

Dreams with Subtitles

A Daughter's Tea Party

Carnivorous salutations stalk the room intersecting with tumultuously tepid teacups during the naming ceremony.

Solomon snickers seriousness by the window while Mercantilism meeps beneath her security blanket.

Alice beams, familiar with the way of tea parties as she fills a half cup and shares it with the Hatter.

“If reason dies lunacy remains? Or is it faith? No matter” the Hatter reasons.

I sit in my own corner, far removed from the literary lunacy, enjoying the hullabaloo as Pooh dances with hephalumps and woozels.

Traipsing to my table Alice admires my delicate decorum. “Papa, the Mouse and the Hatter are at it again.”

“At what dearest?”

“Philosophy”

“Well we can't have any of that.”

Hand in hand we skirt the hephalumps and woozels, dodge the carnivorous salutations and drop Alice squealing into bed.

For after tea we sleep you see.

Memory

Walking down the street where I was born
I remember all the wrongs I've seen within
the picture perfect houses which falsehoods adorn

I want to start again, with a slate that's clean,
to find a place of sanctuary, a refuge from the wind
that carries half-forgotten words of anger and grief.

Yet it seems I cannot escape from where my heart was pinned
or find a respite, a break, a moment however brief
from the many memories I cannot face.

Walking down the street where I was born
I do not wish to linger, so I pick up the pace
and leave the picture perfect houses which falsehoods adorn.

The Demon in a Box, AKA Computer

Behold the fabled demon in a box.

It beeps and buzzes, it even pops.

It crunches numbers and populates tables

all at the click of a button.

Just remember he has no warranty

And between you and me –He likes his tea.

Just to warn you he is quite a rascal

that old demon in a box.

Curious

Standing beside the grizzled oak feeling the ancient bark with young fingers

I gently search, prod and poke, wondering as my curiosity lingers.

How old is this mighty tree? What all has he seen?

I marvel anew as a child of three to know what makes his leaves grow green.

If only I could know the strength that lies within his deep, deep roots

But my mind has wandered over much.

It is time to lace up my boots, pack up my paper and pen.

What a marvelous day it has been.

God's Sight

Fountains that seem empty to mortal eyes
Dance and jump as my soul flies
To see that just beyond mortal view.

My imagination's wild vivid hue
Of golden liquid spraying high
Catching sight of earth and sky.

My soul delights in this endless tapestry
Changing brown to green haphazardly.
Clouds of grey are cleansed by rain
Light, fluffy, white making sad days sane.

All the world is a gift to me
With oh so much to see.
Thanks to God for my gifts
And family undivided by rifts.