Poems from the “Photographic Encounter with the Spiritual in Nature” Exhibition
November 14, 2012
Written by: Drew Bogner, Ph.D.
Mount Haleakala, Maui, Hawaii
I can walk out across the sea of clouds
See my soul in the mist of the caldera
I can know the present and the past
I can almost reach the sun and pull it fast
I can become and begin again
At the sun’s end

8/22/12

Blue Ridge Parkway, Virginia
High on the tree the upper leaf catches the wind,
twisting in a dance,
bending, but still stretching upwards to the sun.
Rocked by the winds, it spins,
weighed down only by an unseen force.
Sever itself it would,
to float on the wind upwards to the sun;
but all this is but a dream.
Unattached it dies, withers, and is blown,
brown and dried to a clutch of grass.
So on the branch it will dance.

7/25/99

Painted Lady Butterfly, Monticello, Virginia
Where does the yellow swallowtail butterfly land?
And for how long?
On golden marigolds and zinnias painted the color of sand,
But where does it belong?
To the joyous dance of life?
Sampling the floral palate of possibilities?
Choices made on flights from strife?
Or happen stance journeys of coincidental predictabilities?
Where should the yellow swallowtail butterfly land?
And where in the holy plan of God does it stand?

8/9/99
**Vermont**
On the rock,
I sit.
Eyes closed,
Listening to the language of the river.
Beneath the constant roar, I hear the small eddy to my right,
trapped against the shore.
And, to my left the gurgle of the stream,
Cascading over a mossy green boulder.
On the rock,
I sit,
Eyes closed,
listening to my soul.
I hear the essence of renewal,
The constant movement of life,
Some dreams trapped along the shore,
Others rushing headlong to crash or perhaps slide past the well worn rock.
And around it all the constant din of everyday life;
The roar of absolute nonsense,
Until I close my eyes and discern within my soul,
The small bubble, dancing on the surface, making its way to the unknown unseen, sea.

6/14/04

**Mullaghmore, Ireland**
The rock is more beautiful,
More stunning when touched by the wave,
Shimmering, sparkling, catching the sun’s ray.
More red, a deeper green,
polished dark, black and bold.
But dry, untouched, it is muted, flat, ordinary,
Like so many rocks pulled from the earth.
Along the edge of the tide or
Within the churning water,
The rock is transformed
It is a jewel.

2/12/06
Kiyomizu-dera, Kyoto, Japan
Blue is the winter sky
Above the gray clouds
Snow on the Rock Mountain
Beneath the gnarled cedar
Solitude in the furrowed stoned
Inroad to the Soul

1/10/07

Cliffs of Moher, Ireland
And what of the mist,
The rain that drifts down across the hill,
Or drives hard drenching skin and soul.

In the sacred wells it flows,
Or the muddy puddle it goes,
Gathering, meandering,
Surging and seeping.

Common, perhaps, so much so,
A nuisance, we all know

But to life it is everything.
And to this, I seek and bring,
A thought of the hill without green,
The world without spring,
The life parched and dry,
The eye unable to cry.

The holy in the ever present,
The holy in the rain descendent,
The holy in the power to be reborn,
The holy in the mending of the torn.

5/22/09
**Poulnabrone Dolmen, County Clare, Ireland**

Across the Burren and the bog
Standing stone upon stone
The tomb and ancient portal beckon.

Built for what and why
The rock is mute, but
In my soul I know

To build for function
To build with pride
To build for history
To build for life

To build is to be
To be human
To make and bend the world to purpose
To defy the unpredictability of nature
To foist upon it, permanence and constancy
To proclaim existence

6/7/09

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**Cliffs of Moher, Ireland**

Green across the hills
Green on the rocks of the shore
Green on the Cliffs of Moher
Green in the branch that can bend and heal the break
Green in the marrow of youth
Green in the renewal of ages past
Green to live, and breathe, and grow again.

5/22/09