

The Subtlety of Surroundings & other poems

The Subtlety of Surroundings

Layered rugs and left out plates
Venetian chandelier
A bookshelf packed to the brim of art history or architecture books, so it would appear
But between the cracks are a bunch of stacks
of old trophies, photos, and a 2nd edition Shakespeare collection.
Sea shells from sea shores passed
mixed intermittently, in true eclectic perfection.

The crooked paintings, one by one, live stoically on the walls.
Naturally slanted to years of walking, running, laughing, yelling,
to anything down the halls.

No one's ever fixed them, or even noticed them for the most part
I guess they sing in harmony with the jumble of existence around it.

In and out people come
that is the way it has always been.
Friends and lovers weave easily
through the warmth of our afflictions living unseen.
As broken china penetrates quietly along the perimeters,
maybe an escape from this world could heal my growing wounds.

Entering into an obstacle course littered with shoes,
greeted by a decade old welcome-home sign.
The magnets all slip and use their last bit of strength
to hold up these lifetime ago fragments.

People deemed our home as different
one small apartment packed by the lives of five.
But they only saw the cordial quirky finishes
of our digestible renditions,
all viewed by the facades of their indifferences.

A view of fractured green while a city balances with the sun.
We sit among the struggling perennials with lukewarm cups of tea, undone.

A quiet piece of tape on the wall
from a polished coat of paint;
finished job, unfinished tape, both shackled by the house's constraint.

As years pass, home at last
the cherished memories before my eyes.
I sit and look out,
so *this* is what growing up is about,
and I think of who we've all become.
I breathe in deeply
tear up sweetly

at my beloved crooked paintings now resting on the walls.

The Yearly Bloom

I see the buds:
small and crisp,
foreigners on the dull ragged branches.

The long hibernation is now over
and the world is due to wake up again.
Not just alive, but
rebirthed anew,
with the trees letting us know first, it's time.

Soon enough
walks through my favorite park will be
painted with petals,
bright pinks and creamy whites,
softening the gravel
as each of my steps
bleed the fallen signs.

But, these strolls through shifting seasons
tend to remind me of the past,
of who I was, not so long ago.

And
the inevitable questioning, reckoning begins...
when the cherry blossom and magnolia trees bloom again,
where will I be?

Gravity's Tide

I've always been drawn to the moon's hold on Earth's waters.
The cyclical nature of patterns, the high to low tides
It's all a predictable story,
just one that isn't ours.
You see, life isn't like the moon and the sea,
because we can't compete against Earth's gravity.

*When I first saw you,
It wasn't love at first sight.*

*I never told you this,
but there was something else I felt that night.*

As children we have the ability to believe in all things.
Fairytale endings and magic
true love tugs at our heartstrings.
There's still that daydreamer in me
who worships poetry, and the sea, a simple cup of tea
It's all carefree.
And I see the love story in waves being eternally tied to the moon.
The moon's gravity only pulls the tides,
It can't pull us too,
we'd get swept away
seize to exist,
for their gravity pulls it all together
gently in balance,
just like a first kiss.

*On a cool night in autumn
one romantic realist wandered
between whiffs of sweat and lingering rain
where I looked up to find a face I had known before
why I felt this way, I couldn't explain.*

With the Earth our compass:
life is more simple
and more complicated.
With limitations I never knew
And more opportunities I try to see through...
I'm just split in two.
So slowly my dreams hide away
to ground me to the world and keep my mind at bay.

*I was in a state before you
one of blandness and defeat
I wasn't looking for love,
so I took a backseat.*

Because there aren't soulmates, or knowing when you know,
no he's the one simplicity,
and the moon doesn't sweep you away with the sea.
So I call myself a romantic realist
to let my inner child be.
To keep her dreams safe inside
but outside realism dictates me.

Because it's easy to let go completely
of a world that could be
so we choose a world of fact,
to avoid disappointment in what we can't see.

*But now with you, it's a love story,
like the moon and the tides.
I'm safely grounded on earth,
yet feel so much more alive.
My love for you is and always will be
The romance to my realism:
like the moon is connected to the sea,
You pull me back to my younger self where I'm happy and free.*