

Simplicity

Poetry is the backcountry three-finger salute,
my digits slowly rising from the steering wheel to acknowledge
the only other car I've seen on this county road for the last ten miles.
It's the small café in a town of 251 people,
the waitress charging me \$1 for three cups of
Maxwell House Breakfast Blend,
throwing out a "Hey, honey" at every turn.
There is poetry woven throughout the deep, dark dirt that makes up the
hidden lavender farm on highway 127.
Iowa soil can grow anything.
It's in the rolling rows of harvested corn,
a solemn sacrifice not so solemn
because this is what they were made for.
An inconspicuous magic.

Gently, Gently

There is not a power within me
that mirrors the might of a mountain
or the intensity of an ocean.

I do not possess the ferocity of a midsummer storm.

No. I am subtle magic.

I unfold slowly,
curling around you like tendrils of smoke.

I am quiet magic.

The kind found in the charm of a small town
or on the face of a still lake,
reflecting the sunlight,
making it dance around you.

I will not turn your world upside-down
or inside-out.

Instead, I will wade through it,
bathe in it,
let it coat me so that I know the

deepest

parts

of you.

Better Left Unsaid

You said I was a book you'll always wonder about.

I said maybe that's the beauty of this entire thing.

What I wanted to say was this:

I want to be your favorite book.

I want my words forever embedded in your mind.

Your fingertips,

stained black with the ink from my pages,

are extensions of palms that know my weight as much as your own.

The earthy scent and cracked spine on this well-loved body

bring you comfort and joy.

Bring you home.

I want to be the book you carry with you.

Keep me close.

Slumber Party

Anxiety makes a bed of down and cotton,
inviting me to curl up in her tight embrace.

Depression brings out my favorite blanket,
tucking me in tight,
making it hard to breathe.

I can always count on these two being there.

Being here.

They now whisper to me,
one in each ear,
asking me to stay awhile.

They remind me of how cold the outside is
and how warm my bed has become.

Perhaps I'll lie here

just a little bit

longer.

How the Tide Saves Me

I've always felt at peace

while watching the ocean's tide.

The rhythmic waves

settling a heart that often beats too quickly.

The constant roar drowning out the

destructive thoughts that always seem to be

bouncing around inside my head.

I taste salt on my lips,

feel the sand move beneath me,

and I know,

deep within these worn bones,

that I am home.