

Had idea of starting to re-write poetry with J, a reprise of our 1970-71 poetry book:

A

Daily ^ Musing

A

STILL m
 u
 sing

(Hallelujah)

j
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a

A

Thirty eight years after our first joint volume of poetry, *Daily ^ Musing*, (1971). at the San Juan train station eating chocolate chip pancakes and splitting a "make your own omelette" we read through what we'd written.

We decided it would be fun to try another volume, titled above. Yes, we are "still musing" about life. Yes, we are "still amusing"; and yes, to muse on life, requires a certain reflective period when you can be still, hence a still musing. **J I AM U, Sing hallelujah.**

(wore) I,

From: "Shapiro, Johanna" <jfshapir@uci.edu>
Subject: RE: a still musing
Date: Thu, December 24, 2009 9:20 pm
To: "dhshapir@uci.edu" <dhshapir@uci.edu>

We ARE still amusing - or at least cute. Here's an idea for how we could pursue this. One day a month, on our Saturday walk, we could each come up with 3 words to describe something we've seen. Then we each work the words into a poem, then share the poems! What do you think? Could be fun :-). Love, J

-----Original Message-----

From: dhshapir@uci.edu [<mailto:dhshapir@uci.edu>]
Sent: Thursday, December 24, 2009 2:53 PM
To: Shapiro, Johanna
Subject: a still musing

so it was said, so it was done (started!). love love.....

Found this poem from 1981

To Schanna, Eastern Sunday, April 19, 1981 -- Rebirth

Romance
↕
INTIMACY

In an empty sky,

a full moon watches as

wisps of clouds entwine

Love

D.

And these from Bali:

★ ★ ★

An overarching magic of

Strange weirdness

Beyond the control of the two who dance

In a spiraling relationship

J: 2018, looking back: This was probably Legong dancers, but could it refer to us?!

It may have been projection, but I read the Bali poems as both about the external (dancers) and interpersonal (our relationship). Thanks for passing these along! Love, J

☆ ☆ ☆

*Watching the spaces
And togetherness
Of a twisting wood carving*

J: Such a good description of wood carving – and relationship!

* * *

ESALEN: LINKED VERSE

*J: when there is no food,
icy water from the stream
is more than enough*

J: Translation: I am starving! (we were fasting!)

*D: perfect silence,
A stream of rushing water
Meets the ocean*

*J: Water over moss
Roots and rocks intermingle
A clear, cold day*

*D: Twisted grooves of redwood 's trunk
Gnarl around each other
In a spiraling unity*

J: Love the way this moves through water to dry land – and lands in unity!

These are lovely. Full of unity and oneness. I don't remember creating the linked verse at all, what a wonderful discovery!

[Click here to view the Esalen schedule](#) 😊

March, 2013

at end of heisler, saw some pretty flowers on the edge of craggily cliff like structure, said
to J they reminded me of us, hanging precariously above water to life and blooming
prettily....seems there is a poem in there somewhere, like the zen tiger

hanging precariously above
sharp stoned foaming waters
a few entangled deep rooted plants
entertwine
and embellish a craggily cliff
with yellow and purple blossoms

RE: love ish poems...?

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From: "Shapiro, Johanna" <jfshapir@uci.edu>
Subject: RE: love ish poems...?
Date: Wed, March 13, 2013 12:39 pm
To: "Shapiro, Deane" <dshshapir@uci.edu>

Hey sweetie, what lovely discoveries. You have the soul of the haiku poet. The precariously hanging flowers indeed are us (prescient?!), yet your verse fully captures not just the riskiness, but the preciousness and beauty of that tenacious life. (We're beautiful, especially in yellow and purpose :-)) Love it!

Thanks, I assume purpose is purple, too?!? Double entendre!:)

* * *

(July 2013:

7/4/13 JSD

FIREWORKS:

thrusting arc of light
a tadpole semen swimming upward
exploding orgasmic color and energy
in the womb of the sky
connection. . .
tender twinkling beauty in the aftermath,
a glowing weeping willow falling to earth
a grace note of warmth. . .
vanishing into darkness
lighting our hearts

11/21/18 we looked at this, and thought, we've written enough poetry, not really something we want to consciously commit to (kind of like music playing). If it happens great, but our life is poetry!:) (at its best)☺ and filled with love

12/1/18 AH, a poem emerged. We're at the Treasure Island park, looking out over the ocean, hugging, getting ready to do Tai Chi. J points at the water....it's dazzling. I say, how about trying three words each. She begins, I add; we weave and voila a poem

A DAZZLING DANCE OF CONNECTION

Sunlit fire sparklers

Jitterbug on the water

Mesmerizing souls

J comment: Wow, I love this! the sparklers are a great image, as is the "jitterbug" across the water. The last line works great. Put it up! Love, J