

The Second Sunday in May

On warm spring days when the sweet purple smell
of paulownia drifts through homes and back yards...

A neat line of cars are soon to arrive,
bringing faces that haven't been seen in a year.

And if you dare listen from the large, metal fence
that borders the long lines of flower and stone...

You can hear the silent, nostalgic whispers of children and their mothers.

Trashed paintings and crumbled notes

Where has it gone? Oh, where has it gone?
The love we once had for our fresh fiery dawn!
The painters and writers would take to their art
to ensure earth's masterpiece, too, could live on.

Where has it gone? Oh, where did they go?
The poets describing June's laser-light show.
The comets that lit up the dark midnight sky
don't interest us quite like they did years ago.

Where did they go? Oh, what will it take?
These past generations are plagued by heartbreak.
And maybe the way we once cherished this world
will be what is needed to shock us awake.

What will it take? Oh, what shall I do?
I'll take time to jot down a poem or two.
And with burning hands that are dying to speak
I'll write with such zeal that a flame starts anew

The boy and his birds

Those bright blue eyes like shards of glass
were locked upon the sky above.
And as each season came to pass,
soon came an ever-growing love.

The gentle boy would sit below
the dots of blue and brown and red.
And with each day the thoughts would grow,
within his sharp, observant head.

Then one day he approached a tree
and called out to the tiny birds.
Inquiring a chickadee,
with interest laced between his words.

“Why do you leave when it gets cold
and to what place do you retreat?”
The answers it would softly hold
within its swift and joyful tweet.

The next day he approached once more
and called out to a golden finch.
The yellow bird that he adored,
that roamed his homeland’s every inch.

“Why do you leave when it gets cold
and to what place do you retreat?”
But with a hurried flash of gold,
it took off down the nearest street.

The small boy turned to go inside,
his eyes hung low toward the ground,
when something high above him cried
and made him look towards the sound.

An owl sat upon an oak
and looked down on the sullen youth.
Now one last time the small boy spoke,
forever longing for the truth.

“Why do you leave when it gets cold
and to what place do you retreat?”
The owl sat there wise and bold
upon his wooden, leafy seat.

“Our journey here has just begun.”
The owl carefully replied.
“Chasing the enchanting sun,
our travels take us nation-wide.”

“But as you grow you soon will learn
we get exhausted from our roam.
Please know that we always return
back to the place that we call home.”

An Eden Within

On the darkest evening of the year,
I ventured through a lonely grove of pines.
The buzz of sadness ringing in my ear,
I scoured trunk and root for any signs.

I sat and placed my head within my hands
and hoped the morning sun would quickly rise...
So I could travel on to safer lands
and lift this harmful veil upon my eyes.

I turned away and prayed for swift repose.
The distant moon now peaking in the sky.
But as the frigid breeze had slashed my nose,
I noticed sweet aroma drifting by.

With shaking legs, I staggered to my feet
and walked into the harshly bitter wind.
Though following a scent so strong and sweet,
my willingness to fight so quickly thinned.

But sure enough, I found a patch of green
amid the dry and cracking forest floor.
And dropping to my knees I sat between
the fragile plants and wind that shook my core.

I plunged my numbing hands into the dirt
and pulled up every stone that I could find.
I built a wall cemented with my hurt
and fortified its strength with thoughts refined.

I wiped my tears with dirty, tattered cloth
and rung them out among the tiny plants.
Then with their fruit I brewed an herbal broth
and utilized the power that it grants.

And with my tender love and ardent care
the flower garden grew at rapid pace.
The icy wind had warmed to something fare,
and cold, dark wood with light was now replaced.

I still will venture out beyond the wall,
For there are many duties to be done.
But when it feels as though I just might fall,
I travel home to bask within the sun.

And one day soon I'll find my time to rest.
I'll lay among my work and drift to sleep.
Another soul will start its crucial quest
to find the secrets that my flowers keep.

My Favorite Color is You

Under the sparkling heavens we laid, watching the dance of the night.
Softly recounting Orion's crusade, beneath the suns dimming light.
A chorus of sounds had now come alive, playing a monotone tune.
God's midnight symphony soon to arrive, led by the height of the moon.

Pin holes of goldenrod dotted the sky, telling the tales of the past.
Observing the show were two pairs of eyes, lost in an orbit so vast.
Breaking the silence, the girl spoke of something that she felt needed addressed.
She turned to her right and quietly asked "What color do you like the best?"

Thinking at first of the golden-brown mix that makes her eyes so unique...
that delicate stare without question can fix the days when you feel the most weak.
Then I thought next to the soft navy sheet that we lay beneath, wound up like thread.
And the lavender quilt that she leaves folded neat in a square at the foot of the bed.

Soon after I thought to the rivers of green that cooled us in June's jarring heat...
and the brightest red maples a man's ever seen who's sight swept us right from our feet.
In winter the hills turn a heavenly white adding warmth to the merciless cold...
and here in the blanket of darkness called night the stars were a breathtaking gold.

Beginning to realize a similar trend of shades that I had liked best,
my favorites were linked to my one dear friend with whom I'd surely been blessed.
I sat there and thought about colors a while, each one an exceptional hue.
"Despite what you'd think", I said with a smile, "My favorite color is you!"