

ARTISTIC VISION

Sit silently and stare at the
Thin wispy tendrils of a feather
Caught in a man-made breeze.

The way they undulate,
They remind me of my daughter's
Hair under the water at bath time
As she sways to and fro rinsing
The suds from her locks

Like a beautiful mermaid
Caught in a current and
Surrounded by sea foam

Or reminds me of the sea kelp
The second before the wave
Pulls back into the ocean
And it is wrapped cold, wet,
Lifeless around your ankle.

Follow the train of thought
To the stirring of clouds once
They have been broken by the lines
Drawn from a plane's engines.
Destination left for speculation
And hours of adventures left untold.

Fodder for conspiracy theorists
That document chemical trails
In beat up little composition books
And then file them in order by symptoms
"Hair begins to thin in 2013."

Artistic vision haunts me...

SCREENED IN PORCH

Words drip from my lips
Like honey viscous and
Sweet but like bees they
Have the capacity to swarm.

They gather and swell into
A cloud until what was once
A small buzz becomes deafening
And they attack with a thousand
Stingers in the arsenal at my command.

So as I sit here all demure Southern Belle
As my mama taught me and her mama
Before her, scent of magnolias carried on
The breeze and I get up and bring you
Another glass of sweet iced tea –
Pour for you as your eye follows the bead
Of sweat that traces a line down my neck
And eventually finds its way past the edge
Of my yellow gingham edged cotton
Sundress and down in between my breasts.

Know this – I am genteel and enchanting
Because I choose to be and my use of
Manners does not make me weak nor
Make you superior to me because I call you Sir.

I have generations of strength stored in
My proverbial back pocket as did my
Mama and her mama before me and you
Better believe, Sir, I know how to use it.