

THREE LIVING THINGS

What of the Rhododendrons Blooming?

What of the white of the spokes of the daisy
that press in the wind of the afternoon lazy
What of the April blue of passing sky
or clouds not asking reasons why
What florid scent that paints the picture view
that brings to mind old memories, and whirls them with new
and memories true
What of the proud and tender primrose stem
and the primroses on top of them
What of the wide, wide frolic of bristling expanse
that intimates a permanence
Perhaps, I hope. Perchance.
What of the coloring in of amber air
or how this scene cajoles in Sunday fair
What of the rhododendron
blooming
in the meadowland of hills
What of the rhododendron
blooming
that drips its dew in spills
What of the rhododendron
blooming
and the tiny place inside
it slightly fills

THREE LIVING THINGS

For The Living

Organ music prevails in the far distance

Or chimes?

My spindles of anticipation turn;

An ascent of a defiant hill

Footfalls are planted and advanced

A churchyard waits at the crest,

Apropos cemetery behind.

The fog is solemnly wild

Proffering nothing but further mystery,

Inviting inquiry for what bestial lucubrations are beyond,

“What is here?”

The setting asks in none a bashful tone.

The top of the hill

Owens slanted gray weights marking bodies

Remembrances

Pilfering courtship with the living,

Who cannot abandon a past that steers them,

And churns a small puff into their flat sails.

Moods are subject to interpretation;

Grief for guests, joy for tenants.

Demeanor of gradual darkness

The night air whispers,
“Who goes there?
Whose greedy footsteps encroach
And squeak the lost remorseful slumber of these gates?”
“‘Tis only I,” I resound
Or the answer swims in cautious reassurance
Inside my head
And no grave robber I,
I deign no intentional disturbance;
Be still, darkness,
Still as the spiritless bodies you cradle;
Meandering has availed to stray me here
And I shan’t be leaving without a good look around.
But also shall I not stay long,
For my eventual tarry will be duration enough, assured.
I know not a name on a single stone;
Perhaps one could paraphrase I am merely
Testing the water, browsing;
Is it not customary to examine a bed
Or a home
Ere you purchase it?
No, boding dark
Do not flatter yourself that I purpose anything
This visit
(Unlike those unstirring souls).
I will be departing, though at my own patience,

For though I am in your gates you do not have me;
Despite this deceptive and malicious appearance,
This Earth, even this place
Is for the living.

Moistening clothesline fog remains,
But the murk proposes no answer;
Sundry names and dates warn
A lonely unwelcome wayfarer
(Although I think, despite their pretense,
That an unwelcome guest is preferred to a vacant guest.)
And the glow of the fading starless lamplight
Stanches the rolling mist.
I observe the significance of different markers
And enjoy the spongy black grass.
The darkness encumbers me;
It breathes on me its haughty gravity
And finally,

Leaves me alone
Leaves me alone

And snickers in the ironic disclaimer
That I have forgotten the gates - left open.

THREE LIVING THINGS

The Noises the Trampoline Won't

The beat of the bounce of the springs,

How the trampoline sings;

The magic of childhood

Laughter spinning sunshine into gold.

The reckless mirth of yelling fills the air,

And the upside down hair -

Give cause to nodding flowers

To yawn as they unfold.

The trampoline awakes, the spring in kind

In tethered chorus intertwined.

But seasons go to years like weeds unchecked,

While fainter grows the precious roundelay.

Discreetly do the moaning springs quiet,

The netting sighs as I untie it,

As times for yelling come but few -

Growing up subtly pilfers them away.

The sun is still warm; shade cool

But am I a fool?

That my heart tries to make

The noises the trampoline won't.

The buds still burst; grass long

But have I done something wrong?

That I wait for sounds to accompany spring - though they don't.