

Poems of Mine

At Some Future Date and Time

I wonder who you are, and where,
and how you live,
and what you think.

I wonder how your world's arranged,
And would you change in a blink?

I wonder how your mind is made,
and what it's search and quest
might be.

And does it, with a backward glance,
fall, perchance, on me?

You,
who are called
Posterity.

Butterflies

The writer sits. He pens a line.

A cloudy vignette, fragile, frozen in time.

And yet..it Lives, and Breathes

Within his mind.

His eyes are closed. He's gone.

Back. Back to then.

The sights, the sounds, the scents, envelop him.

He was there. Now, they are here,

As one, at once, forever.

But, the beckoning page remains.

How can he net

These vapors, that were his youth?

Saturday
January 24, 1998
3:28 a.m.

One Garden

Now, in these years as the sun hovers low in the sky,
My life trails behind me like the train of a queen's richly colored raiment.
I draw it with me, this blending of times and places and faces.
Indistinct, the images have run like watery pigment.

All my joys have become One Joy.
All my sorrows have become One Sorrow,
All my loves have become One Love.

In Pennsylvania I had a garden,
Or it may have been Virginia.
It no longer matters where.
Because, come...see...
Here's the Dahlia, there's the Zinnia.
Their colors are as clear and bright as the first moment
Their buds ever opened to my sight.

And all my gardens have become One Garden.

January 2, 2001

To Gary

I watched you go. Did you know that I would?

Through my pane of glass I saw you pass out of my day,

Causing my night to fall...too soon. Will it stay?

Or will you, with your call, bring back

The warmth of springtime noon?

Before you came, I was strong...alone.

My anger, my fortress made of stone.

You touched me by my invitation and found your way inside.

The walls, now softened, have crumbled on the tide of emotions

You've awakened. They are two.

The first is love, and pleasure at you being near.

A bit behind the first, the next is fear.

I am a woman, you a man

You must understand that when I feel your fingers on my skin,

And hold your warmth within me, I am at your mercy?

Please be kind.

I've been in love before, as have you.

And now, I will not claim those loves to have been untrue.

But from the first, all I have been, I am for you.

Hold me close and I'll be yours, if you want me to.

But if you find that this is something that we cannot do,

...I've named my fear...

Then kiss the tear from my eye when it appears

And I will watch you go. Did you know that I could?

And through my pain of glass I'll view my world anew

for the gift of love

that I've received

from you.

January 30, 1982

Morning Symphony

Bethany Bert

The remnants of a wake ripple through the marsh grass
Like an aquatic millipede marching in place.

Layers of birdsong weave harmoniously,
With delightful disregard for the rules of counterpoint,
Leaping, stepping, overlapping and voice-crossing at will.
Dynamics, born of distance, and anatomy,
Compose a symphony no human mortal could arrange.

The cicada chorale accompanies intermittently,
first in **crescendo**, then **diminuendo**,
Their unified “voice”... a peculiar blend of guiro, banjo and vocal fry.

A toddler echoes her montuno across the water,
“Da-Dee’s back. Da-dee’s back. Da-dee’s back!”

Workers pass on the boardwalk with short ladders in their carts,
adding subtle percussion.

KaLUMpa KaLUMpa KaLUMpa KaLUMpa
KaLUMpa KaLUMpa KaLUMpa KaLUMpa

Further up the creek, a single skiff drones a pedal point.
HmMMMMMMMMMMMM.....

Beneath it all, whispers the sweetly-scented, gentle,
mid-morning, summer breeze,
Tickling the palm fronds and the live oak leaves.
The Spanish Moss is suspended slightly out of plumb.

Undeterred by patio screen, the zephyr enters
and caresses my grateful skin.

The tempo, and the temperature, are heavenly perfection.
There is no dissonance here, and breathing in,
I sing.

On Skull Creek
Friday
June 1, 2018
8:45 a.m.