

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  
  o  
d    a    h  
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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) [<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

\* \* \*

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

### *TWO FLOWERS*

#### *ENTWINED*

*hanging precariously above*

*sharp stoned foaming waters*

*a few entangled deep rooted plants*

*entwined*

*and embellish a craggily cliff*

*with yellow and purple blossoms*

\* \* \*

D (2013) comment: at end of Heisler, walking hand in hand with J, saw some pretty flowers on the edge of craggily cliff like structure; said to J they reminded me of us, hanging precariously to life above water and blooming prettily....seems there is a poem in there somewhere, like the Zen tiger. After I wrote the above, I noted: seems good as poem, the sentiment got translated into art:

J: (2015) you have the soul of 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 tenuous life (we're beautiful especially in yellow and purple) love it! (awww).

This is a particularly good poem. It is so intimately observed – the image is really vivid. And it's deep – it's us! You have a recognizable style that emphasizes close attention, immersion in the detail, and implications to the universal!

\* \* \*

9/20/13

## *MY, A MUSE*

*Rain drops tinkling*

*Colorful sounds falling...*

*A pot of gold*

(J with bad back, My Muse! (amusing)☺)

I got her a high potty to use, in to which she peed☺

I woke up in middle of night to the sounds....and a haiku appeared.

10/13

Well, I'm (a) Back (for J's med and lit course?!)

*Excruciating* 5

*back pain. I'd damn WELL BETTER* 7

*get a poem from this* 5

\* \* \*

D to J 2018 **two small haiku; ok to put up on web? (i think they;re adorable:) love love**

J to D Hmm, kind of personal (my pee)! I guess okay? We all get to the indignities of the body eventually and it's a very cute poem. I'm assuming I wrote the second one?! Sounds like me! Go for it :- ) Love, J

D: I know longer remember. It sounds like you, but it also may have been written by me channeling you!:)