

BLOOMING

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And the wind
whispered
a gentle gust
of sweet nothings
to her perfectly imperfect
petals—
releasing an aroma
of captivating confidence
via the steady,
north blowing breeze.

SAFE HAVEN

Frolicking
in a vast meadow
of overgrown wildflowers,
her ever waltzing toes
serendipitously stumble
upon an unsuspecting well—
and from within
its deep and murky depths
is drawn a delicious bucket
of rejuvenating rest,
ripples of buried beauty,
and a flourishing mystery
of minerals for the mind.

Her curious heart
feasts
on this umbilical cord
of creative bounty—
and her sage soul
finds here
her safe haven,
for where
the soles of those feet
kiss the soil of inspiration
is where her wandering spirit
belongs.

FROM THE DUST

And up
from the unplowed soil
sprang
a soft, sweet reverie.

FLICKERS

And as
soft morning sunlight
lollygags
on the surface
of the sea's liquid looking glass,
a prism of hope
flickers
within
the friendly,
frolicking
waves.

PRINCIPESSA

Dressed
in the broad rays of high noon,
she stood
resolute—
poised, yet blanketed
with eager,
anticipatory
patience
as passersby
pondered
from afar.