

Senses of 5

Orange blossoms frolic on the breeze, bringing with them their luminescent fragrance,
Reminiscent of lilacs.

The sun fills the droplets with flame and they set fire to the day

The breeze brushes my cheek, pulls my hair back and lets it fall

The rough bark beneath my fingertips,

A reminder of reality.

Birds call, and I wonder

Do birds make weekend plans?

Do they rush around like us, filling their hearts and minds?

Or are they solitary, quiet creatures,

Reading philosophy alone?

Their wings flap close to me, another reminder of the sharpness and focus of life.

I can taste the freshness like sweet fruity sherbet, the promise that Spring is here.

Fly free on silver wings, oh Springtime, and tell your friend Summer we miss him.

Universe Words

Raindrops spatter
A memory long forgotten,
Swirling smoke and laughing voice, echo through the papery trees,
Make not a sound,
Step lightly...
They are here, they watch closely,
The spirits of this wood
They can harm,
They can gnash their terrible teeth,
And snap their terrible claws,
If they want.
But with my safe golden cloak of light,
We may tread,
Without fear of their might.
Dip your toes in reality,
Swim through imagination,
Dive into life and fall from the universe.

A Changing of Mind

We built it up slowly
We built it up strong
It went far too quickly
Not nearly as long
The foundation was made up of secrets and ties
And what brought it down was the same.
Secrets and lies.
Why did we play this game?
How did we break?
For two short years we were inseparable
Running 'cross rooftops and diving in lakes.
We shared all our wishes and dreams: all was memorable.
But then something happened, you became coy
I questioned myself, did I do something wrong?
I saw you keep watch of a certain boy.
I considered you both like a game of Ping-Pong,
Dancing 'round your feelings like kinders.
Stop! I wanted to yell, don't you see?
These feelings are dying cinders,
I will last longer than he!
His affections will change; this is only a crush,
I will be here forever,
With no need to rush.
But you brushed me aside like a patch of bare ground.
And when in the end it turned out like a wound full of salt,
You somehow turned it around,
And made it my fault.

The Sweet Southern Night

It had been hot.

A

sultry

sweet

southern

hot,

but we were saved.

Now, raindrops glisten on sparkling chrome,

the streetlights shimmer,

reflecting memories

in the

tiny worlds.

White walls

send up a

minute tsunami,

and inside the box

life pounds.

It reaches the

end,

glitz

and glamour spilling out,

Pooling on

the pavement like blood.

Sparkling flutes

of

golden bubbles

are passed from tray to hand.

Walls and lights blur together

sending their

obscurities ricocheting.

Teeth flash

in

secret smiles

and jewels gleam like

malicious bachelors.

The very air

thrums

with

animation

as if it will

never

end.