

Lightning

I remember, there,
Laid on your west lawn,
Lightning cracked the sky.

Nervous and happy,
We told the dark jokes of boys,
And only we laughed.

My memory fades,
Was there thunder? Did it rain?
Did it soak our shoes?

I feel more than see,
The clouded sky overhead,
The distant mountains.

The moon may have left,
Slipped away without a word,
There was light enough.

I still remember,
Like it was a recent dream,
And sleep lasted years.

The Trees Can Tell the Time

The trees can tell the time,
They know to turn and rest,
They wait and work and watch,
With no clock.

They could hold all their leaves,
Rely on caring hands,
To dress them for the fall,
And still stand.

But I think that the trees,
Take pleasure turning gold,
And breathing autumn's air,
As they should.

Am I a gifted man?
With given skills and joy,
With flaws but treasured too?
The trees are.

Why do I doubt and hide?
Do not I know my heart?
The trees can tell the time,
While not seen.

Candlelight

The locks on your doors are engaged,

Letting no one in but you.

Your bank account is always full,

But your calendar is too.

How do you like the view?

I am open, but dim inside,

Perhaps someone stole the lights.

Or builders had a lazy day,

And they welcomed nothing bright.

Is the moon full tonight?

You gladly wave, jogging by, hi,

Hello and have a good day.

And many other hard thought words,

I cannot train my tongue to say.

Were they heard the right way?

I am not an electrician,

But there is a candle here.

With many more below the floor,

I could fetch them for us dear.

Would that ease your fear?

In the Moment

Scribbled notes and meeting spots,
Car rides home on borrowed wheels,
Awkward kisses, warm embrace,
Football games and scary shows,
Billiards chalk, cue ball scratch,
Flowers from the grocery store,
Gutter dips that made you smile,
Worn out jokes in a tired town,
Fingers laced and sometimes not,
Different tones and different times,
Dances lit by distant lamps,
One phone call, then nothing more,
Quiet years in my own head,
And questions never ending,
Quiet visions in the day,
Then are carried to my bed.

Loving Comfort

You wouldn't drive a mile more,
Than the wet fields would require.
The road is old,
The fields are cold,
And all the trucks are empty.

At morning's birth, red and gold,
I guess that you are blinded.
You feel the fight,
Forget the light,
And hunger for the evening.

Glowing screen above the fire,
Funny, somehow both are warm.
And so are you,
But sleeping too,
The truck waits for tomorrow.

Sometimes snow falls to the ground,
And some dark nights are sleepless.
Your head will ache,
Your voice will shake,
Loving comfort is not earned.