

A Selection of Poems:

Supernova

Reminiscent

The Waves

The Scab

Vorhanden

Supernova

Thick smoke rises

A sweet savory smell,

Grilling meat lathered with sauces,

A deep pulse of upbeat music plays.

The conversations are layered,

jokes jump like trout, causing ripples of laughter.

There's enough drinking to think there is a drought in each soul.

Napkins scattered, crumpled, and squished.

Assortments of foods on the table,

trails of half eaten bits and pieces litter dishes.

And in this chaos,

I am watching her.

The soft supple body

Moving to the music,

Her dress with little red and blue flowers swaying.

The curve of her waist, her arms and legs.

A smile brighter than fire,

and eyes that shine like the sun through warm ocean waters.

She is unaware of my presence.

A drumming as loud as thunder in my chest,

I feel I am quivering, shaking in fear of getting too close,

In anguish of her departing too soon.

What could I say? How could I speak?

What is the name of this woman that just shrank my soul in awe and reverence?

I feel explosive, and my blood runs hot.

Look over here! Over here!

Please! Please! Please!

A turn of her head, her hair falls lovingly against her shoulders,

Then in an instant,

My body turns cold.

Her eyes meet mine.

Supernova.

Reminiscent

Cracked leather seats. Silver, chrome, pastel blues fading. Chipped paint. A cigarette lit, windows hand-cranked down, the turquoise enamel falling apart, the smell of burnt rubber and pine. The wheels bump along the road. And the radio still works, crackling out the tunes, latest hits playing in an antique. The sun blares down, heating up steel and glass. The reflection in the mirror cracked and smiling. Hidden behind wide rimmed glasses, the decades move on by. The scenery changes but elements remain the same, dry hot heat, aqua summers, and cool winters. Diners built, torn down and built again. Colors a collage changing like chameleon skin every twenty years. The shapes and textures of buildings fluctuate. Cities evolve in waves, and crumble over years, the smell of fumes, oil stains and rattling carburetor. Babies born, to grow and make babies of their own, we decay slowly. Sand blown into cracks and crevices, settling in and grinding away. Eventually we will fade into nothing. Remnants of a time, place, moments and feelings, echoed and repeated generation after generation, each leaving a distinct after taste. The tar black road flies under the tires, the suspension shot, and brakes screeching at the slightest touch, clinging onto a little piece of the time when youth was still fresh, and blood hot. Grip tight each lingering moment until there is only sand, and hot hot heat.

The Waves

You look so calm,
Ocean waves creep over your body
Pulling you in.

You look so happy,
The waves a blanket up to your chin.

You lay there motionless, eyes closed
The waves up over your lips
Into your nose.

The crest of your head is all I can see
A little island of skin and hair,
Still you do not stir.

You vanish
into the waves.

The Scab

A scab on my hand,

A mosquito bite torn.

My fingernails itch the edges as you say,

“It’s not working for me,”

My eyes begin to burn. I look down,

There is a need to peel it off,

To see the blood blossom.

“I just feel like we have nothing in common.”

The cuticles on my fingers are cracked,

My skin dry.

“You don’t understand me.”

Small hairs along the knuckles,

The skin around the scab is red and swollen.

“I can’t do this anymore.”

My fingernail finds

An edge of the scab,

A wetness forms around the corners of my eyes.

I tear it a little,

“I don’t think I ever loved you.”

A rip, the small flake of scab pops off.

A tiny red dot appears.

“This is goodbye.”

Vorhanden

I swim in the evening,
My hair wet, clings to my neck,
Eyes bright, my skin fresh,
I lay on the ground to dry.

The air is warm and soft,
Gold light washes over all.
A breeze causes trees to hush.
Birds climb the sky.

My skin tingles,
And my body crawls with water,
A shadow of moisture forms around me as I dry.

Relaxed, I listen to the rushing of the river,
The quiet movements of animals in the grass.
A rustling of branches and a chorus of caws.

My pulse steady and pounding,
Joins the rhythm of nature,
Under the darkening sky.