

ROSEMARY AND THYME

Rosemary and thyme
hang-drying in bushels.
The spicy-sweet fragrance
of sage clings to my
fingertips as I snip
the butcher's twine and
tie off the knot.
'Over, under, around and through,
meet Mr. Bunny Rabbit,
pull and through'
ringing in my ears
in my mother's voice.
She always smelled of lavender,
I remember,
as I gather the last
bunch of tarragon
and hang it up to dry,
for use another day.

MAUSOLEUM

Echo in this chamber
of the dead,
breaking the stillness
of an eerie silence.
The turn of a latch
clanging into the depths
of eternity.
Have I disturbed the dead?
As I retreat to the safety
of the daylight,
I ponder fearful questions,
and produce no answers.

MORNING PININGS

Some mornings
the bed beckons.
An old familiar lover,
her disheveled linens
pulled just slightly down,
sensually revealing
the comfort
she bears beneath.
A never quite forgotten paramour
drawing me deeper
into her bosom,
away from the cares
of a day
already beginning,
but seemingly
no longer significant.