

BREATH OF SPRING

Part 1

The laughing hills dance with daffodils
As the west wind blows wherever it wills.
Whip-poor-wills hide in highland nooks
As meadow snow melts into rolling brooks.

The lark starts the waltz on the strings of the breeze
While the aspens clap the cadence for the bumbling bees.
And the old hart rises as the coolth retreats;
His steaming muzzle breathes in the scented leaves.

But the highland zephyrs carry a strange perfume;
A fast glance westward--a dark figure looms. Bluegrass can't hide his eight point frame;
Four ankles spring to try to beat the aim.

And a shot! And a shot! The cold prairie air cracks!
The hillsides boom! Black echoes bounce back! The stirred stag staggers and his senses wane;
Two impulses remain, blurred vision and pain.

Our noble beast leaps; he instinctively bounds Toward the forest, but a force brings him back to
the ground.
The glen's soul splits, and the thick air thins! The steaming muzzle finds its rest again.

A double-edged knife, this beastly strife;
Can we ever bend straight the strained circle of life?
But this alpine vale tells a sadder tale
Of a farmer waxed old and his wife's travail.

Part 2

Our hunter arose with a grunt and a groan
Grim and gaunt, just skin and bone,
Frustrated enough to nearly cuss
At his backstabbing blunderbuss.

Never before in calm or clutch
Had his shot wavered and strayed so much; Nevertheless, what's done is done:
The deer is hit, but it's on the run.

He followed the beast as far as the rocks,
The trail there bordered by hollyhocks.

His breaths were fast, his nerves were fraught; He briefly sat to weigh his thought.

The crimson trail is clear as day;
The deer won't fail to die this way.
Remaining daylight will quit heaven's dome Before his quarry can be returned home.

His mind was made when he pulled the trigger. Surely his vigor can suffer the rigor
Of scaling the rocks while bearing his prize
But paranoid skies are void of moonrise.

Hardly a furlong left to descend
When headlong, tripping, he fell to his end. Abrupt and bleak, this glimpse of pains.
There's nothing left, except the remains.

WASTED EUPHEMISM

Some afternoon I'd like to tail a real poet
Stealthily through a busy city park,
Drifting between the sea of people. Will I blow it
And miss the creative and divine spark
That catches their eye, shining through
What appears to me to be a cluttered mass
Of normal and mundane human milieu?
Am I blind to the visionary masterclass
That I am auditing from the shadows
Like a carefree teen sneaking into a movie
to mingle, unaware that the star of the show
Fulfilled all his dreams to prove he
Could be the creature of that renown director,
But he was so over-the-moon with committal
That his performance was called "little".

SUSURRUS (ALLITERATION IN THE KEY OF S)

Spring

Small sparrow sweet solo
Strains of psalms she sings
Sonorous sonata resounding soliloquy

Swallow spins semi-circles
Swirls swoops and swings
This spirited sprite skips exquisitely

Swan shimmers sleek waters
Swimming astride the spring
The snowy cygnet sweeps in sleeping streams

Sable starlings sooty speckles
A somber society
The swift shadows swarm the skies in seams

Summer

Summer sunset subtle silhouette
Curtseys then subsides
A symphony of symmetry to steady staring eyes

Sharp sliver smooth silver
Ascends the solstice sky
The dusk sailor slowly sets his sails shrugs and sighs

Sonora saguaro
Succulents supreme
Surreal survival of sagacious suffering

Scarlet posies snapdragons
Secret saffron seeds
Stop and smell the roses and sweet peas

Fall

September shades shifting
Sycamores skirt the strand
A southeaster spirals with a storm of shedding leaves
Swelling ocean sand castles
Splash of speaking surf
A salty sparkle on a still sapphire sea

Incandescent slice of crescent
Shimmering lustrous smile
A single shining star adjacent to its shadowed side

Celestial sensation
Of scenery serene
These spectacles of splendor coincide

Winter

December scent of winter
Snow descends in sheets
Sunflowers slumped from showers of ice and sleet

Soft slumber steam rises
A shroud surrounds the trees
The sound of silence echoes off the hills and streets

Sugar snowflakes icy censing
Snowman pseudonym
A shivering stencil of a frosty seraphim

Spun sweater silk slippers
Ceramic simmering
Sassafras cinnamon and citrus tea

MY DAILY OCTAVE

A
Midnight deadline
Forced creativity
Homemade hard cider
While delicious, counterproductive

A#
Something pressing
Into the small of my back
A chubby club of a foot
Redirect back toward mommy

B
High pitch wine
Did I drink that much?
For being so terrifying and large
German shepherds have small bladders

C
It's barely light
Why do I need to decide
Between oatmeal and cornmeal mush
Just have cereal

C#

Try as they might
None of these kids is
As happy to see me
As this damn dog

D
Frank called in
He said his wife is sick
His conscience is too refined
To handle the pressure

D#
What's today's prompt?
Last night's supper
Reheated, in theory
I'd starve without that woman

E
Maybe it's dehydration
Maybe I'm getting sick
It was that Zoom meeting
I'll go check the mail

F
I'm finally awake
Six hours of work in two
The clock finally starts to move
It wasn't the battery

F#
Half my work undone
But it's over anyway
Fifteen minutes of solitude
With Brandon Sanderson

G
The house is loudest
Just before bedtime
The grand finale
To burn all excess calories

G#
Eight sleepers and me
Writing on my phone

Computer at my feet
Sleep is less sweet

A
Midnight deadline
Creativity is healing
Where'd all the cider go?
Oh, right, write, rite

SYNESTHESIA

The corner of the circle glows blue
With a futuristic aria about an unborn star
That was lost in a war of ideas
Shared among enemies with benefits.

The pointed theme was erased by the composer
When his mobius fingers were consumed
By swine children in a spring robin dance
On the graveyard of his coldest memory.

The swift scented audience is never
Watched sufficiently by the chamber
To know which way the relationship
Inversely portions out its anxiety.

Vibrating metals and woods feel
Alive again against drying bodies
As elemental waves shoot to kill
Every vacuum of silent ether.

The glow fades back into the serotonin
Shadows like waves of a lunar flag
Propped and bleached of sound
Until the entire universe reverses.