

WHEN TIME WAS RARELY IN A RUSH

In the sweetest of seasons,
Time
saunters through her life
slowly and thoughtfully.

Like ripples
cast by ivory sail boats,
she basks
in the sun's warm rays
as she peacefully caresses
the lucid surface of the sea
and is guided
only by a warm,
gentle
breeze.

Yet,
Time is not always
so well-rested,
gliding across
the ocean blue's
translucent seeing glass.
In seasons of hurry,
she more reflects
the dark, thundering waves
of an overdue tsunami—
violently wreaking havoc
through her rushed
change of pace.

Oh, how we long
for the seemingly
endless feel
of childhood
summer vacations—
when Time resembled
picturesque ripples
that appeared
more to be watercolors
than concrete reality.

Oh, how we long
for the halcyon seasons
when Time was rarely
in a rush,
when she generously
enjoyed herself,
and when her
second hand
slowly
ticked
by.

MORNINGS

A profound sense of peace and calm
envelops the earth
in the quiet hours of the morning,
embalming the air
and preserving each moment.

As
if
time
slows
down.

There's a feeling that accompanies
arising with the sun—
as if the clock has stopped
for just a few seconds.

And with it comes the confidence
that you
can
do
anything.

But really—you can.

HIGH TIDE & LOW TIDE

Last night, the moon whispered
to the waves,

“Let’s ride a HIGH together.
Follow my lead
with all the ‘liquid’ courage you’ve got
(salt on the rim, of course).
Just roll with it
and roar
with the brilliance of your bigness.

Let the rush of adrenaline
overwhelm you
as you dance under the stars
and as you take up space
until your long legs
turn to Jell-O Jigglers.”

But tonight, the moon whispered
to the waves,

“Let’s lay LOW this evening.
It’s ok to take a night off
and enjoy being home bodies
in the soothing presence of the ocean.

Let’s preserve our energy
and slow down,
taking small sips of dry wine
under the candlelight of the stars
until our strength is rejuvenated
for high tide tomorrow.”

IVY

And,

 she was
deeply pigmented
 walnut oil ink,
extracted exactly
 and painstakingly
marinated,
 a simmered investment,
longing
 to be savored,
yet seemingly comfortable
 with the
self-installed
 boundary walls
of the vessel
 which echoed
her own voice.

PAY PHONES

The year was 1998.
Two sets of adolescent sized feet
sped past the metro,
sporting light up sneaks
that'd been handed down
since 1993.
Trailing several meters back,
smaller feet followed,
yet failed to keep up—
while adorned
with sparkly, mint blue jellies.
And still several meters later,
trotted the slip-on Sketchers
of the little tot in tote—
totally content to simply come along
for the ride.

Our mission—
to be first to swipe
the many forgotten ten cent coins
that'd been dispensed
from the Naples public pay phones.

These infamous coins—
considered completely superfluous
to the pay phones' former patrons—
were prized by the four kids
who raced their way
to the allegorical pots of pure gold.

But the value of the money itself
was not the matter at hand.

It was the currency of competition.

It was the claim to fame that came
from beating your sibling
at something, really anything.

For myself (the jelly clad lass)
and my younger brother (our little tot in tote),
the first place medals
were fewer and further between—
and even then,
they were utterly undeserved—
for even our persistent willpower
and nimble legs
could not compete
with the strength and speed
of our adolescent, older brothers.

We only “won”
when they would let us get ahead
to collect the change—
and in that moment,
they generously exchanged
the currency of competition
for the gift of a gleeful smile
on their little siblings’ faces.