



bear bag camp

recent poems by william george paul

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"Hey Friend?!"

Check's in the mail
I gave at the office
You look gorgeous, baby
Your Dad is on the phone
I'll mow the yard today
I ordered the tickets online
I'll see you at the bar
Say a prayer for me.

"waitings"

waiting for her
waiting for the bus
waiting for the quiche to brown

waiting for Mom
waiting for the Moon to pass the dark
waiting for the reboot's slow heave

waiting for the paint to dry
waiting for the commercials to die
waiting for the second half to begin

waiting for you
as all the other waitings
fold into this.

"daydown"

my desktop brain
dead with scant
to spill

spying daydown
into a whitebread
dream.

last haiku

"shadows without ground"

Trust has thinned to thread
love has slipped into silence

We circle one another
like shadows without ground
hearts aching in a maze too narrow
to hold freedom
too deep to escape

Give it to God?
Her path is broken
I walk in her dust

She is lost,
and I am not yet found.
"Nature love"

Morning holds our breath
dew playing with blades of grass
a cool shimmer that softens each step

Light presses gently
through the quiet canopy
trees stretching awake

The air moves with wings
songs woven into silence
a reminder that being is enough

and the earth is listening.

"stuck"

- between nothing and a bad job
- between a vision and a lie
- in a down cycle
- without a disguise

fuse burnt-out
a man gone soft
needy and withdrawn
caught before the line.

"many threads into one cloth"

In the village square
hands reach toward one another
passing food, stories
and the tools of endurance

Children chase sunlight between gardens
elders remind us
that strength is not the absence of hardship
but the weaving of many threads into one cloth

Joy lives in shared harvests
in roofs repaired together
in songs rising from ordinary days
a reminder that resilience
is a practice of belonging.

"bear bag camp"

Sunlight burns through cloud edges
swim trunks dry, sunscreen waits
water bottles empty and refill
camp is destination and beginning

Bear bag swings in the branches
a quiet safeguard in the dark
the rocket stove hums in the still air
smoke curling in the canopy

Rain gathers on ponchos
drips from hiking sticks
soaks through seams
band aids and blistered skin

The trail winds upward
mud softening beneath wet feet
maps fold and unfold
creased with direction.

Alina, you move with the balance of opposites
gentle and intense,
a truth-teller who carries both fire and light

You stand as a guardian
not only of your craft
where numbers and codes weave into quiet strength
but also of a dignity
that makes the world feel steadier near you

Businesswoman with her own horizon
you refuse paths made by others' hands
walking instead along the edges of wild beaches
letting the ocean choose how to speak to you

A traveler
you carry freedom in your step
belonging everywhere and to yourself alone
woven to nature as much as to the future you design

The city may call you citizen
but you are more
a constellation of independence and devotion
a presence that reminds love
how sacred it is to be both grounded and untamed

I see in you
not just destiny unfolding
but the quiet grace of someone
who already lives it.

"she"

she is a whisper
she is thunder

she is the seed buried
she is the tree leaning

she is the warmth
she is the chill

she is a question
she is an answer

she is beginning
she is end.

"romance machine"

gears in slow translation
crank
winds up unfamiliar tenderness
melting liquids drip on joined palms

repeat slow actions
holding hands
the kissing curtain

hope
stuttering through cogs
running like a bear
soft power metal patience

"the thin thread"

what is next
a shadow pressed against the horizon
waiting, not answering

what is the connection
but the air we share
the stillness between words

where is tomorrow
if not already
unfolding beneath our feet

are we family
by blood, by choice
or simply the thin thread
that calls us human

"steadfast"

A stone at the river's edge
pressed by currents, unmoved

The sky folds and unfolds with storms
yet it waits without question
In its silence

a lesson
to be present
to endure
to remain steadfast.

4 Alina

"hush"

Beside me, my friend
moves like a calm river
her voice carrying
a weight of knowing

We sit in the hush of morning
the air still
the world listening
without interruption

Her hands rest open
as if ready to receive
whatever drifts our way
a leaf, a silence
or a truth too quiet to name.

4 Alina

"Courage"

Fear falls away
beyond the shallow tasks
that bind you to smallness

Courage waits quietly
search the depths of your heart

Lift your eyes higher
not to what can be sold
but to what can be lived

Tears are not the end
Turn to God
let hope breathe in the space
profit cannot touch.

"a quiet gravity"

In the warm sunlight
she moves through the day

Big brown eyes holding warmth
black hair spilling across her shoulders
skin pale and soft against the brightness
red lips glowing like a quiet fire

A black dress drifts downward
slipping just enough to whisper
revealing thin straps
a secret of silk beneath

Around her neck, a gold pearl necklace
rests like a small constellation

Her smile opens - the kind that fills the air
while at her side
a shining bag sways
with the ordinary mysteries of her life

She is both the street and the star above it
a quiet gravity drawing me closer.

