

## Fall Together

In late September, Boston  
becomes a shade  
of autumn  
with which  
California can't contend.

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We were warned  
that to eat fruit  
would be to die;  
now birth is painful  
and we must sweat  
to earn our bread.

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Shivering bodies  
nestle, that November night  
when he whispers  
*Watch the stars drop.*

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There's a place in Yosemite  
where, in the winter,  
gallons tumble over,  
dropping from high  
cliffs overhead into billowing clouds  
of mist which crystalize  
in the air  
before reaching the bottom  
in thick drifts.

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*I'm doing my job*  
*so well,*  
thought the umbrella smugly,  
as the rain  
changed from  
pitter patter to pounding  
against its taut hide.

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Galileo ventured  
that gravity worked equally on  
a brick and a feather both

## Ode to a Pebble

*after Pablo Neruda*

Remnant  
of mountains past  
Broken bits of  
majesty  
reduced to scree  
to gravel  
underfoot

Mortality's reminder  
to the peaks –  
Elevated only  
for a geological moment  
when eons echo  
against the strata  
of the universe's years

Each rock  
a fragment  
unique to itself  
and yet  
part of  
a greater whole  
a rough  
everchanging orb  
recreating itself  
in the darkness  
on a scale  
both massive  
and minute

Tectonic factories  
that tumble  
boulders down  
to polish  
by wear  
wind  
water  
constant grinding  
movement

Or fragment  
monoliths

into smaller, jagged  
points  
forming diamond  
tipped teeth  
abrasive exteriors

Time forms  
texture, a miniature  
landscape  
within itself  
reflecting the nature  
of a stony soul

Colors beyond  
enumeration  
Light refracting  
shot through  
millimeter veins

Reflecting light on  
tumbled smooth faces  
or angular facets  
to bring out  
every color within

## White Noise

Raindrops won't stop  
their steady stream  
of tips & taps  
against a window  
pane, punctuating  
that breathless moment  
between lightning's birth  
and thunder's cry

On the breeze

she sits  
on the grey wall  
of a green garden  
and lifts her face

she sits  
glasses perched  
on a delicate nose  
like a bird on a twig

she sits  
beneath the branches  
of a cherry tree  
its perfume mingling with hers

she sits  
staring at the cigarette  
slender as she wishes she was  
and lets the ash fall

## I spilled a glass

full of feelings  
and cried, just the way  
my mother told me  
not to regarding milk

It shattered, glittering  
across a floor already wet  
with emotions

I left fingerprints at the scene  
that a forensic scientist  
specializing in murder  
and broken hearts  
could trace back  
to my guilty hands

Rather than clean up,  
we both left it there  
like children hoping  
no one would see the mess  
or blame us –

me for knocking it over,  
you for leaving it out  
in the first place

