

The Door

Sturdy, faded sentry
Standing relentless
Against weather and thief

Memories' makers pass
Clumsy suitcases
Deserted for long hugs

Come in, come in, come in
A push from behind
Safe again, safe again

Now guarding old and new
The tangled shouts and
First stories of reunion

The show me and tell me
The talking at lunch
The books read at bedtime

Two days or a lifetime
The smile we don't see
A rich, rooted power
Draws us back

Everything Runs from the Edges

A leaf has strong veins
from the shadowed side of the sun.
They run for the edges
with no care for their path.
Every leaf's edge
and all of its parts
feast when coolness steals lightly,
not making a mark.
But hot daylight shrinks
at the chill of the fall.
The green quits its lush field,
For a lifetime, it seems.
The leaf's bright spring strength
swiftly changes to brown,
all turns on its course
to run from the edges.
A small, awful army
with invisible torches.
A litter of loss
on the leaf's shorter clan.
All they can see
is in front of their eyes.
They'll wait until spring
for the warmth the leaf likes.

We'd Stare Content

We stood at the shore on the rocks
They were all the same color
We stood in our leather boots
Their soles had worn away
The dawn was quiet
And the soft chaos of the water

Clouds hung really low
Like dad's t-shirts on the plastic line in the back
We couldn't see the brown and green hills across the lake
Sometimes those shirts blushed gray from years of hard work

When full morning came, the line didn't seem taut
Those shirts, they danced just above the blue water
We couldn't see past those damn things

A hot constant wind grew and the line tightened up
The gusts twisted my dad's old shirts round that line head to toe
And drifted them clean up to the sky
Mom used to unravel stuff like that after a storm

If the sun, heat and wind would just stick around
We figured those shirts, the gray and white clouds,
Would stay scattered up high, clean up in the sky
And the rest of our days on the shore would be fair

And we'd stand there in our leather boots
And the dew would come up through our soles
And we'd stare content at the brown and green hills