

## Drying Roses

How to stop time, hold love's tender moment,  
The heart's opening to love's sure promise:  
I honor you, love, in the deep heart's core;  
I see your gentle soul in the petal  
Opening itself to the day, leaving  
The tight bud to drink of the sun's warm light.  
Turn six pale pink long-stem roses upside  
Down. Tie them with twine; suspend them in space  
Like a memory, the brown stems stripped of thorns,  
The deep green leaves frozen in the posture  
Of their former light-seeking selves, flowing  
In the shape of wind and summer shadows.  
Know, though, that you who stand love on its head to keep it  
Must untie constraining knots to ever redeem it.

## A Case for Standard Time

Centered in the warmth of two sleeping dogs  
Wrapped in blankets of lingering darkness,  
The house heat humming like a lullaby,  
I sleep and dream with the leafless dark world.  
Nobody waits for anybody.  
Our eyes closed, we are where we should be now.  
Earth has turned her face from the sun; she rests.  
People are preparing for holidays.  
We mustn't interrupt this break from things  
We do every day under electric  
Lights—the things that do not turn away to rest.  
We must rise with the sun, sleep when she sets,  
Turning away from jobs and clocks and roles,  
Finding peace in warm dogs, short days, nurturing our souls.

## The Memory of Your Lover

Helios touches your face one last time  
Then leaves this world in a purpling haze  
That settles and softens the quiet world  
Then brightens the cold moon with pillow talk,  
Marveling at the magic of their light  
Without thought for the cold gathering round  
Our naked feet, or for that matter,  
Our naked souls, waiting in silent  
Darkness to be lifted, then breathed anew  
Into a life ensconced in an earnest  
Heart—a hummingbird, monarch butterfly,  
Solitary crane, or all knowing owl—  
With feathers rises hope, to soar above night.  
For now, rest with the memory of your lover, light.

## Nothing to Say

My great uncle seldom spoke of the war.  
My father seldom spoke of his service.  
What remained were olive drab uniforms,  
Names, ranks, sharp creases, the scent of Old Spice.  
For Dad, a tattoo of his signature  
On his right upper arm, an assertion  
That he was his own man, like his tattooed  
Buddies. Some went to war, others prepared  
To follow brothers who had served before  
Perhaps remembering the unreturned—  
Young men with everything ahead of them;  
Young men with everything taken from them.  
These men learned to treasure the one gift, time.  
They knew in their hearts war's quick, cold, killing rime.

