

Green

John O'Reilly

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Dedicated to,
with love for:

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STANDING

standing
dignified

not feeling
those

those cut
and cleared

no retirement packages
no offers made
no sense
 of loss
or grief

just
twists and turns
and standing broad
strong against
a century of
 movement
 just

standing

majestic

not caring now, that
i might steal
a little shade

READY

raised

filled

ready for

for you

waiting for
the rain

GREEN

green out

the contact load
the demand on call
the gumption drawn

green out

a closing door
an open field
a quiet reflect

green out

a shade to muse
a tinge to note
a splash to feel

green out to
green out
green to

for now it's,
all you,

green

STUFF

now that I've collected you
all here together, and on
reflection, and a little
external input, i think i've
had a change of heart...
part of me wants you here
– sees and knows your
value; part of me wants to
be free of you – go on
without, not needing;
some of me struggles with
the guilt of it all – which
for the most part just
derails fair and reasonable
review...

so i ask you – do we
find a little balance,
a little quiet
acceptance, or do i
just give you all
away?

DARNING

what comes to mind
is mum darning socks

not only would so
few (*in current generations*)
even think to do this

but many would not
even know what
darning was...
(...*and why it was...*)

STRUGGLE

solitude
freshly mown
dancing reeds
and leaves
me calling out
of touch with
you whispering

i think i almost
hear you
offering
 yet
it's a struggle

ABOUT

slowly you
make your
play your
growth you
tantalise
the inexperienced

maybe it's a
lack of love
or water
or maybe
it's just a thing
about our
expectations

MOMENTS

folded arms
chasing the
light and warmth
and the truth
is not always
what it
first appears

the growth of ages
shadows so many
moments
 like this
 like you
i feel
then let it
pass

VIEW

what do you
say to me with
so few actions

what can i
say that
might change
our view

IT

this landscape
is it
it shifting
year to year
new silicon
new bits
and pieces
of hard
wearing me
down
keeping it
it current

BREEZING

soft sound
breezing in
rustling through
you speak
to me
connecting
this moment
with the
next
next to
you follow
with something
even more

soft and
sound /
 beautiful
breezing
rustling
sweetly
captivating

RE-SOWING

water drying out green now withering
off as far as the eye can horizon
closing in on the brain not fully
directing action unbundling
experience and good will

they're
busy re-sowing
the crop

GROWING

when all the plants
are growing out
the same way

you wonder whether
you need to do
the same

or maybe...

NOTHING

nothing like a bit
of rain to wash
out the rot put
a positive slant on
re-growth and clarity

nothing like a bit
of rain to bring
a shine to(o) glisten
morning warmth
and reflection

nothing like a bit
of rain

washed out and
dancing

WELCOMING

reflected in the moment
a thought
a feeling
a perspective
somehow
always seems
to talk back
the way i write
 way i read

you come into being
and when i come back to

you're there

welcoming
reflecting
back

ADVOCATE

the very thought of you
your acceptance
your acknowledgement
can sometimes
be enough
to energise
positive action

like some
virtual
advocate

EXPERIENCE

as the river of time
flows and the dam
fills some spilling
over lost

much
more retained
and
eventually the
body of wealth
of

he
forgets what
it's like to
sit back and
be filled /
fulfilled

they now just
wish he'd
occasionally
shut the
hell up

NATURE

political impact
great shock
or maybe
ongoing terror
you'd think
should give
cause to
comment on,
poem about,
yet
maybe it's
no shock
that human
nature does
not really
shift with
the continents
or with our

time weary
history another
generation
moves through
doing its
thing to
trample
all over
someone
else

aren't we?

EVEN

even where
they put
down a
car park

if unattended
long enough,
green comes
through

* * *

even where
the excavation
is steepest

green still
finds a place
a ledge
a foot,
hold that
thought

* * *

even where
we dump
off our
chemicals

some greens
will defy the
poisoning
and cover
over it
may or
may not

* * *

and even one
could be forgiven
for believing this –
when the surrounds
are sub-tropical;

but...

balance of view
and inspiration
comes when
50 acres of
forest are
regenerated
by a man* fighting
environmental
devastation
through

* - Yacouba Sawadogo, The Man Who Stopped the Desert.
("Stone by stone, hole by hole, Sawadogo turned 50 acres of
wasteland into the biggest private forest for hundreds of
miles." – National Geographic,
<http://ngm.nationalgeographic.com/2008/09/soil/mann-text/6>))

/

as even nature
sometimes just
can't cope with our

/

human impact
political bullshit
short-term gain
and close-mindedness

RATATOUILLE

bay leaves
the zucchini
by the
egg plant
in fertile
soil all

welcoming
store bought
tomatoes

selected
for

the ratatouille

is only
just

/

the beginning

TEND

given a little love
and tend to
the garden

vegetate
the dusty
patch with
a little
water and
sun it
shines mostly
green with
a little
flowering
colour

given a little love
just tend to...

let it grow.

AUTUMN

cold sneaking
 morphing in the
yellows with browns,
oranges, reds and
greens

falling h
 e
 r
 e
for autumn's
p a n o r a m i c
 scenes

cycling
life's colours
sitting
 musing
 deliberating
 almost
 fa
 ll
 in
 g,
 sensing
what it means

INEXPERIENCE

unsettling of
inexperience
excitement
of something
new fear
of embarrassment
joy of
accomplishment
finding a little
gumption because
and in spite of
risking a
little for
potential

once green
now growing

RENOVATION

bringing back
putting back
giving back
fixing that
thinking that
it's time
to take back
what the universe
has sought to
unravel

MOMENT

it's a little
funny recalling
you now a
week on
past you're
your due date

but it's zen
when
and then
in the moment
there's
 no writing
 no photo
 no painting

just you

green and
panoramic

/

and me
not distracted
not processing
just being

/

me with you,

in the
moment

BEYOND

dance a
long
the
flow
leaves
rustling
green
ghosting
through
the
grass
blades
gliding weightless
over
ice
through rainbows
now
orange
now

yellow
 now d n
 cycling a u
 r o
 feeling
 not,
 just
 being
 back
 in with
 life's energy (chi/qi/soul)

 n g
 s i
 r i
 being part of
 god
 being
 all
 ab
 out
 us

maybe all
being
not
conscious
just
streaming
(no movie
downloading here)
just the
sun
shining
fall
ing
raining
bow
misting
now
blue
now
indigo
now
r o i n
l l g
d a i n g
n c

a
long
with the essence
of

being

just

a
part
of

all things
living

SONGS

you listen to my songs
i listen now to yours,
i really gave you no choice, but
you tolerate my flaws.

the tones they vary, though
the messages are not so clear,
the song is not one of survival
not today, today dreams another fear.

your melody of tones
dances in, mellows out,
you inspire more this deliberation
not certain what it's all about.

and the green it may well
conceal and hide your very being,
but your voices both near and far
bring focus to what i might be seeing.

thank you for this moment
for your chatter and your song,
i've turned mine off, i'm listening
your voices now present,
as present as they are strong.

LIVING

i've been watching
you live for today you
live to survive
come flood
come drought
come bush
fire
to
grow
back
from,

living
determination and conviction
to purpose
to be envied

/

modelled

JACK

then jacks drops by
clear winter sky
lies

/ denies

green

now dies

green,

now

fertilise

PATCHES

patches of dirt
 where once was green
patches of ugly
 where once was clean
haze and smog
 where sky once seen
our contribution of crap
 makes us obscene

BARK

hiding under the bark
temporary
 refuge
 moment
of solace
 sad
 ly
 falls
 short
 f
 a
 l
 l
 s victim to
the determined beak

AWE

longevity realised

split the axe
shadow them now
your right
write
the book

the new growth
takes on
in awe
awe
or
missing
one of
will invariably
grow
greener,

but sit, now
read, grow and dream
maybe you...

MOSAIC

little pieces
drop onto the lawn
assemble into
random is
still a
place the
time for
your mosaic
slowly starts
to tell your
story makes
for a
beautiful
and unique
image

SPRINGING

clear blue
first
day of
springing out
of winter
time to plant
the new
season green

seemingly
almost as
a matter of
urgency it's
nature's time
to promote
her timeless
magic

ECHOES

calmly

breathing

reflecting

listening to

the silence

echoes of
echoes off

the grass

the trees
/ all

taking in the sun

BEING

and the
point is

/

the slightest
of breeze
cuts through

rustling

just a
little

/

being

CHORUS

collected
sanctuary
for the
night this
tree

where you will

dawn
chorus
from
later

we
we all
throw our
enthusiasm
at

at the new day

the new day

WITH

with

enough football
enough chemistry
enough shopping
enough blogging
enough trail-biking
enough relativity
enough hair-gel
enough graduating
enough gardening
enough touring
climbing
trekking
hang-gliding
enough indigestion
enough flatulence
enough lust
love
hunger for
break-dancing
enough ...

already,

god,

you invested heavily (*enough*)
in this playground

/

for your own
amusement!?

the least we
can do is...

PASSING

turn over the leaf
and see what
song it
sings you

/

see what
secret it
whispers too

been waiting long?

seen a generation
come and go?

been privy to
noble causes?

keen to offer up
a perspective
or two?

passing on
passing on it
passing it on
then

letting it go
letting go
of
once
/
green

SEEDS

moments alone, not lonely
strong undertone, clear melody
seeds unsown, vague recipe
truth be known, so little clarity

LIFTING

a little spring shine
balanced inspiration runs fine

view of time to
to do

what we
we will do

looking
for a little solvent
for this glue
lifting a layer
out

to imbue
this tree
already strong
acts perchance

a new song
feels to belong

PARK

this space
place to park
park to grace

they grace my
presence with
they're

probably just
checking up
wondering
what the hell
i'm doing

accruing
brewing
stewing
here in this place
this place to park

STAYING

stream flowing through
feeds
green growing
incrementally

supporting life
accepting
sometimes flowing
slowly

stepping away
from
demands a
little more
planning for
counting of
reserves

for now,

just
staying

FRESH-CUT

speaK to me
dance by
 free
 me

lift me
 out
of
 even

maybe
paint this

a little
more vibrant
 fluorescent

sunshine-
 lifted
fresh-cut

green

EMOTIVITY

how many words and phrases
before it raises

emotivity
sensitivity
conductivity
receptivity
creativity

a view by you
a view through you
view through to(o)
by you

TOGETHER

community
in one space
otherwise

disconnected

un
clear
intersubjectivity

/

yet somewhere
hidden in all
these leaves,
branches
bring them
together

/

as one

STATUS

this forest is lush
this litter bed so plush

what would could you
say, do, offer
would you even bother

knowing things are
not so
do not grow so,

do you

affront this

this

status quo

THUMPING

thumping through
the heart
not listening
to the words
almost touch
ground the
feeling thumping
through the
moment to
 too
little too
late for
something to
really be
new, novel
now back on
the shelve
this beat
this moment's
not quite
thumping right

the heart's
not...

maybe it's
just

just

thumping

NEW

trying something new
new colour, new growth
maybe good, maybe true
maybe both

finding strength to
to risk, to try
open up, step through
ask why

accepting the view
the thicket, the bouquet
maybe them, maybe you
but revel in it,
either way

RE-VITALITY

from out of the dead decaying
fronds, stems, comes a shout of
new foliage – a touch of green, a
determination for re-vitality, a
soaking of morning glory, of birds
singing praises, the fragrance of
new life...

NOW

sunday morning, birds filling
spaces between bars of soft sweet
music, befitting this mood of late
rising, cereal poetic musings, and
love dancing about the lounge
room, skipping out on to the
deck, echoing back offa you, you
so green, so fragrant, so
welcoming, so that we,

we are

now quiet

now

KNOTTED

twisted indignation
turning indifference into
knotted controversy
and hollows where
wood ducks may well
raise their families

-0-

your grey
is no match
for the
leaves that
embody
world peace
in the face
of hail and
driving winds

-0-

diverse shades
are a testament to
the ability
of work and play
to thrive
together no
matter what the
landscape throws

-0-

competitive demand
see failing
growth
hold on
against the
odds
for some
is just
delay

-0-

dis
ease —
a balancing
(f)act:

drive	vs	deterioration
and		and
determination		disappointment

and then
a pile
of firewood

-0-

with
budding starts where
opportunity plays
a hand in the
promise of new
growth, a new
beginning and a
branching out for
sparrows and
highrising for ants

-0-

you are life
not musing,
not wishing
for something
else, somewhere
else, some
emotive filler
else you
might
lose focus

-0-

this home that
you foster is
not of expectation
not of benevolence,
just of being
what you are,
let do as they need,
finding their place
in your world
in their world

-0-

twisted landscapes
turn growth into
knotted beauty
and spaces where
wood ducks may wish to
raise their families

LEAVES

you all
one by one
find a connection
grow into something
of strength and
beauty, draw on
create life's
essence, to share,
give back

then autumn
sneaks in
calls on you,
demands of you
one final display

/

a painting, a
collage of
natural living
colour

/

then leaves

leaves

then fall away

CLOAKED

gentle breeze come dance serene

rustle core verse in-between

engage sensation heard be seen

elevate this peaceful meditative scene

natural harmony all cloaked in green

DISCRIMINATION

what's the discrimination
based on my value
am i
a source of nutrition
of beauty, of fun
of protection of shade
of cover

to you
to you
or to you
will you

/

use me up
show me off
dig me out

/

or am i

just
a
weed?

FRASER

4wd good and punished
tracks of
island sand

subtropical thrive
rain d

r

o

p lakes
crystal clean

fine white bed

reflecting | gnitcelfer

back

hills of determination
green fully settled in

/

meditative health
pristine wealth

/

sharing a few
moments with...
/ thank you...

-0-

sharing
with you
with
these trees
must be
/
so tall
so old
/
ageless

weekend
filled with
birds singing
lizards dreaming
dingo sleeping

lakes finding
their place
 far above
 the
 waves

all peace and
 tranquillity...

BRANCH

give room to
spread o u t
be yourself

branch o u t
this wealth is
shared by
needed by

to be
housed
fed
valued

survival can
sometimes be
little more
than mutual
benefit

/

sad as that
may be...

/

sometimes it
just needs a
little room to
branch out,

grow leaves

LESSONS

sometimes the
most valuable lessons
come to us
when something
does not work...

poor soil
not enough
 water retention
wrong crop
wrong season
frost,
 maybe
draining heat,
 whatever...

the trick of course
is to then try
something
different...

ANXIETY

like the breeze rustling the leaves
like the river drifting by
i ask of you to gently
 flow through me

for like the fallen trees
 you serve only
 to block the way

here in this natural solitude

i calmly look to overcome,

evict and centre

RIPPLES

maybe it's time to
step out, dry
off a little,

then

maybe look to
dive back in,

calmly generate a

few new ripples

in this torrent-ing

stream,

or

maybe get out

completely

(how cold is it?)

GUMPTION

a bit of rain
but now just overcast
the feeling is not
it's
your vibrance holds, even
projects a presence
lifts and greens

life rains in
gifting us, bolstering,
even though
now
skies are dull

GOODWILL

this branch is now
pretty
dirty
 with a lack
 of cleansing rain
 a lack of
 tender loving care

 don't care
 less

no watering
no fresh compost
only
 poisoning burning
 chemical
 and waste

goodwill now
well wilted

stomped out,

some
time ago

RETURN

busy making our way
 with intent distilled
weathered path
 purpose filled
 dutifully skilled
with this to bring
 and that to build

yet now in the light
 our goals being set
we make our way
 with maybe passing regret
this ground, once selected
 offers little return,
 on debt

REVITALISATION

with life blood flow
flowing into the morning
mourning the loss of
time and opportunity
 is better spent
celebrating the revitalisation
with you
 offering up
another moment
another natural melody
another song for
 uplifting souls

FROM

from out of the void
out of the vacuum
you find yourself a touch of real estate
a field of clover
a forest so fresh

from out of the dawning rays
out of the morning chorus
you stand and sing a verse
a melody so clear
a poem so strong

from out of this plethora of memories
out of a vision in time
you pour out on the page
a feeling to image
a moment to share

from our of the void
you become,
come into being

RISE

up here on the rise
engulfed in green
evidence of regrowth
now basking with
summer shimmering
off the road
and bouncing off
the sweat now
focused on the
deep grooves
left on freshly
graded shoulders
with the call
for more
rain has its
own path its
own destiny its
own story it's
all good
up here,

on the rise

TULL

rock this
rolling melody on
electrified acoustic
guitar melds
another flute solo
- frames -
brings in the violins,
the drums, piano

then a line
pops up
floats, dances
about
offers
deliberation
interpretation
imagination

a ballad
that brings
a smile
 a fascination
 an inspiration
 and a moment
 of empathy

there's a lifetime
of reflection
 on these, (*all of these*)
 so much gold
 not harvested
 not re-packaged
 for the casual
 greatest-hits
 visitor

/

sadly it can be
missed

/

thank you.

for the words
a view of the world,
a perspective,

for rolling rifts on
electrified
acoustic guitar,
and iconic
flute solos.

for being rock solid;

and still
rolling

COMMUNITY

there's quite the community out here,
not so much rushing off to buy milk
or to take in a show, just
just show us

/

remind us

how to cruise through the
day time trees singing
night time mist croaking

with time to eat
time to play
to be

just part of

connected

NAKED

you blow the spots offa me
leave me naked
all airs stripped away
till my pale skin...

is

is it

am i worthy of your respect
 worthy of your judgements
 worthy of
 you're judging

am i

worthy?

now exposed

SPLACE

striving all about
coin a phrase
 a place
in the soil

life bleeds
out of thin
air you're
into your
glucose factory

a place
in the soil
a shrub maybe
a tree
growing its
self interest
and that of
the family

lantana
spreads out
all over
the paddock
like some
chain store
or franchise

roots creeping
invading stealing
monopolising
limited nutrients the
limited space /
 place
in the soil

others now bow
out no
longer fit no
longer can fit

sadly the
hoe and
considered policy
may be too late

now just
space for
now for
new striving
 a new place
 a space
 a splace
 in the soil

HUMIDITY

humidity and the odd mosquito
is the price for
the welcome
rain

nothing comes
without some
balancing,
 of your need
 of our want
 of those
 ever present
cosmic forces

humidity and the odd mosquito
brings a little humility
 a little balance,
 balance
 in perspective
 and a touch
 of simple
acceptance

LITTER

litter in the litter

somehow your
forest floor

 / your litter
is like natural
art

 while our
contribution

 / our litter
 offers
little more than

 an ugly spot
a s m u d g e
 a blight
 on
the natural order
of things

/

,

sadly

TEAL

not quite blue
not quite green
maybe
teal,

eternally
you break in
drop a
little, take
a little
occasionally
siege

dark green
reaches out
spreads itself
over,
they've
even fenced
you off
in the hope
that

/

little by little
litter compost
then grasses
a few shrubs
then trees

/

you will not
blow away
erode
suffer the
sieges

will not
wash back

into

/

maybe
teal

GREY

with things a little grey sometimes it's hard
to
take in what's truly green truly natural new
maybe even exciting looking past the endless
rows of leaves life's essence reduced to
shades of narrow thought and vision

somewhere here is motivation to reflect on
to find things
find things a little

less

grey

AWAKENINGS

your carpet's so lush
all your furniture's matched
you're here in your living room
some nested, some hatched

this arena's so spacious
fully open's the mind
take up the vision
let the structures unwind

your chorus is dawning
in anticipation of the day
excess food's on the table
offers time out to play

this awakening's so vibrant
with your love and your cheer
sing us this moment
this moment('s) sincere

EXCHANGE

he whistles
she whistles
it's all an exchange

he flutters
she flutters
there's life to arrange

he reaches
she reaches
they come into range

he motions
she motions
things are about to change

he whistles
she whistles
it's all in the exchange

GLORY

with our subject
proclamation, you
came and stayed
for a month or more
 reigning in
on regular occasion,
 bringing such
 glory
 to
 the
 kingdom

GRATITUDE

creeping over me
 love's gratitude
another moment of
 quiet solitude

life's blood so
 clearly evident
this spirit, this body grows
 your nourishment

humbly i

offer only a
 passing acknowledgement

thank you!

UNCERTAINTY

slowly you have
snuck up on me,

evidently
a natural end,

a closing of(f)

an adventure
 into empathy
 into humility, some
 moments of clarity
 quality
 affinity
 curiosity
 discovery

and yet,

life's diversity
and complexity

have seen to
also
reinforce
my
entrenched

/ at times debilitating

uncertainty