

winter prints

not a single prompt
to go outside

seasonal warnings:
too cold, too windy
too icy, too winter
 it is
 winter

here in the woods
plows dare not venture
we are the climate
masters of our fate

fresh snow, almost blue

deer who cannot read
tracks
birds in need of feed
tracks

still falling

smelling the future
hot chocolate mugged and
warmly waiting
as my running shoes
meet my feet
eager to test the ground

we crunch we squint
we slip and catch
deeply breathing
quiet frost
bitter softens
to join our run

we leave our tracks
perhaps still there
when we run back

the alphabet soup is too salty

why write
words are just
rows of letters
hung together
by a thread of thought
though
when internal rhymes erupt
abrupt
folk pay attention
as if caring or
daring
made more sense
in a sentence
than this pile
of letters

the Talking Animal Party

2, 4, 6 and many legged
(any re-configuration of same)
bespectacled, slovenly
putrid and precious

they gather silently
sniffing and picking
with practiced aplomb
stray food or feces for the tasting
cornering and posturing
until the seating is satisfactory.

The opening growl sets teeth flaring
a lone wag midst prides of bristle
twitching ears
and no one looks another in the eye
never in this assembly, where
vulnerable jugular stays on the menu;
there are no vegans.

With no resolution on prior meeting notes,
the financials shredded for mating rituals,
wild stinging disrupted committee reports;
those still alive settled on new business.
The miscued *coo* segregated ranks still further
a beak break was called.

Upon return (first some quick munching and tidying)
the diminished consensus relented
voting to *Leave It!*
for the next generation.

half-baked history
peach cobbler

History gets baked
leavened, over-salted
too many hands try to knead
honeyed honesty gets assaulted.

Two ovens overheat
as the eggs start to hatch
rollers are revolting
tender chicks peck the latch.

No master chef is summoned
as colleagues watch, they're floored
the chaos wins, brown blood does, too
caramel lies stick to the board.

No bake sale for this saga
too few trays of truth appear
fast-food prewrapped egos;
hark these lessons, future years.

No erasure, no censor
no gallant call to arms
the recipe clearly stating
on all others, render harm.

This one leads from top to under
bad smells, untruths prevail
no spine, no core beyond the term
justice bites your tale.

mist

I am silent unless
you hush and
risk a muddy ear

my start is the stop
of leaves or leaving
seldom seen

Ah me, I roar
past mountains
cresting and splashing

slowing to help
a forest friend
become a wildflower

steady over the ages
seasons blending and bending
I, rivulet
or heart