

Five Poems

STUPOR

I am drunk with Spring  
You enticed me at January's end  
With wild almond blossoms and quince  
By the day of hearts  
You had sent me enough narcissi  
But you intoxicated me with Daphne and Freesia.

I kissed you last night –  
Deep probing tongue thrusting kisses  
But I awoke in the morning, rigid, rigor like  
You had moved across the bed and the  
Tips of your fingers touched me  
Like the wings of a fallen angel  
Seeking Redemption.

But I am drunk with Spring  
Your parade of camellias  
Petticoated maidens  
With satin and crinoline  
Dropping like ballerinas  
In final repose.

I am drunk with Spring,  
Violets marching in irregular rows  
Down the rock path as if to meet an  
Unseen conquering hero.

Yet I am drunk with Spring!  
Azalea, redbud, peach blossom --  
And soon I will be overwhelmed with jasmine and citrus  
I will succumb in my wicker chair and dream of rose blossoms  
Still to come, but for now  
I am drunk with Spring.

## RESPIRARE

So this is how it ends?  
First Fire, then Ice  
A perpetual pall  
Trapped heat.

The old despot stands in the wood  
With the young knight and the departing Lord  
Breathing the ashes of the dead –  
Paradise lost.

## VENTURA

So you tried but you didn't make it.  
The bluff that you and your friend  
The wind  
Made  
You could not wash away  
Oh you tried  
You reached a few times  
The footprints and tracks you cleansed  
But you left the rocks and the driftwood  
Your elusive friend  
The wind  
Takes your sand and blows patterns  
The bluff –  
The gulls unperturbed  
Fly northward  
Buffeted  
Your whitecaps  
Continue to come forth  
Wait, be patient  
The moon will rise tonight in the East  
Come, take the bluff back!  
So you tried but you didn't make it.

## VERANO

I will not mourn the loss of summer.  
I will not seek the last fading rays of Sun as the Star retreats from our Hemisphere.  
I will not fight this like the child at twilight refusing to surrender to sleep  
I will let go.  
I will snip the faded roses, knowing they have one more show to give.  
I will plant sweet peas and tulips in anticipation of the Spring to come.  
Fewer springs have I as the tawny gold grass turns green, but  
I will brush the leaves aside letting them become mulch or compost--  
And in the cold darkness of the night, I will not mourn the loss of summer.

## VOLKERMORD

The specters of death are among us  
Reigning ejaculate with complicit consent  
Daily we fall and daily we perish  
In a march without end to the grave.  
Only men rein this terror and men show no desire to end it  
For they have transfigured the act of giving life  
Into the metaphysical consubstantiation of giving death  
And so it goes and we as sparrows not watched over  
Await an untimely fate.