

Eclipse

The moon creeps up
on the sun, smiling,
shouldering her way in front --

but so very slowly,
I'm not sure the sun
even notices --

or is bothered
by her sister's actions,
so used to their dance, she is.

The sun lit
all the clouds white
and they hold the sunlight

as the moon slowly covers
the face of the sun --
as I watch, amazed.

The Rushing Creek

The rain filled the creek
and, this morning,

it was rushing
and splashing happily.

Last night,
it was full and muddy and desperate.

Dragging everything along with it
and hungry for more.

Today, the creek is singing
to the stones.

Comfortably rocking
in the arms of the earth.

Bubbling and free.

Today is a new day
and the nightmare is over.

The Violinist

Her face totally focused --
engaged in the dance
of bow on string.

Her legs spread.
Her hand so gracefully
holds the bow --

as if touching a loved one.
Her face dances
with the music --

moving subtly
as the music does.
Her eyes half-closed.
Her mouth still.

Concentrating on the
movement of bow on string --
and how the music dances.

Dandelions

Passed by a yard
full of dandelions –

like stars scattered
in the sky –

and my heart
opened --

like flowers do
in the sun.

The Trees and I

The trees call out to me
and to the sky --
which they love
which they reach out for
which they breathe in

The earth
she holds their roots
so gently --
cradling them close

The sky,
she gifts them with
rain and breath and sun

Trees are born
inside the earth --
and that is
where they live

But, all their lives,
they yearn for the sky
Grateful for sunlight --
for every drop of rain
for every single breath

Like I am