

Oil



my hands are shaking.
my whole body vibrates with the noise.
it is awesome.
i look at the jet of shimmering emptiness between me and the runway.
body parts, i think. bits and pieces.
the last fragments of ancient organisms -- my ancestors --
who over eons harvested light and wove from it molecules, miracles of green,
now releasing their last energy in a thunderous burst
of substanceless momentum -- thrust.
and yes, they too are the spirit moving the trucks
on the freeway below me.
do we owe them a debt? gratitude? payment-in-kind?
what fuel will be compressed from our lives
to a pure substance left as a simple gift
for our children of the future to discover?

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The Ocean



I sang into a seashell. You talked to yours. They whispered to their own.
The ocean heard us, and reverberated with our voices, the swell sweeping our shores.

Pressing now the seashell against my ear, all our words echoed:
Twisted, woven, tangled like seaweed
Evaporated, condensed, purified like rain
Into one new voice.
An ocean of intelligence, your insights, my musings, our dreams.

Now flowing from the seashell as clear as the crystal waters of Belize.

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