

laundry day

I hear the sound of poor plastic buttons
on worn plaid shirts
click-clacking
against the metal drum
of shared drying cylinders

blending seamlessly into
the metal hands
tick-tocking
over pale plastic faces in the adjoining room

everywhere
the beat of feet pounding pavement
and cars moving streets
keep time
for the incessant rhythm
of the day's long errands
so important
yet so mundane

when is the moment
to make still the movement -
to count leaves on trees,
or blades of grass in the picnic fields

to enjoy the company of thoughts alone
or count the sheep, one-by-one
on paths to dreams
of days where dreaming wasn't needed
to keep the boredom at bay.

ancestral memory

I felt feet
tensed atop pebbles
in the broad creek bed

rippling water flowing
downstream between toes

smelled the roaring boughs of pine
the sweet sap smoldering

released on the wind -
whose gusts carried
the sound of the woods
and the scent of home

to my ears beneath trees
canopies evergreen
with the unending din
of nature's soft hum

to my nose running boundless
among meadows and mountains
of flowers and grasses
both sweet and enticing

to my heart beating loud
as a circle of drums.

I can feel a sinking coming

and though I know
I'm used to swimming
the waters deeper
the currents stronger

that those I've tried to cross before

the moons reflection
crystal ball
on clear blue bodies
sheets of glass

lures me in
to just surrender
return to states
of great unknowing

should I give in
and float down river
and see where whimsy
takes me yonder?

but what of land
and lovers left -
would they forsake me
or forgive me?

my momentary lapse in judgement

this temporary brush with fate

a brief entanglement with death.

The Hammock in June

I sleep on the air

all around me

wind shakes the trees

swaying spear-tipped leaves

whose green

catches the golden light

of mid-morning sun

my eyes delight

in this day upon which I doze -

bouncing in the breeze,

listening to all the chirps and trills

of the families of birds

whistling and whirring

their calls ringing

from branch to branch

nature's long-running game

of telephone

continues on.

The Great Compromise

When'd you trade your ball and glove
Or green toy gun, for felt-tipped pens?
Your jet-blue bike on training wheels
For leather seats in automobiles?
The long red cape since stowed away,
replaced with off-white collared shirts.

Each and every stitch
in turn so finely knit -
tailored to its cuff,
catered to the task of
hitting links and dishing dirt between the rough.

Somewhere inside the fog of nine to five
through clouds as strong as wood and iron
the honey-crisp sweet of maple seats
lines tables full of blank stares – poker faces unable
to mask the stench of boredom
whose scent perfumes the boardroom
like a fine mahogany mist.

All polished and primed for important decisions -
all ready-set for the go-go-go.

Who invented this sport of life?

Where the living can't start til' the work is finished?

When finally you've reach retirement age -
you bolt from the shade to bathe in the sun.

All the while hoping
your remaining years are many,
and your troubles few.

And though your swings no longer reach
Nor hope to clear the fences -
It's the bottom of the ninth,
and with two outs the count is full.

Can we change the rules?
Skip ahead a few spaces to that place
where the race of life
won't outpace the living?

To that time when the schedules
finally laid to rest -
and your long-held yearnings
are free to flourish.