

THE MOON IS NOT UNKIND

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In darkest wings of night,
lovers broken embrace,
cursed last fright.
Sinking suns and tides unwind,
stars twinkle and wither but,
the moon is not unkind.

I SAW THE MOON

I saw the moon one night,
And this may not seem of note,
But from the trees she stepped,
Wearing but a ruby coat.

I knew this girl to be the moon,
For she shone from deep inside,
This even I, stranger, could see,
From across the grassy divide

Her hair cascaded silver wisps,
Her lashes made of light,
Stars dripped from her every breath,
Her skin was petal white.

'How is this so?' One surely asks
And that wish I could say,
For in the moment I blinked once, twice-
She had been spirited away.

A DULL ROGUE

Nature is love as earth,
that one can read and see.
Where does one find this love?
A dull rogue asked of me.

It is in the dawn and dusk, I say,
found in that translucent light,
in the stars and moon,
shining silver in the night.

It is in the heavy dew drops,
left lovingly each morning,
in the chirp of the birds,
in the rain that is pouring.

It is in the afternoon thunder,
the storms that boldly call,
in the silence after snow,
in the coy colors of fall.

It is in those first Spring flowers,
blooming hope again each year,
in the silk of each petal,
in the brook's babbling with cheer.

It is in the gentle hum of summer,
those warm quiet eves,
in the sway of the grass,
in the caress of the breeze.

Nature is a love poem,
whose words are lived not penned.
Seas, valleys, and mountain peaks,
Have wisdom to share and lend.

That dull rogue shook his head,
dazed and full of fright,
he nonchalantly stepped away,
and tried elsewhere that night.

TURMOIL OF AVOCADO TOAST

Ensnared politely in neatly trimmed gardens,
Sipping tea and memes and grandiose tragedy,
Drunk on the turmoil of avocado toast and civil unrest.
The corporeal path has disappeared under our feet,
And we are lost among the screens.

THE MOON IS ON FIRE

The moon is on fire
Despair in grief and bleed to know
The flame consumes her every glow
Darkness devours battle shorn skies,
Hope has gone and the moon now cries.