

five poems - everyday vsions and Reborn.txt

Sweetness

They make
the
sweetness
Blue tubes
snaked around
trees
Silver buckets
floating on
brown bark
DRIP
 DRIP
 DRIP
Tree tap
Spigot
for
sap

Sugar shack
Steam
Burned knees

Hotness
sweetness
uniqueness

Company
camaraderie
conversation

Mud

The mud
sucks
you in
traps you
The icecicles
are
unseen lengths
& still
dripping & growing
Even through
2
Nor'Easters
the gull
is
still on
the glider

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Is it
summer?
I want
to
hang out
in the
screenhouse

Dress-Up

Big red
truck
Heart
is stuck
in
my throat
Playing
dress up
with
fear
what
am I doing
here?

It's 2 a.m.
I'm cold
I'm scared
I
can't believe
I
even dared

I pray
let me
know what
to do
Let me
do what
I can
Don't
let me
mess up
I wish
I was
a
man

Subject to change

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You pictured
my sadness
in
your kitchen
in
black & white

Faded fearful
face
Even though
the
white balance
is off
you think
I'm
glowing

Reborn

The
Halloween memory
is a
sweet explosion

Reborn
under a
disco ball

shadows
smoke
snow

Things forgotten
remembered
in a
rush

Hell hath
no fury
like
a
woman torn

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