

ASK ME . . . by William Stafford

Some time when the river is ice ask me
mistakes I have made. Ask me whether
what I have done is my life. Others
have come in their slow way into
my thought, and some have tried to help
or to hurt: ask me what difference
their strongest love or hate has made.

I will listen to what you say.
You and I can turn and look
at the silent river and wait. We know
the current is there, hidden; and there
are comings and goings from miles away
that hold the stillness exactly before us.
What the river says, that is what I say.

ASK ME . . . by Sue

ask me what I can
tell you about living
a full life
and I will answer.
you already know
what regales you to laughter,
sends you to your knees in despair
goads you to combat injustice
stirs you to kind acts.

ask me what I can
tell you about living
a full life
and I will answer.
you already know self-limits that enrage you
and strengths that propel you
to grasp the goodness of others
that fire your dance of abandon
and lights a yearning to give back tenfold that gift.

ASK ME . . . by Terry

Ask me who I am as I need to tell you.
Ask me what I love as I want to express it.
Ask me how I spend my time and what I create.
Ask me about my experiences as they mold me.
Ask me what I am feeling as that is a part of me.
Ask me what I am thinking and what I am not thinking,
But don't ask me about the future because I cannot answer
And don't ask me about the past as I don't remember correctly.
And only ask me if you really want to know.

ASK ME . . . by Berma

Did it matter when I crossed to where
I didn't need to with a ready
arm – for another – just in case?

When my anger reciprocated
the anger of a youth who had given up and
I hadn't?

When I picked a tiny bead
a plastic cup
from the sand saving
It from a mountain of trash?

Why I broiled a dark red vegetable
and considered the color of my blood?

ASK ME . . . by Jean

Ask me why the world is round
for when I grieve
I feel aground my thoughts,
intentions go around go in direction
round, round

Ask me why I know for sure
think well before to tread the
floor what goes, out come back for more,
round, round, do your best, expect the
best.

Ask me why, I look for others to
ease my pain, to know for sure
they, go aground, round, round, round.

Ask me why I look above and leave
it in the hands of God, as He
the world is round, ask me why
is that not sound.

ASK ME . . . by Bette

Ask me about rivers ...
Rivers that wait for the sea
Rivers flowing around moments in time
Grand rivers that begin in high mountain springs
and run through lives like
silent threads connecting strings of pearls.

Ask me about rivers ...
Exciting
Tranquil
Deep
Dangerous
Meandering

One with the sea – The first light of creation.
Ask me about rivers and you will know who I am.

ASK ME . . . by Karin

One day when you find what
I wrote, it may be too late to ask me
What I was thinking.

I know you will.
I see you stand where I stood
With some jewel I prized,
my sacred emblems in words.

Maybe you will wonder
Perhaps you already know
How life has pressed down on us
What it asked of us.

Choices made
Before we knew what to ask from life.