

PASSINGS

I watched the sun's last pinkness
Disappear and the white moon arise
Over the chilled land. Dogs howled.
Aloneness closed in amidst the
Beauty of the snowy ground.

When I woke, sky was
Heavy, pregnant with more
Snow. I am in winter still.
This clock has not moved.
I am still alone.

BETWEEN

In this month of November
My parents died. Aging, each
Year, weather shifts,

Between sunny days
Of memory and
Times of unceasing rain.

Worlds blur together
Like mist above
Frosted ground.

Fallen leaves
And shortened nights.
North winds strengthen.

FATHER & DAUGHTER

A walker and her dog
Crossing the beach at sunrise.
Found a body, rock-battered,
Known only by its
Shape, thrown up as an
Offering from the ocean.

When identification was complete,
The daughter learned she was
The last living one her father spoke to
Before he plunged himself to oblivion.

She wears her father's memory like
A necklace. She cannot separate the
Living from the dead; she no longer
Walks beside the sea.

SOPHIA AT DUSK

Wisdom sits with bowed head
Upon the lower branch, staring
At the window, where I watch,
Admiring silently.

Her presence awes me.
I am not worthy of
This great visitor, but
She has chosen my table,

As her resting place. She
Drops on silent wings and
Turns her head, right and left,
Scrutinizer of all.

Seeing what moves,
What do you survey within
My heart? Our gazes lock
In contemplation.

I blink.
You quietly have left.
An empty tree remains.
I remember you in darkness.

ROSES

When he returned home

He planted roses.

October Stars, Madame Lombard,

Dolce Vita, Gloria Dei.

When thorns prick, nightmares flow.