



# WAKING DREAMS:

POEMSP O E M S P O E M S P O E M S P O E M S P O E M S P  
O E G R O P B E  
M I N G S B E  
S T W E E N S U N - E A  
P S H A D O W A N D B Y F I N  
O R T H - L I G H T G R O P I N G S B E  
E N B I L L E G R O P I N G S B E  
M T W E E N S U N - S H A D O W A N D E  
S A R T H - L I G H T B Y F I N N B I L L E  
E G R O P I N G S B E T W E E N S U N -  
S H A D O W A N D E A R T H - L I G H T  
B Y F I N N B I L L E G R O P I  
N G S B E T W E E N S U N -  
R T H - L I G H T  
B Y F I N  
N B S  
P O E M S P O E M S P O E M S P O E M S P O E M S P O E M S P

POETRY AND PHOTOGRAPHY

BY

FINN BILLE

Speak

Speak your words as trees  
say the land—  
as a hickory states the Smokies,  
a mesquite utters the Sonora.  
Speak your words as a redwood  
proclaims the Sierras.

Speak your words like trees;  
deep-rooted, branching,  
and core-bound.

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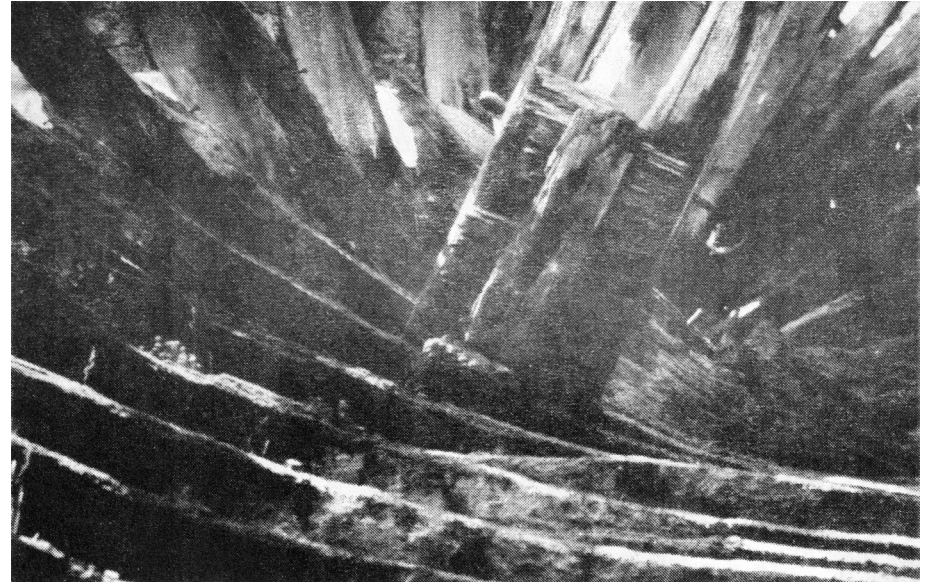
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SEA ALGAE, NEAR BERGEN, NORWAY

I went to the boundary  
of land and sea  
to find the greenest green.

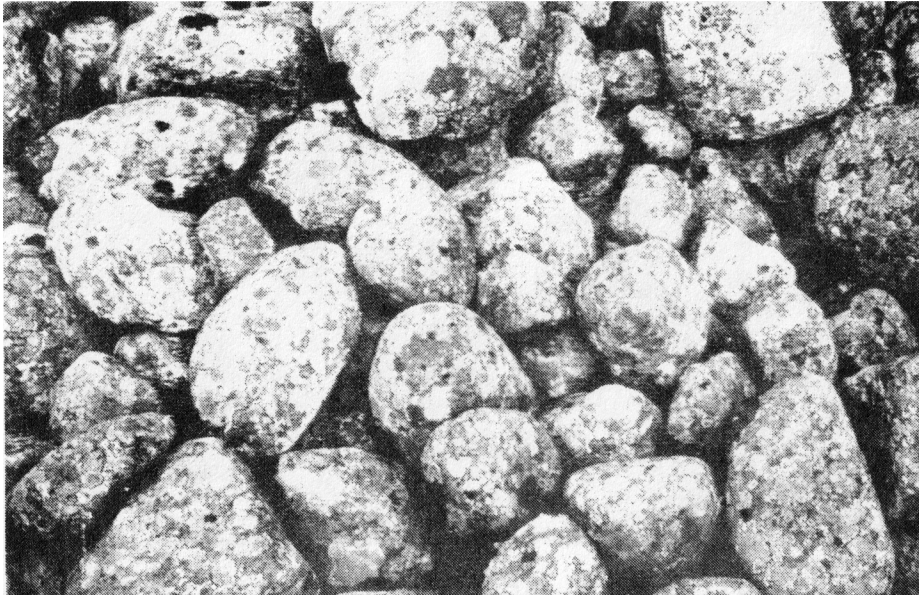


SHIP'S BONES, NEAR MALLAIG, SCOTLAND

Whorl of ship's ribs  
still at low tide.

DAWN ON LILLESJÖN, NEAR BOR, SWEDEN

On a pond in Sweden  
my brother floats  
through lifting fog  
with his own bright paddle,  
his hand-made willow boat,  
his eyes on dawn-bright water.



MOSSY ROCKS, NIGAARDSBREEN, NORWAY

This moss tells time  
since these round rocks—  
glacier-ground-found rest  
where one small farm  
became a long moraine.



FLOWER, ROCK, AND TREE: NIGAARDSBREEN,  
NORWAY

Eliot Porter, Ansel Adams:  
you taught me how to see  
the spare, rich harmonies  
of flower, rock and tree.

SCOTTISH OUTHOUSE, ISLE OF SKYE

These outhouse builders  
and sitters of the inner  
Hebrides hewed slate,  
hauled granite,  
painted hearts on its door  
for the love of permanence—  
for its solid relief.



CHURCH NEAR ARISAIG, SCOTLAND

These crosses and arches  
ordering, defying  
the cradling green  
came suddenly into view  
as I plunged downhill  
feeling the curve and the slope  
of its founding land.

## Cycling in Scotland

One morning clouds drive  
valley-down, hill-over rain,  
spare as the Scottish soul  
and insistent;  
it sings in my tires,  
strokes my face.

Up the long, flat valley road  
I cycle in drizzle;  
cows stare and chew,  
workmen persist in digging;  
all fellows we are in the rain,  
scornful of cars,  
drivers lost from rain and wind  
who see no flocks of cloud-greys.

When the break comes ahead,  
I am awed to the tune of humming wheels  
and of blood pistoned into my senses  
to see sudden light on far mountains,  
greys become green,  
black lakes become silver.

I roll into changing light.

## See stonehenge

Pay for your ticket  
clutch it and show  
pass under the road  
climb the paved path  
walk slowly around  
follow the rope  
let your foot-falls count.

Block the traffic's noise  
hear only the wind  
smell only the grass and the dung  
see the wreck of the stones  
feel the rhythms of rock  
lean, stand, and lie  
heft the compaction of soil  
lift millenia's weight.

Break the circle of rope  
call on the priestess to stand  
let her goddess tell  
show the light of the stone  
chant the stone of the earth  
dance the earth of the sun.

Pass under the road  
buy souvenirs of bronze  
let them dangle on your breast.

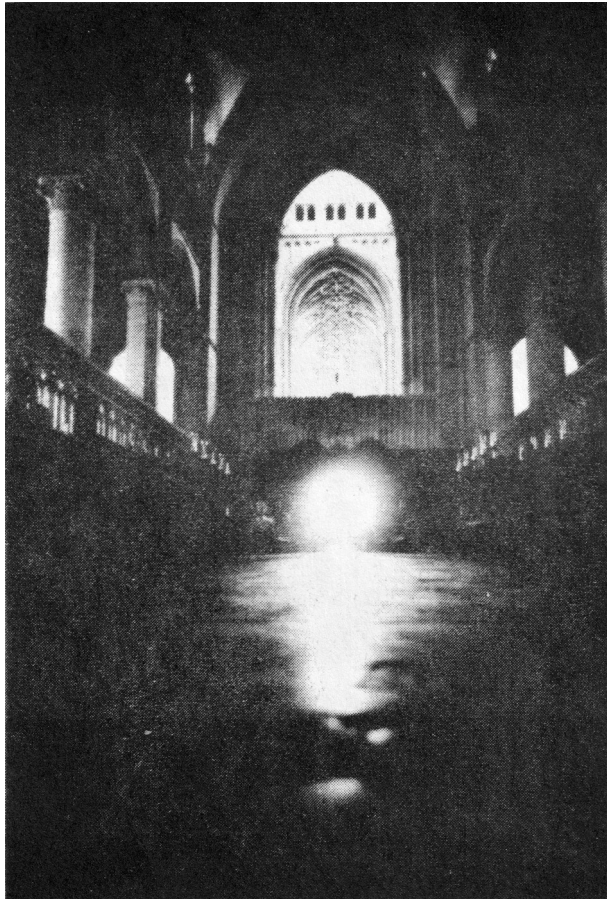
DANE GRAVES

Stone ships cannot be moved  
Stone vessels cannot float  
Stones set in arid hills  
Can only settle deeper—stay stone  
Raised by faith in winds  
That blow to richer fields  
But cannot move the stones  
Plowed from fertile fields  
Stone heavy memory of ritual  
Stone stand against strong winds  
That carry lighter vessels out to sea



STAVE CHURCH, OSLO, NORWAY

Stave on stave—  
hands and knives  
raise the new god  
in the dark.  
Odin protect him.



IN THE CATHEDRAL, CANTERBURY, ENGLAND

The light that shone  
for Chaucer's feet  
now shines across  
the pilgrim-hollowed stone.

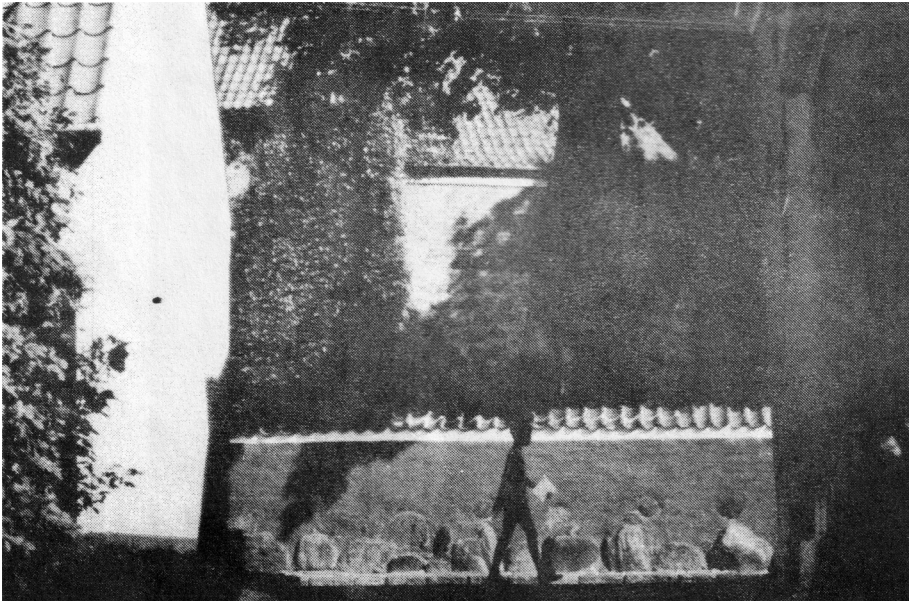
CANTERBURY

Canterbury,  
the hallowed name:  
it starts with "cant,"  
ends with "bury":  
cant for the living,  
tombs for the dead.

Yet look here how  
the floor is worn  
and hollowed,  
how the light  
from the same sun  
that shone on Augustine,  
on Ethelbert, and Thomas  
reveals

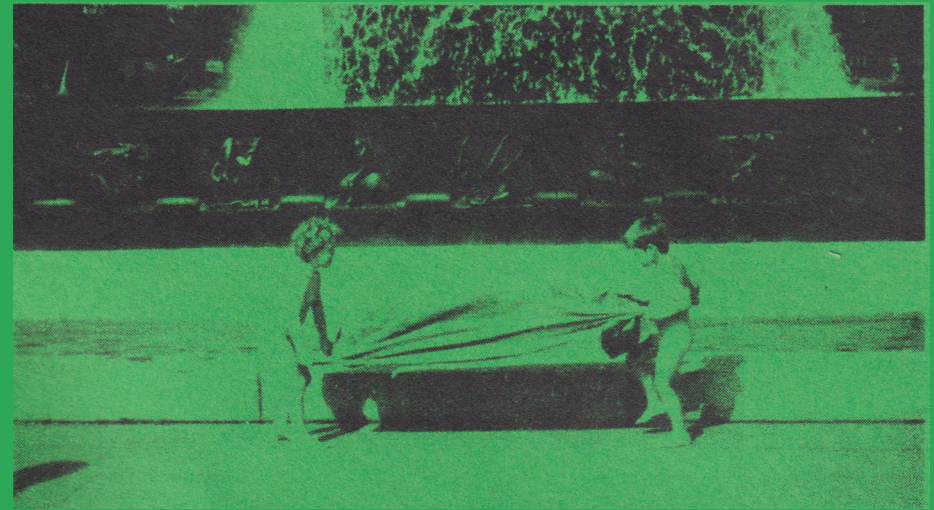
the pilgrim's  
thousand  
footfalls, kneebends,  
and of these surely some—  
a small, bright remnant—  
shunned the cant  
and walked away  
to live and sing enlightened  
despite the bishops  
and the kings  
of Canterbury.

I see beyond the door,  
purified, refracted  
in the cut glass star.



COLOR BATH, SKAELSKØR, DENMARK

A sudden plunge  
from grey-green alley shade  
into raw energy:  
a color bath.



LIVING SCULPTURE, VIGELAND'S SKULPTURPARK  
OSLO, NORWAY

Bronze statues  
retreat to shadows  
when children play  
in sunlight.

FROM THE FINDHORN COMMUNITY  
ISLE OF ERRAID, SCOTLAND

Look closely for Iona  
legendary isle of light  
from Erraid, base  
for the building of lighthouses.

(See R.L. Stevenson's Kidnapped)

MOON SLIVER, GLAENO, DENMARK

Only a sliver,  
the tip off the nail  
of the sensuous goddess  
draws the night's curtain



Such are the boundaries  
between sun and shade,  
between water and sky:  
dancing.



**WATER DANCE,**  
SOGNEFJORD, NORWAY