Poetry & Environment:

By Sam Rueter





All poems are based upon snapshots of the landscape and the natural world. My poetry, as it always is for me, serves as a means of introspection, reflection, and engagement with my surroundings.

Water

Thunderous swells cascade down upon A heart burdened by the calm ripples Of a dormant pool of celestial light Stagnant as a means of purpose Flowing but never overflowing Enduring amidst a natural pasture Dotted by aged rock and dying shrubbery

Clear water helps distinguish the green
And oh what a sweet green it is
Green air
Green grass
Green light
Green life
A city forged of persistence
Only to collapse in the tidal waves
And the roaring swells
Of a picturesque morning stroll

Follow the Leader

Hastily, they plod along into the long grasses
Darting in and out of shadowy tessellations
Stopping to graze and savor a cool breeze
Which wafts above barren branches
One stops and all others follow suit
Wordlessly, they blink and saunter
Struggling to maintain footing on an endless climb
And they are moving again
Because momma knows best



Welcome to the Coffee House

Sweaty palms of earthy hue Sift through sets of natural treasure As shadows dance upon the tent A festive show of peaceful pleasure

But shells do not begin to tell
The story of a popular drink
That permeates my privileged walls
Blessed to be able not to think

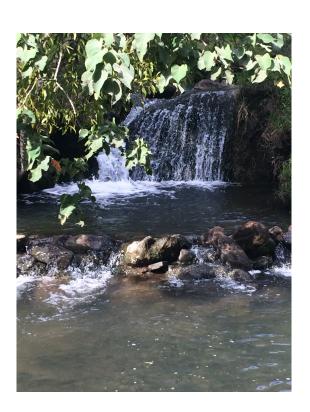
Of wages lost and wages earned Sun beating down upon stilted backs An ever-present tedium As day by day they fill the sacks

To ship them across horizons
Across sea swells and jungle land
To those who pay with Lincolns mug
An American drink picked by foreign hands

So pull all-nighters,
Do homework with authority
Just remember that every savory sip
Sprung forth from repetitious uniformity

White Noise

We hope tears may be Currents, raging so as not To hear ourselves think





What Would Impress You

Would it impress you if I told you about Panama About population density, tourism, economics If I told you about the sunrises Over the hills of Guadalupe About constructs that oppress About oppression that is constructed

Would it impress you if I told you about Panama
That architecture hides suffering
That crimes hide circumstance
That weaponry maintains inequity
As opposed to eradicating it
That passivity is a natural resource

Would it impress you if I told you about Panama
That trees grow new branches to deter cancerous growths
That ants march through a super-sized natural battleground to feed the family
That the cow without a name comes to feed without fail
That the farmers without traditional education have a deeper understanding
Of dependence and humility than an A in Calculus will ever give me

Would it impress you if I told you about Panama About how my teachers say I am intelligent About how I tend to tell myself that I am not If you ask me what intelligence looks like I need only point to the ants



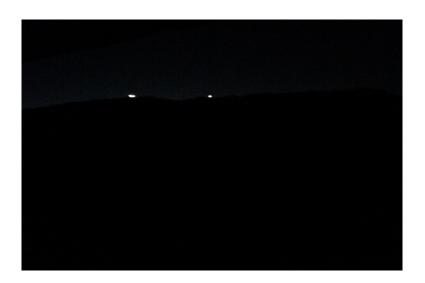


Butterfly

Float like a butterfly
Sting like a bee
Can we ever truly enjoy
What we cannot see?

A Whispering Landscape

The grasses hold secrets
They pass along on the tip of a prayer
And the faint breeze of a calming wind
None among them dares keep a
Single secret for too long
For fear of the tractor tracks
And the boot prints
Of an ascending world
In the shadow of an ageless forest



Stars

Why fear the stars when They are the only ones who Always want to listen



Hummingbird

The flutter of honey-tipped wings on apple crisp air Shadowy flights encircle wooden panels and glossy panes

Heartbeats float and dance amidst morning dew Sweet chirping echoes in cloudy dawn



Heavenly Hands

Absolute darkness painted upon
Stick figures and sticky fingers
Rich in sap and moss
Cemented on grassy knolls which
Collapse to give the lush grasses
Room to dance and breathe
In a wind as sweet as
The sap on the sticky fingers
Of the heavenly hands
Which only emerge from darkness



Memory

Remember the swim classes The chill of tiled, sticky showers The squeak of slip-ons The clang of locker doors The nippy nature of communal air Remember the harvest Sun hats swinging wildly in the breeze Dirt clinging to trembling hands A maze of tire tracks lost In a garden of sunflowers Remember the music classes Sharp piano keys and weathered violin strings Full recitals for empty stomachs Metronomes that never know when to practice And so sit idly by on a summer's day Remember the bad grades, and the broken Bones, and the broken promises, and the Broken hearts

And remember that it's nice to remember



The Curious Case of an Orange

From deep within the twisted, tangled branches Emerges a solitary orange Self-sustaining and independent at first But a second glance reveals the fact that The shining orb stands tall upon the backs Of hundreds of invisible mechanisms And when we take the first, bitter bite It is not the orange we taste But rather all that came before