

THREE POEMS

Words Fall Short

Words fall short.

A handful of letters:

Son

Mother

Loss...

Mere wisps of vapor

As compared to

What they name.

The living of it –

With hand and voice,

By time together,

In complicity or conflict,

For love –

Has substance.

Something timeless,

Beyond words and separation,

Remains.

THREE POEMS

Too

too late
for colors

time of song
is over

dire heavy clouds hang
just above

overhead blotter
absorbing inks

before they flow

THREE POEMS

This House

It is a house of sadness,
The roof fallen in
Long ago.

Its occupants are
The only ones
Unaware.

They think and say
Nothing is wrong,

As raindrops
Roll down their cheeks
And winds
Tousle and tangle
Locks of their hair.