

A random assortment of poems

Incantation (*Nymphalidae*)

My thoughts are like butterflies:
Flowing, fleeting
Tangled meaning,
Lost even
Before perceiving

If there's a way
To bind them fast
Then make it so--
Forever last.

Phases

Lunar light,
Guide my soul
To places unknown;
Wonders to behold.

Steer the tides
Like my emotions
Gentle, steady strokes
As is your nature.

But small tremors create ripples
They turn into waves
That swell, sometimes subside.

Churning gyres
Pulsing with energy
Whirlpools spiraling downward
Waves wreaking havoc on the shore.

You stand back, watching it all unfold
Imposing yet detached at the same time
You let it all happen
It's part of the process
You trust us to fall apart and come back together.

Roots

I come from rugged hilltops
Grapevines and stone walls

Wheat fields, olive groves
Lined with hidden waterfalls.

I come from the Mediterranean,
Swimming out far from shore

And from Midwestern steel mills
Smelting iron and ore.

I come from sink-soaked hands
Washing dishes in back rooms

From gardens lush with herbs
And flowers in full bloom.

I come from poetry, from dancing
From God and from family.

All this makes me, me
And it shapes my reality.

Broad Shoulders

I'm seduced by your wet, hot summers
They bring wild, frenzied chaos

Then give way to brutal winters
Where powerful wind tunnels push me away

You're strong and free
But cold and uninviting

You're not like them
You are who you are and you won't change for anyone

Your steel gray eyes tell me stories of downtown
But we'll never make it past Pulaski

I can't tell where I stand, if you even want me here
But how can I blame you, when I'm the one choosing to
stay