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Morning Ghazal

I wake at six AM hungry to know what life is.
By nine I need to know how to cope.

Rumor is we aren't created by God,
But by untrained amateurs who don't know what they're doing.

If all my emotional blocks were laid end to end,
They would lead to a new life.

I know it is not foggy everywhere,
Just everywhere I can see.

Everything I do, I do of free will.
Now if only I could get a handle on my will.

How generous of my body to take such a beating
So my soul can have what it needs.

Friends, tell me: How come we spend our lives
struggling to become what we are?

Night Ghazal

My love and I and the golden poppies sleep covered by the night,
And this deep field of stars is also covered by the night.

I catch sight of her beauty and she asks, So whom do you love?
Only you, I answer, only day, only night.

In our sleep the redwood tree and I trade dreams:
It flies an airplane; I am carried by dark winds through the night.

The frogs and crickets and I know each other well,
We listen to each others' love calls late in the night.

All day I work hard to pay off my debts;
Only one grows deeper -- my debt to the night.

Friends, sages tell us to prepare for death;
I say, I'm doing all I can -- I practice every night.

Len Anderson

Len Anderson is a poet and physicist who lives in Santa Cruz, California. His work has recently appeared in *Bellowing Ark*, *Sarasota Review of Poetry*, *The Montserrat Review* and *Quarry West*. He is a winner of the Dragonfly Press Poetry Competition and the Mary Lonnberg Smith Poetry Award.