

Four Poems: Words, Lost, Sometimes, and Time

Words

How do we put it into words-
This feeling?
Words fail,
Fall so short of
Revealing...
Leave me reeling;
Wanting to express
The depth of his caress
And the way
He speaks with his fingers
Upon my skin
Leaving volumes within
my body.
Print words in ink,
Tender,
Sometimes pink,
Reds to purple...
Words that flow from the hand,
Words like clouds moved too quickly
By the wind
to be put down
Upon the paper
Words lined in blue and white
Shrouds of guessing,
Questions without answer
Words that walk high above the earth
Words that hurl and often hurt
Pull us downward
Crashing, spiral.
Intoxicating words
Full of dizzy walking.

Love is a puzzle box
Keeping secrets
Those who solve and open up
Seem blessed by all the luck
Attempt to tell hidden meaning...
But words fail,
Fall so short of
Revealing.

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Lost

Didn't even know
I was lost.
The face of a friend
Was all I would want.
The gun shot was more
Than a surprise.
What crime had I committed?

The crime of thinking
We were free
Living in a safe
Democracy,
The crime of forgetting
To be afraid
Of human beings,
The crime of believing
We were one-
One nation under God,
The crime of trusting
The truth: He
was a God of Love,
And what a terrible crime it is to pretend
One is innocent
Until the proof condemns.

Yes, I had committed these crimes-
What a surprise.
We all pay the cost.
Didn't even know
We were so lost.

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Sometimes

Sometimes, I cannot see you.
The wind ripples the water,
Blows roughly, clouds the surface.
Dead leaves cast off from their branches
Moved by breezes, sometimes gently.
They shift in the swirls, no oars,
Caught by the pull of another.

I could be one of those leaves.
I could be one of the breezes.
I could be one of the swimmers
Diving in, splashing.
Seeking air.

But, ...
Are you the water
Or are you the reflection upon the water?

Sometimes, I cannot see you.
I bend over the rail's wooden edge
Trace the dead tree rings, the swirls
Roughly hewn, aged and knotted
to look upon my own reflection -
Disappointingly plain and flawed.

The breeze moves across my skin
Cooling sweat beading on a furrowed brow.
The water taps gently upon the bank
Happily setting the rhythm of birdsong.
The chatter of squirrels break into scolding -
I am waiting until your voice speaks
Roughly with the wind.
The water ripples.
Light slips between the leaves and branches,
Casts shadows - dancing.
Many leaves whisper together,
Sometimes.

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Time

There is time for it -
In between
Rocks and boulders,
In between
Leaves and branches,
Trees and bushes -
Time to mix daydreams
With meditations,
Contemplate answers
To questions
Such as,
“How big would one have to be
To wrap one’s arms around a giant
Sequoia tree?”
Someone knows the answer.

There is time for riddles

And time to discover
Not all answers provide comfort.
Some closures speak too loudly,
Slamming in upon one's face.
Some answers bring tears,
Fuel for human fears
Leave us uneasy
Regretting curiosity
Like a dead black cat
Robbed of its good luck omen.

For those moments
There is time-

In between
Rocks and boulders,
In between
Leaves and branches,
Trees and bushes.