

Fort Flagler Memories









**It could happen any time, tornado,
earthquake, Armageddon. It could happen.
Or sunshine, love, salvation.**

**It could, you know. That's why we wake
and look out - no guarantees
in this life.**

**But some bonuses, like morning,
like right now, like noon,
like evening.**

~ William Stafford





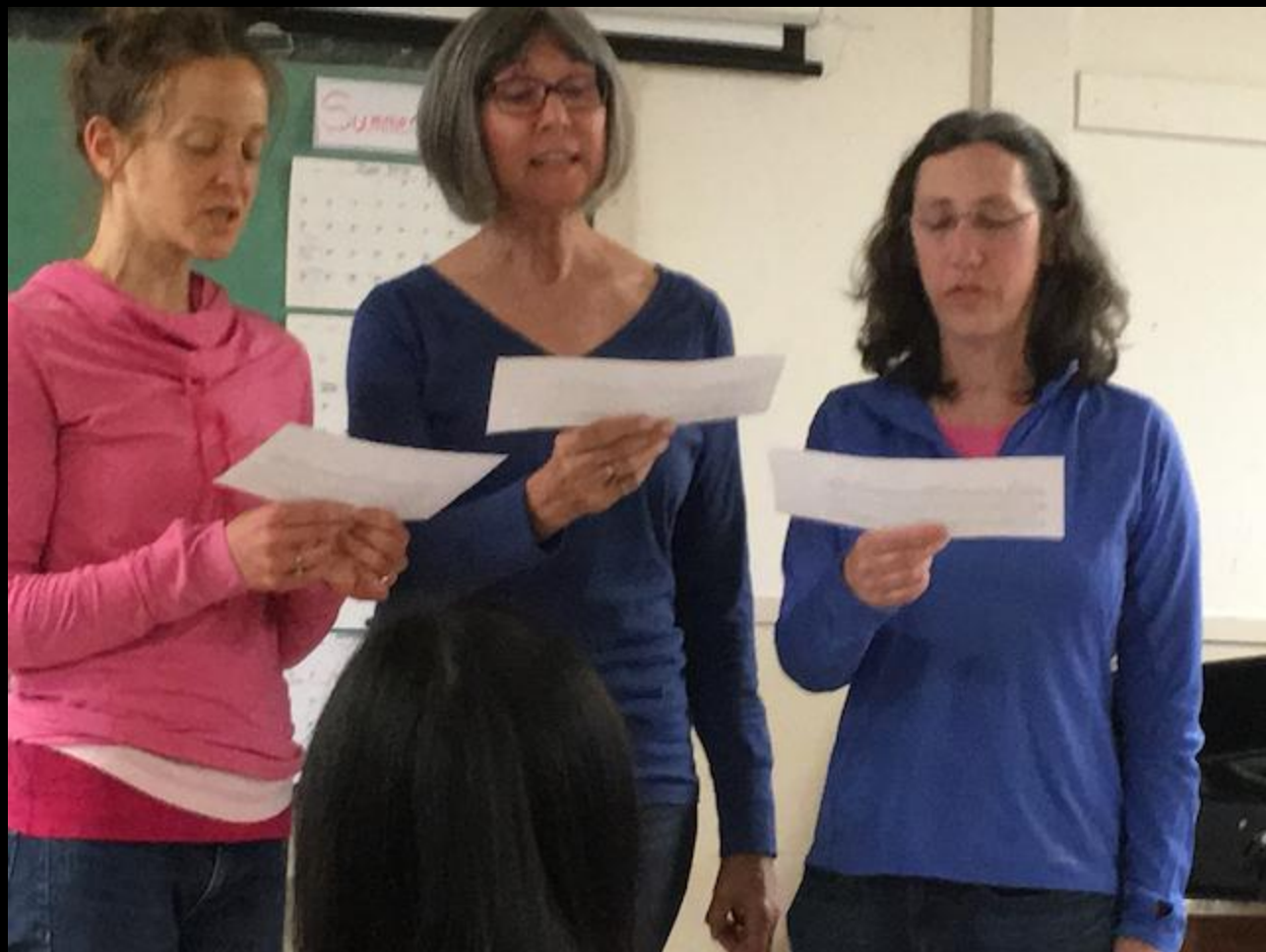
















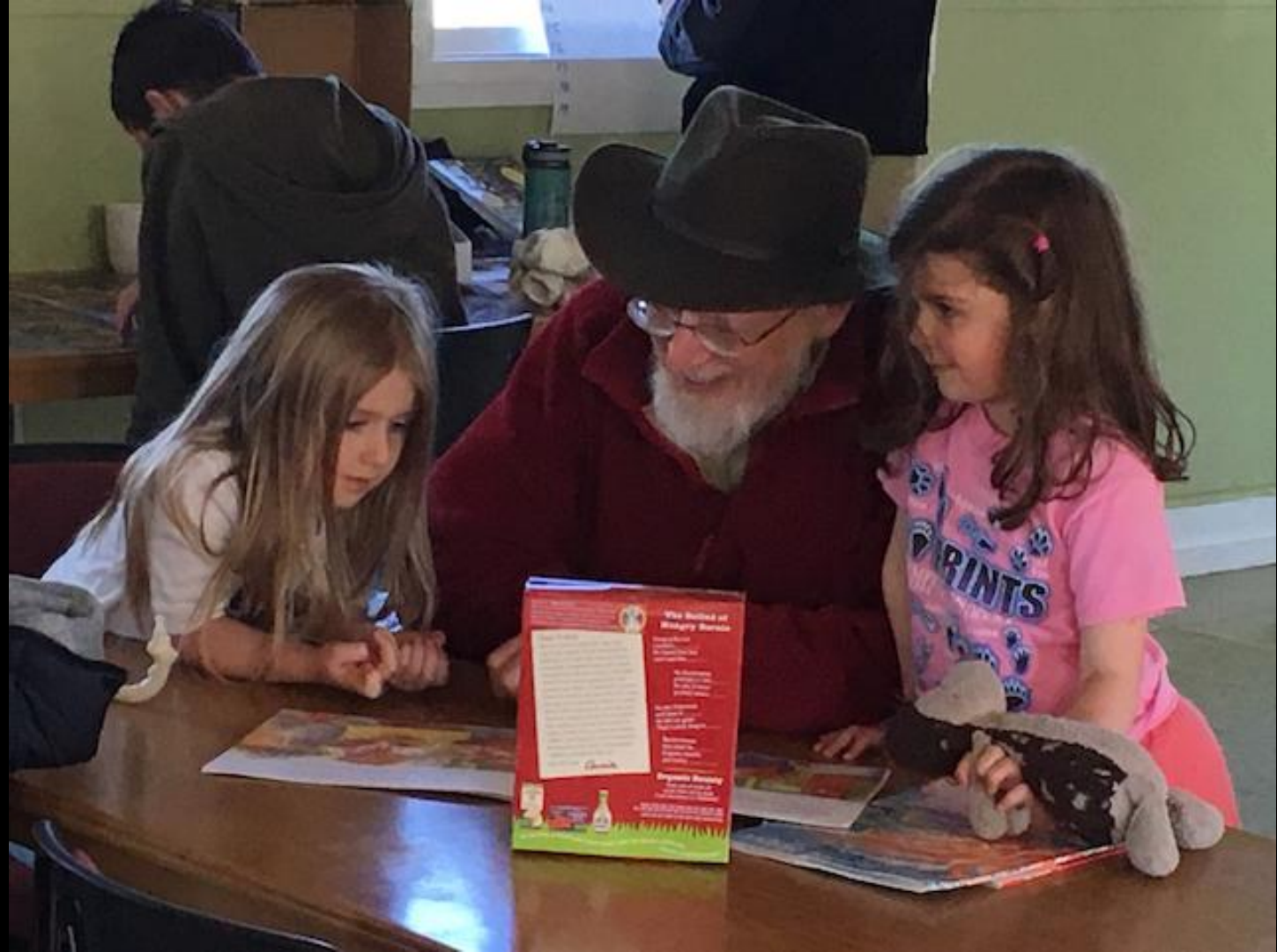






































































































Cup and Ocean

**These forms we seem to be are cups floating in an ocean
of living consciousness.**

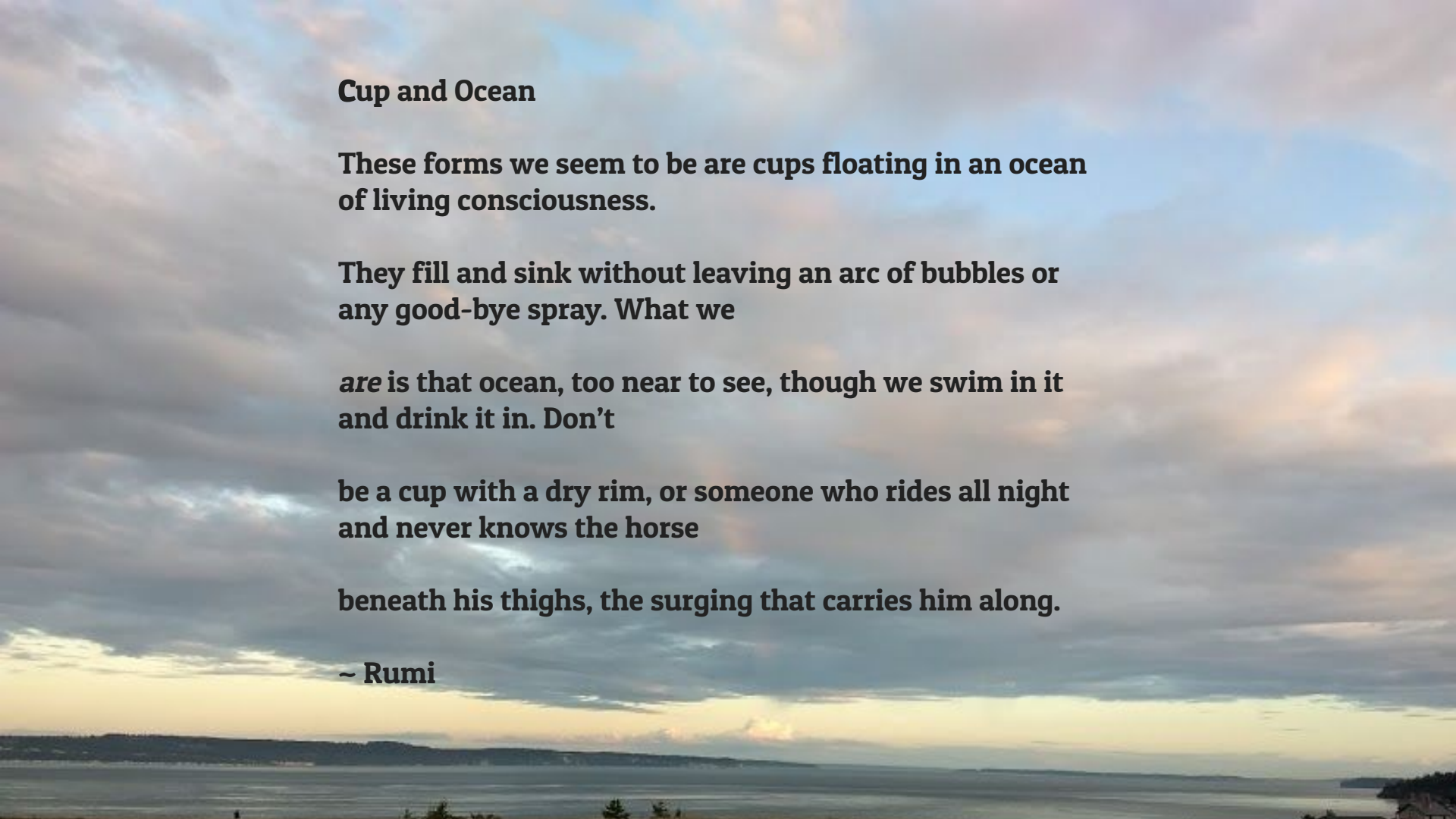
**They fill and sink without leaving an arc of bubbles or
any good-bye spray. What we**

***are* is that ocean, too near to see, though we swim in it
and drink it in. Don't**

**be a cup with a dry rim, or someone who rides all night
and never knows the horse**

beneath his thighs, the surging that carries him along.

~ Rumi























Eagle Poem

To pray you open your whole self
To sky, to earth, to sun, to moon
To one whole voice that is you.
And know there is more
That you can't see, can't hear;
Can't know except in moments
Steadily growing, and in languages
That aren't always sound but other
Circles of motion.
Like eagle that Sunday morning



Over Salt River. Circled in blue sky
In wind, swept our hearts clean
With sacred wings.
We see you, see ourselves and know
That we must take the utmost care
And kindness in all things.

Breathe in, knowing we are made of
All this, and breathe, knowing
We are truly blessed because we
Were born, and die soon within a
True circle of motion,
Like eagle rounding out the morning
Inside us.
We pray that it will be done
In beauty.
In beauty.

Joy Harjo, "Eagle Poem" from *In Mad Love and War*. Copyright © 1990 by Joy Harjo. Reprinted with the permission of Wesleyan University Press,
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Source: *In Mad Love and War* (Wesleyan University Press, 1990)

