

Waiter, I'm Ready to Order

Oh, I had a fabulous time
Living, breathing, eating,
Consuming all this world could give;
Savoring, ingesting.

Compliments to the master chef;
Really knows how to cook,
And all the wondrous things He's made,
I've seen from boat and book.

Crystal streams and salty oceans,
Aurora borealis,
Golden sunrises and sunsets,
The gorgeousness I'll miss.

Glorious clouds and streams of beams,
Yes, I will soon be there,
Way high above in the heavens
Soaring on winged flare.

Oh, the sights, the scents and colors;
Such sweetness to the eyes.
The pleasure was mine to partake;
But I just hate good-byes.

There's loved ones in my life that are
Sturdy as the mountains.
Expect them not to change much, though,
They're my steady fountains.

They'll all go on and flourish true,
And make me proud each day.
They'll live and breathe and eat their fill;
My genes, they'll forward pay.

Oh, I had a fabulous time
Sharing the warmth of flesh,
But something grander awaits me
Mysterious and fresh.

My life's been quite delectable;
An appetizer scream.
If main-course is as good as this,
Dessert must be a dream.

Mother's Hands

Mother's hands are friends to the Earth;
Commune with soil each spring.
Wait for winter's fury to pass
Away on farewell's wing.

The snows dissolve like sugar, deep;
Sweeten old dust of drought,
And try to arouse and inspire;
Prepare the hearth for sprout.

Mother's hands dig down in the Earth;
Loosen the soil each spring.
Expertly sprinkle seeds in rows,
Pat, smooths, begins to sing.

Tends to tender tomato plants;
Sets the young thirsty roots,
She blesses the water and pours;
Curses those hopper brutes.

Mother's hands beckon to the Earth
To bring forth a fair yield,
And pray for cukes by July the fourth
Ready to be peeled.

Anticipates the tastes to come;
The greens of leaf and bean,
Squash, turnips and radishes, rouged,
Strawberries sweet, washed clean.

Mother's hands bring beauty to Earth;
Her craft with soil in spring;
Whose gentle touch, ivory knuckles,
Bright colors forth, she'll wring.

Flowers delight her eye to sole;
Spin music, pinwheels flair.
Her tulips, daisies, poppies bloom;
Aromas fill the air.

Mother's hands are one with the Earth;
She knows not what they're worth.

A Little Twig

Here's a little peak
From generations purged
Emerged a twig, a leaflet
Drawn to another
Where new life sprang forth
Industriousness burned
Earned through the years
As family arose
Like so many families
From which blood flows
Grows another branch
The family tree spreads
Even as fragments break off
And wither away
Today they're not forgotten
Leave eternal knot

Hair Lip Tied

She shuffled down the aisle
With a secretive wince
And searched the Maybelline
Hundred slots of lipsticks.

Pulled out a stick and looked;
Examined it a while.
Number seventy-five,
“Let Me Pink,” the title.

Next, one seventy-five,
A “Bit of Berry,” new.
Put it back in the rack,
Her demeanor turned blue.

As she passed by, I saw
Dilemma that she faced.
Galloped off in solemn shame;
Tied, disappointment laced.

Comfort Tea

A hurtin' love song on the radio,
The mournful whistle of a train passing
In the distance,
And it's raining,
The skies relaxing.
I hug my cup of comfort tea,
Thank the serenity,
Let the wind blow.