swings his  
Arm like a windmill  
And Long Live Rock is his anthem

## The Room

I desire  
Silence's dark  
Room

A strand of winter light  
Through my coal miner's  
Curtains

Enough  
To warm my hands  
To kindle a fire

To write you a letter