

a seasonal affair

morning cup of coffee

i wake to the sun
warming my cheeks,
but there are times when i would rather
wake up to your warm
kisses like peppermint washing over my face.
a complement to the salt
of my freshly brewed tears-
the perfect seasoning for eggs
scrambled, always-
and the best match for rain-gray mornings
when i sip Earl Grey
instead of bittersweet Nescafe

a seasonal affair

evening shower

the rain still stays
even after the rainbow fades.
in the wake of an unfolding sun
his emotions have been soldered;
through a plastic umbrella
seeing droplets he can no longer feel,
reflecting happiness in his sad eyes-
a prism of color giving way to a smile.
rain slides down his skin,
unable to penetrate;
his heart remains cold,
unable to retain the needed warmth.
even as the dew dries up,
rainbow long forgotten,
the healthiest of flowers refuses
to bloom in the fire of
a nebulous sun.

a seasonal affair

enough for me

she sinks into the sand:
legs curled up-
limbs to chest,
chin on knees,
an escaping sigh.

lapis eyes lazily search:
beyond the horizon-
something waiting
but not time pressing.

the waves hesitate:
foaming on shore,
pulling back,
a halting ascent.

the breeze lifts her hair:
almost mocking,
almost teasing,
but not quite.

a seasonal affair

autumn

apple juice dribbling down
chin, pale in the waning sun
it's o n l y seven you'll say
it's already seven i'll say
crisp clouds clearing a way
for the rising moon pulling
gravity, but not just waves also
leaves fall
leaves shrivel
leaves die
i make soup you make bisque
what's the difference i'll say
that's the difference you'll say

a seasonal affair

orion in the summer

the stars are aligned,
constellations clear in the
cloudless sky of a full moon night.
craters illuminated with darkness
disturbed by Orion's arrow
shooting a star,
piercing the heavens,
painting a trail,
the night bleeding light
from a rising sky.
a kingdom at sunset
ash at dawn.