



WAKING DREAMS:

POEMSP
O EGRO
M INGS
S TWEEN
P SHAD
O RTH-L
E N BIL
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S SHAD
POEMSP

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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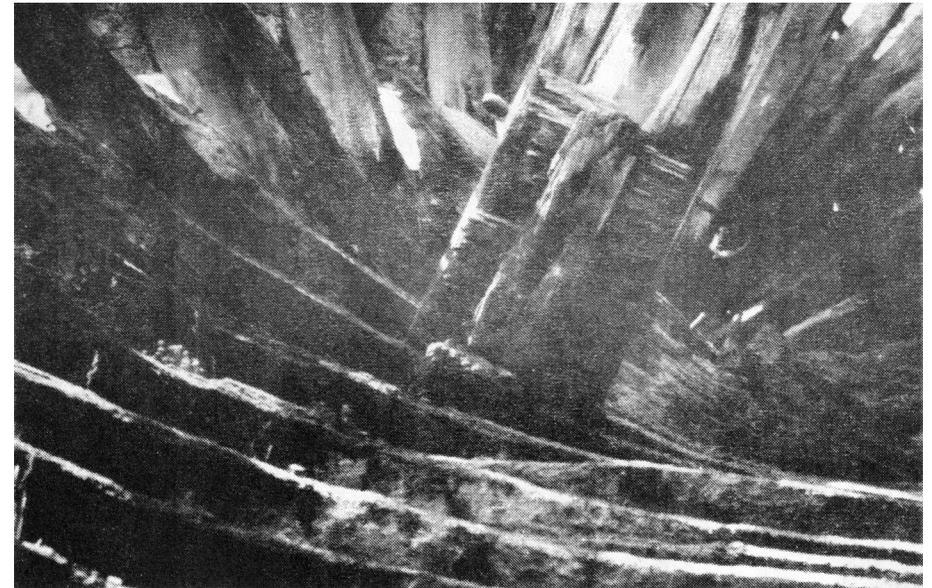
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SEA ALGAE, NEAR BERGEN, NORWAY

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

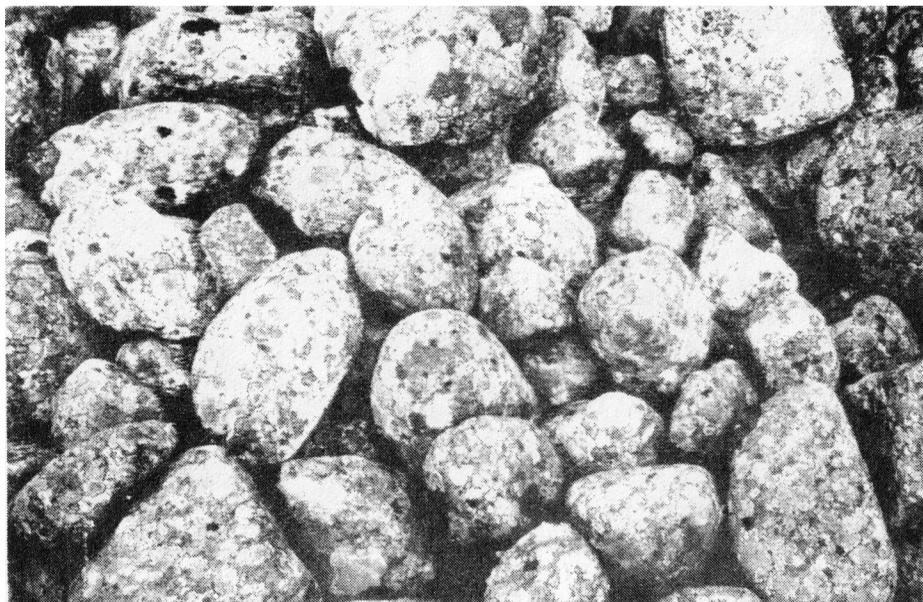


SHIP'S BONES, NEAR MALLAIG, SCOTLAND

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.

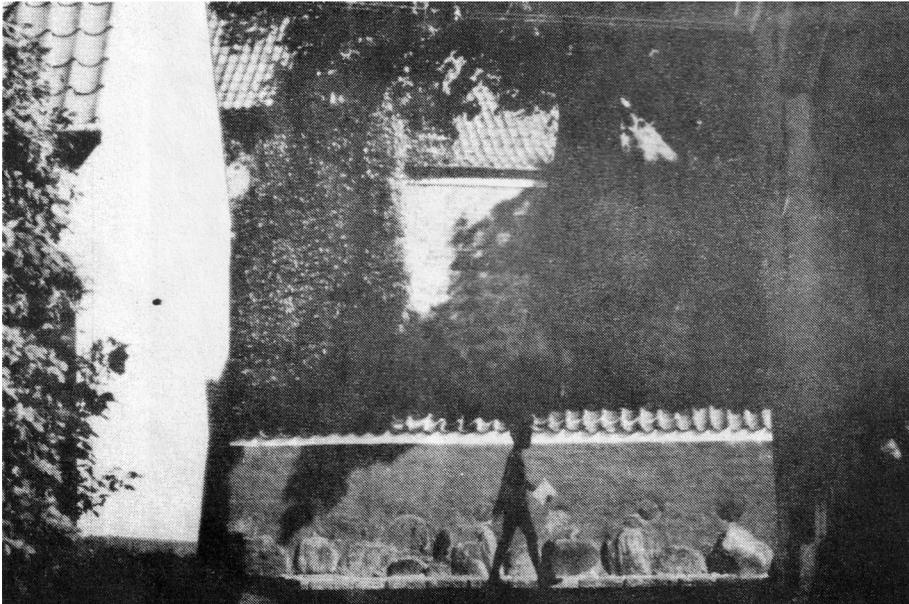
CANTERBURY

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

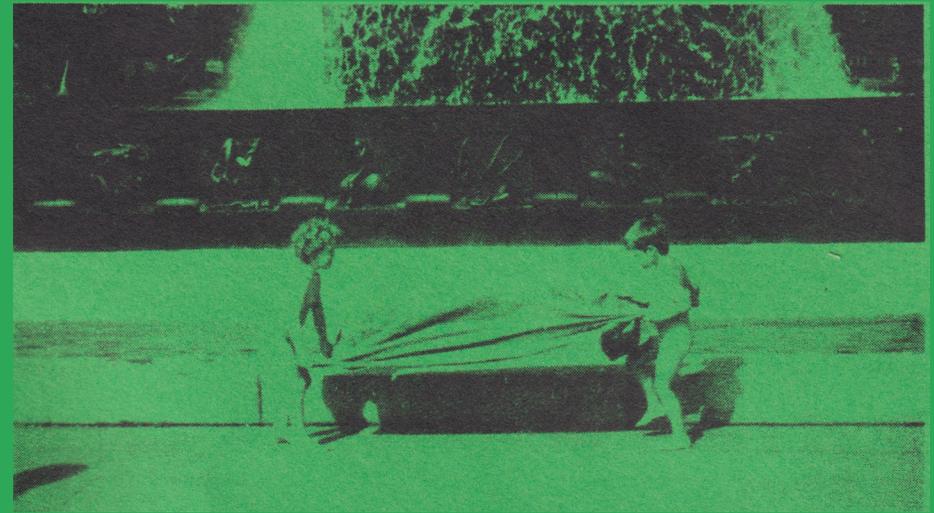
the pilgrim's
thousand
footfalls, kneebends,
and of these surely some—
a small, bright remnant—
shunned the cant
and walked away
to live and sing enlightened
despite the bishops
and the kings
of Canterbury.

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