

# Watching Slow Flowers

ALSO BY GAIL SHER

Prose

*Writing the Fire: Yoga and the Art of Making*

*Your Words Come Alive* • 2006

*The Intuitive Writer: Listening to Your Own Voice* • 2002

*One Continuous Mistake: Four Noble Truths for Writers* • 1999

*From a Baker's Kitchen* • 1984/2004

Poetry

*DOHĀ* • 2005

*RAGA* • 2004

*Once There Was Grass* • 2004

*redwind daylong daylong* • 2004

*Birds of Celtic Twilight: A Novel in Verse* • 2004

*Look at That Dog All Dressed Out in Plum Blossoms* • 2002

*Moon of the Swaying Buds* • 2002

*Lines: The Life of a Laysan Albatross* • 2000

*Fifty Jigsawed Bones* • 1999

*Saffron Wings* • 1998

*One bug . . . one mouth . . . snap!* • 1997

*Marginalia* • 1997

*La* • 1997

*Like a Crane at Night* • 1996

*Kuklos* • 1995

*Cops* • 1988

*Broke Aide* • 1985

*Rouge to Beak Having Me* • 1983

*(As) on things which (headpiece) touches the Moslem* • 1982

*From Another Point of View*

*the Woman Seems to be Resting* • 1981

# Watching Slow Flowers

*Gail Sher*



NIGHT CRANE PRESS

2006

Copyright 2006, Gail Sher

All rights reserved.

Night Crane Press  
1500 Park Avenue, Suite 435  
Emeryville, California 94608

No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted  
in any form or by any means electronic or mechanical,  
including photocopy, recording, or any information storage  
and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the  
copyright owner and the publisher.

ISBN: 978-0-9726115-7-2

*For Brendan*



## WATCHING SLOW FLOWERS





1

My pointy feet, my sweaty fists, my quirky nose,  
higher than a mountain.

Regarding the precepts, I behave like some kind of  
trained animal.

Now, even though I wear Shakyamuni's robe,  
everyone laughs and calls me old rice bag.

So be it! Grass-being and form-being both reside in  
the jeweled palace.

2

“Were his crows faithful?” I ask this, hearing one caw.

Its voice is young, high-pitched, naïve.

Leaning on my oar, coracle adrift, I doze as villagers  
chew rice.

One thin crane slurps a bit of water.

3

The smell of dawn pulls me toward its shadow.

Yesterday's flower, missing two petals I see.

A flower falls from the wheel of life, Mahakala, from  
the ocean of purity.

Yet the blue-black sky, electric (shocking), roars at  
the cliff's edge.

4

Rain carves a path where cicadas have yet to keen.

Lunar light seeps through stone.

The creek is packed with birds. They're lined along  
the bank.

Even now the branches and peaks of Phula Hari tilt  
toward the north.

6

5

On serried steppes, trees arch awkwardly.

Too many springs of salt-sea wind.

Or so people say. I myself, a crotchety old man, find  
comfort in their crookedness.

In melon dawn they flower. Their sweetness freshens  
the altar.

6

One lily by my gate, through the frost, upright.

From my door, limpid valley sounds.

Pine tree paths, washed out by rain, riddled with  
mud and decay,

make me mindful as I gingerly, step by step (do I?)  
avoid its worms.

8

7

I stand on a knoll, the sky just now cyan-colored.

“Was it lethargy in a previous life . . . “but my  
thoughts peter out.

New springs, softly softly, are you sprouting in the  
willows?

One scraggly branch carves in my mind a very deep  
impression.

8

Wild geese in wild grass swarm the day's near end.

Waddling, chewing, flocking, long green necks of  
light.

Fish nibble shadows. A few grouse rustle brush.

At dusk, they simply enter the earth naturally.



9

A common day. My hill supine and blue

At a pheasant's cry, old memories arise.

Plum trees drop fruit. Sweet juice down my chin as I  
kneel, gazing at the nubile dirt.

Their plot of earth, like a waiting boat.

10

Sparrows under fen, flit flit.

Dark dawn becomes a sound.

A circle moon, a solitary star, linger still from last  
night's sky.

In their mouths, deer carry flowers.

12

Layers of dawn peel from the hill.

White clouds return, illuminating herbs that  
flourish year after year.

Pine winds no longer stir the mud, sodden, creviced,  
bare.

Yet they break the current's route, slowing the fishes.

“Is that rain?” The daisies look cold.

Sun (dawn’s peak) crawls across the hill.

Flaccid petals greet the sky (though the day is not pretty).

“They’re babies!” I exclaim, suddenly surprised that flowers have babies.

13

Fine spring rains! I try moving my candle.

From a stand of elm, wild turkeys (like wind-tossed leaves).

Hoping to draw fresh water, I climb the blue-green slopes.

Tides rise, level with the bank, as sun and fishing boats gather.

14

Clear light. The daisy hill awake.

“Hello hill.” (I’m thinking it’s my lama.)

Sparrows chortle. Crows caw. A warbler sings  
through fragrant fir.

I close my eyes. Their piercing notes glide in.

16

15

Today is glorious! The sky clear.

Tara land. (Cupped land.) Weeds rear their cocky  
necks.

At the southern porch, with sunlight on my back,  
like some crazy flower I nod.

“May the thunder of the tantrums shake earth and sky  
and trees,” I mumble (a bit delirious).

16

By the water's mouth I wander.

Shadows sink in far-off mist, spread their ocean net.

A thin drizzle appears, disappears. As it passes it  
turns gray.

My eye falls on an orchid, blowing in a breeze along  
the swaggering bank.

18



17

I walk to a place where flowers are effulgent.

“When the Buddha tosses his toothbrush to the earth, it instantly becomes a wish-fulfilling tree,” I read.

To the west graze numerous gentle animals.

A tip of rye sings to itself.

18

At dusk I climb the greening steppes, the road in  
settling mist.

Crossing a bridge, its webs a whirl of drift.

Birds birds birds, their hour of grass (of wallowing).

Truculent (dancey) in a hollow by the river.

19

Gently honking, the wandering geese.

Beaks to grass, a pack of them at day's end.

The lapels of my robe flutter as I, slowly, reluctantly,  
turn home.

When spring winds wake, the dead tree roars.

To all my mothers and all my fathers whose tree-  
house rooms will last unto antiquity.

The tales of your deeds place a person on the Path.

In beds of bog, ganders scavenge for grubs.

Above, 'neath a strange moon, flaming clouds  
spasm.

Windblown rain darkens dusk.

Tills its edges, smudged by dew left behind to melt.

Green mountain, warbling finch, mind too clarified  
for sleep.

“I’ll wait for dawn,” I think as I kneel, scrubbing my  
feet on the stream’s icy rocks.

22

With the long rains I stay home.

My window-shade flaps softly.

I put on my clogs, go out to check the radishes.

“Hey Molly!” a woman shouts (somehow damaging  
the auspicious circumstance).

24

“Handsome day!” The lady wears socks.

She pauses, pulls something from her cart, then continues pushing.

“I know her,” I think. I struggle in my mind to place her coltish gestures.

“Can I buy that doll?” (Her child points to a gorilla.)  
Its eyes are soft.

24

It's spring! Wildflowers purple, violet, blue.

Through the canyon's clouds, a flock of blackbirds  
wash.

Though listening, I look away. My lama is near and I  
am aroused.

Bracelets and rings wrap his forearms and fingers.

26



25

Sweet One, are you calling?

Frogs sound from deep within the fall.

Alone I walk the creek, watch clusters of clouds  
gather.

Pillows for the wings of birds?

27

Sea-blue like a witch stirs the bubbling cauldron.

Imprints from my feet, swept clean by the tide,  
starfish, shells, sea-grapes, crabs, cover of the hard-  
packed sand.

Wandering here and there, I gaily pass the time.

Wild animals amble, utterly at ease, singing,  
dancing, carousing, while I sleep in the tufted grass.

“The gist of blue. Is that the Pure Land of *Ogmin*?”

Black of night, pink of day—blue makes them possible.

I WANT blue (crave it) imbibe it with water, though I’m not really thirsty.

Drinking blue I become myself.

Dark sun shortly to be replaced by moon.

“Later I’ll rest in a meadow full of flowers,” I think.

This old body, once immune to wind and cold, looks forward to the comforts of day’s end.

“Have you come from Tashi Lhunpo to take me home?” I ask a group of monkeys.

29

My *hoya*'s limbs like an arrow pierce the dark.

Straight to the sky—the hawk ne'er makes a steadier path.

A windbell chimes, *ting-ting, ting-ting*, casting emptiness to the hills.

My mind snaps it up.

30

Clouds gather. The Dharma Hall is wet.

One sprig flutters despite a lack of breeze.

In the mountain's dawning mist, I flip impatiently  
through a text.

Every day it's the same.

31

Moss darkens as it rains.

Trees drip on slippery, turquoise rocks.

Naked in the stream, I wade out past the reeds.

Later I walk the hill. A circle of mares rests calmly in the grass while a strong brown beauty swathes their flanks with cool, clear water.

32

The gate shuts. *Click!*

Hallowed aloneness, sanctioned by dazzling stars.

I sit by my window, loath to move . . . to breathe  
even . . . lest the pleasure distill.

Tonight I will not read.

34



33

“Look! The sun! It hits a white camellia.”

Cook-smoke glazes early morning light.

A gentle breeze stirs. A ferry departs.

Strange birds call as I walk north.

35

In and out, the scalloped pools, a light breeze leaves  
scattered petals.

Their pink, rose, yellow, brighten the mountain  
wood.

“Look at the sky!” someone says pointing to its  
eastern corridor.

“I am a tuna. Devolved from the three fields. Now,  
near death, my dry fins flail.” (My thoughts become  
nonsensical.)

Sitting on a hill I watch the embers fade. (Stumps  
that remain, mere charcoal silhouettes.)

A creek gurgles loudly. As it carries off ash, I find its  
chatter soothing.

A crow flits about before drifting through debris.

Its reddish tail disappears leaving the landscape  
unchanged.

36

Vast time descends across the ridge.

Vast wind, the plateau covered with cinder.

Tiny birds drift in and out. Their drab feathers fade  
in the chilly air.

Neither swishing willows nor sparkling streams dash  
through fields of mustard and peas, as they did in  
Tibet . . . or do.

38

37

Sing owl. With your hum sounds the Pure Lands.

Sleep animals. The fat of the summer will hold you.

I sit in cool shade. Admire their delicate fur.

“Please take care of yourself,” I think.

38

Ten thousand gullies, invisible.

A dark moon rises in seasonal white dew.

Thunder, then wind, though the latter comforts with  
its fresh, eucalyptus fragrance.

By a bog, swamped in ominous murmurings, I pass  
the smolderings of a farmer's fire.

40

39

Home again, I wash my legs and hands.

Chortling sparrows swarm the silver bush.

Dusk creeps in. "Tomorrow I'll mend my sandals,"  
I think, noticing my cloak streaked with mountain  
shadows.

That a full view of sun is blocked by the hill makes  
its radiance even more marvelous.

Cutting my toenails by a sunny window—"Magic sun," I think, "are you paying attention?"

(My tomato vine dangles over parched scratched mud.)

Like a passion-flower it blooms, providing lion-thrones for kings.

A swastika, some *kusha* grass, diamond and moon, for my *dorje* cushion.



Weeds clog the gate. Ground fills with trailing gourds.

“I hate gourds,” their owner used to say, so villagers came to gather them.

A girl from the bridge (her gaze is intent). Gritty sunglasses sag.

One dove coos. *Coo coo coo*. Its imago in the deafening moon.

West of the bridge, east of the willows, heat, flies,  
what compels me to return?

Late-summer night, its fathomless pink.

“China is hot. You are old. In your own country the  
water agrees with you,” I muse.

Teacher, protector, kind dharma lord, may your  
radiant qualities instill in me this lineage of the  
wordless.

A Brahmin girl, offering her needle to a *bhikshu*, transmutes into the noble Shariputra.

A woman, giving a meal to a beggar, rebirths in a mansion enjoying delicious food.

A pig who makes one circumambulation of a stupa (being chased by a dog) takes the form of household Palkye (who eventually attains the level of an arhat).

Thus it is said, even small virtuous actions bring great merit.

44

Summer wanes. (Lightning-bugs, lightning-bugs.)

Birds drift off and don't return.

Some may wonder that one so crooked and smelly is  
still alive.

Yet within one's skin are the Path and the fruits of  
the Path.

46

45

Tonight a mountain moon. Mindful voices of  
cicadas.

Trees drip dew from soft afternoon rain.

I sit by a grate listening to the chattering brook.

Its banks are about to fold, which is of concern.

46

From beyond the tall willow, a firefly.

Otherwise, only clouds move.

I lie on the grass. "I'll just watch for a while," I think,  
as heat melts into quiet.

"I am the wind. I stroke my little pets."

48

A fragile being, tufted (hairy) in its confusion has  
brushed me, but sleep prevails and I forget.

“Has he killed me before?” my stuporous mind  
mutters.

Selfish night. You take what you want. You howl.  
(You’re rude.) Shatter everything in your path.

This clock-bound life makes me sensitive.

48

Bullfrogs croak. Their throaty bass closes in.

Leaves lift their palms in despair.

Heat floods the berm kindled by inner glow.

Smoothing my pillow, I sleep fitfully.

50



49

Clambering along the quiet canyon creek, morning  
ripe, choked with charcoal mist.

Deer slumber. Birds stay put, though I sense their  
impatience.

This old man moves slowly, the path clogged with  
scree,

unwieldy beneath a waning moon.

Here in the mountain where sky is vast, morose  
clouds merge, rain about to burst.

At the storm's first sound, my body gets drenched in  
dew.

Just then a needle falls. Crashes to the earth.

"Li Po floatingly rode off on a crane," I think,  
reminded of this suddenly.

51

That starving doe who roams the vale . . .

On a distant peak, the mauve of daybreak clear.

An old man pauses, then resumes slowly walking.

“Tonight I will light a fire with the last summer  
wood,” I murmur.

52

“Wherefore in me is Chokhor Gyal’s mystery?”

Vet of time, drop by drop.

“I’ll rest here,” I think, spotting an old monk’s  
bench!

From a bramble an oriole flutters.

54

53

Wind blows the wild grass low.

“Mexican Hat” daisies—is that what the mendicant said?

They are young (like a child) with thick, prominent necks.

A flock of geese quickly turn to night, leaving no tracks.

I gaze at the water. Its rising peaks turn pink.

Snow-leopards sprawl some rocky mule-shaped  
clouds.

That monk—he'd stitched a fine swatch of silk to  
his tattered robe (someone had offered it to him)  
though the manager of a nearby monastery hated to  
see such good brocade go to waste—for some reason  
sticks in my mind.

Though not yet ready to leave off musing, dusk falls,  
and I mount my old horse.

55

You wash before “sitting” in the empty bird’s-nest  
temple.

I think to join you, but wait instead by the eastern  
gate.

Robins chime (make a gnomonic peace).

A reddish tail disappears leaving the landscape  
unchanged.

57

56

The roar of the woods, which I hear from below.

Old old old, its silence untouched.

Where are the ducks? (Nectar filters through their webs.)

Well, the sand still holds the storm.

58



57

The path, full of weeds, near the fence, a bloated  
squash.

From over the river, the sound of logging dulls.

Fringed water (its edges bird-filled). Fish scuttle  
under.

As the setting sun drops behind the western cliff, I  
stop, rest a while, wash my feet.

59

58

Sparrows seem used, uninvented.

Scaly mud, dull sky, colorless birds, remind me of  
my mind.

To see the autumn leaves scatter in my home. (The  
longing they arouse as they lie on the wood turning  
red.)

Is it of my body that they partake?

59

Windblown scruff down empty cloisters.

Pinecones fall (tumble the decayed halls).

Lesser snow in the hollow air drifts to the spot  
where the jade woman washes silk.

Then it spreads (the circumference of activity).

60

Pines, eclipses by peaks, a sundry of color.

The lake's autumn water melds into the woods.

Limned with ice, its scum of leaves.

A hundred palms slurp them up.

62

Tonight the rain purrs then dribbles against my rooftop.

The sounds of animals out on-the-prowl. (Nits in the ravaged hill.)

Illumined by moon, shadowed by cloud, I stay secluded in a mountain recess.

Occasionally my lamp flickers. In this pleasant way I pass the evening quietly.

In this ancient gully, I await the crane's return.

On a rock I scrub my robe, river water soundless.

A sparrow pecks at withered leaves. On the clean  
hill, mountain fruits.

Should I rest? Just now I prefer to admire the pink  
chrysanthemums that border the east wood's edge.

Erratic petals tip eastward.

“The hill will catch them. Or a nearby stump,  
lichen-choked,” I mutter.

A dog pees, then shakes itself vigorously.

With the days short and the weather cold, the  
ground fills with crusty water.

64

Behold the snowy fields I pass, the orchids, the wild  
(gorgeous) beasts!

See the swards of sweetly smelling grass.

Rivers gurgle, freshets cheep, fish sail the air.

The skirts of my robe I spread carefully as I lay back,  
swathed in eerie winter warmth.

66



65

I eat air, chew the motes hard.

I swallow stars as they fall through snapping wind.

I sing to myself the ditties I learned as a child.

Thus the autumn days vanish.

67

66

Sun sinks, covering the cold embankment.

Pebbles roll about (whose sound I find friendly).

I bow a stalk. Its backlash pings (student of the  
mountain's flow).

“Look!” someone exclaims. Is he gathering herbs?  
(He puts something in an apron pocket.)

68

67

Smoky-black, bog roils in whorls of spit.

I stand here gazing, winter trees shrill.

A band of ducks with neon coats nestle in the long-stemmed grass.

A bullfrog moans (or maybe it's my lama murmuring sweet nothings)?

69

68

Puddles, and on the pathway ponds, so that spray is everywhere.

Crickets purr, slender moon low.

Whoosh! Water. (More water.) Stubbles from nine waves.

A hall of clouds over soaked dark earth.

A wolf's defeated stride contains its prey's proximity.

Just as pears seem green but the blue of the sea  
settles in the earth and appears in its fruit (if you  
look closely).

With oncoming winter, foliage decays. Yellow breeze  
covers its roots.

“When Kunga Palmo died, her skull (pure pearl)  
bore a clear impression of the deity Heruka  
Chakrasamvara,” I randomly recall.

70

Alone with the light, incipient, silent.

I laugh with the river riffing stones of green.

“Soon it will be too cold to simply gaze at the empty earth.” (I calculate.)

It’s hard to detect by my old skin and hair, that I am unshaken.

72

71

Duck or gull—I can hardly tell—ring between the  
crests.

In the heart of the night, one small boat, softly  
framed by moon.

Tossed not by waves nor swayed by breeze, yet rising,  
falling, drifting,

the throb of a horn, long, low, subtle, blows from the  
north with the wind.

73

72

Snow of the South Peak. Stolid trees, white.

From my window, glistening sun stuns.

“Buddha stamps his right foot, causes the six worlds  
to shake.” (This from my liturgy.)

Can it be doubted? Padmasambhava was slain how  
many times only to turn up smiling on a lotus?

74



73

The red sun wakens me. (I am weightless. Light as a bird!)

Dogs, goats, *dri*, regale their noise morning routine.

A man grunts. (He has nothing to say.)

A traveler, in the distance, forges ahead slowly.

75

74

Snow falls logically. Crystals from the sun fluff it full of pink.

Silence (by layers) saturates its porous skin.

“Your shags are limp.” I point a wagging finger.

Because I imbibe ambrosia from the Land of Snow, when I touch my tongue to a bit of roasted flour, a tablespoon suffices an entire season.

76

75

Exuberant snow, you fall dexterously.

For falling you know. It's your Way.

Fall, rest, die—your legacy, my heritage.

But by your beauty . . . I get distracted.

77

76

From this white world, one bush (one branch).

Thorns pierce the downy drops that plummet, land,  
bleed.

Poor drop. I watch you dribble down a stem.

Seeing this, I chant some *manis*.

78

77

White diamonds melt. Become white diamonds.

Tilling earth (the “plow of winter” they say).

Soft space, soft air, filled by soft white worms.

Blood trickles in. Squiggles of raw-red prick the stark terrain.

79

78

Sitting by the fire, I stitch, but my mind is full of  
snow.

Unmelted snow, rock hard.

“December! It’s the Tenth!” Biting cold at another  
year’s end.

A blossom last night ripe, as from a crane’s bill,  
quietly dwindles.

79

Winter deepens with urgent birdcalls.

A few later Monarchs recklessly flap south.

The sound of snow brushed by wind grows stronger  
with arousing night.

As I walk the mountain road, one shrill moan in a  
sudden gust.

80

Branches drop their clothing.

They WANT bareness. Nakedness is relief.

The ghost of the year is held in the trees.

Do no try to ply them with unwanted gifts.

82



Hair and eyebrows white, I climb the wild slopes.

Clutching brambles, hoisting myself over rocks, may  
I excoriate this residue of heedlessness.

Myriad mothers have cared for me through the  
years. All have been kind to the extent of their  
ability.

Therefore it is said, when the mind contracts, like  
an old scroll rolling itself up, one must examine it  
thoroughly.

Inside the pass, the freeze (arriving early) half-  
withers the mountain's foliage.

Snow piles up, smothering pilgrim's stones.

I trudge slowly. Holes from my staff, quickly filled by  
drift.

For His sake. For His sake. (With this mind, guided  
by my lantern's shadow.)

83

A full moon floats through leafless trees.

Softly it rises like steam from my rice pot.

“If you take that portrait to be me, your mind will  
never be united with the wall,” suggests an ancestor.

From out the drift, one red flower.

85

84

For we are, one and all, continuously watched.

Lovingly cradled in the arms of heavenly beings.

Whose presence brings brown to fruition.

We plod through snow in our thin soles.

86

85

“Another winter,” I think as snow besieges my door.

Rising sun finds me still asleep.

It’s not cold, oddly, though the lake is frozen and the headwind stiff.

In each heathered fen, it gathers more debris.

87

86

Sewing by the stove in the early morning light.

Snow falls in craggy piles.

As deep clouds clear, a man appears.

The sound of a rake on the doughy earth.

88

87

Today the sky is yellow.

I want to go out but do not, passing the morning in  
indecision.

Rice and curd—"food of a hundred tastes!"

Buddha bowl heaped, I couldn't be more pleased.

89

88

The smell of snow (a long, deep breath).

I scale the cliff. The clear cold sets a trance.

Children roll you into balls, toss you, clothe you,  
feed you.

“It’s dry,” a woman says, rolling a carpet into place.



89

An old pine sighs, though there is no wind.

Its green needles spar softly-falling flakes.

A lingering moon lights the truculent road north.

Dusk is thick with scribbled paints, which, pathetic  
me, mimics.

90

Keutsang Hermitage is on a rocky incline.

Its grate is cold. Its branches claw.

Though nests line its top, vultures never descend.

Thus, after several occasions of vulture descending. I  
make sacrificial banishment offerings.

92

This old body, inside a mirror, I watch it cast about  
the room, feebly.

Shabby skin a bag. Like the fire pit, cold.

My breath, in the chill, swallows up five colors.

My lama gives me entry. To Him I deeply bow. His  
name alone shatters me.

Insentient beings hear insentient beings.

Yet “walls and fences cannot instruct the grasses and trees to actualize springs,” a great-one said.

Still, the bell, its tintinnabulation, the ringing of the ringing,

gently inspired by wind, clearly articulates emptiness.

93

Beneath tonight's full moon I swallow up Xi River.

For me the clouds serve better than an old mare.

Relaxing by my fire, I keep company with  
Manjushri.

Thanks to the fullness of Ju-ching's mind, his  
"Look!" as he raised his *hossu*.

95

94

Day breaks. The Big Dipper slips east.

In its bowl my gaze rests comfortably.

Like a tender blade my thin body wanders.

Is there anyone who would not be moved?

96

95

With inky dawn the still bird stirs.

A gust of wind, it fluffs its wings.

Still sitting, from side to side its head.

Eyes close and again . . . motionless.

97

96

On the hill's grass edge, an icy creek.

Dragon limbs dangle perilously.

To establish the practice in me—that it move  
forward without obstacles.

Thus I hear the cypress on the quiet shore  
whispering together.

98



97

Death at the bottom. (That's snow's secret.)

It exists, does not, falls, does not.

In its short life, my life abides, full of fervor and  
verve.

For once I have an edge.

98

Red faced demon, you swallowed my son.

Posed under earth with your open, ravenous mouth.

Don't tell me to relax. While still alive, to plunge  
into the Yellow Springs.

What appears in front of a ghost cave is not an  
ordinary fox.

99

Mist-soaked fields congeal the mountain's green.

In the second month, only plum blossoms open  
their faces.

Light snow falls. Glazes the earth in silk.

A grizzled hawk shaves the narrow river.

100

At first light, rain. You can hear the wet.

Lifeless ashes stir, but my fire refuses to spark.

I listen to the sea (wind and waves ceaseless).

In darkness my rocker creaks.

102





*Watching Slow Flowers*  
was set in Minion, a typeface  
designed by Robert Slimbach  
and first issued in digital  
form by Adobe Systems,  
Mountain View, California,  
in 1989.

Typesetting & production:  
Claudia Smelser.  
Printing & binding:  
Lightning Source, Inc.

