

In Repose

As I put pen to paper, the static

in my mind slowly dissipates.

Words become fluid, pulsating

with an easy grace I lack

in my physical body.

The home I've created in my head

only a phantom imprint in ink –

never able to be completely corporeal.

Dancing in the Rain

All the while I've been wracking my brain
for the words that belong on this page,
but they just won't come. No matter how
hard I try, those elusive buggers keep
dancing out of my reach, like a joyful child
splashing in the puddles as the rain cascades
down her purple raincoat. Though she reaches
out her hands, the drops evade capture -
slipping between her fingers, racing down her arm
to settle in the crook of her elbow. Her squeal
of delight as she throws her arms above her head,
unconcerned with the cold wetness soaking
the inside of her jacket. How I yearn to be
as carefree as youth once allowed me to be.

Instead, I sit here, thinking too hard, when the words
I was looking for have already been written.

Rebirth

I hear the sweet sound
of birdsong in the morning.
Gazing out my window, I see
little robin red-breast
sitting on her eggs;
the time for renewal is here
and life begins again.

JWK

My heart –

a thousand stars

shine so brightly inside

your lustrous brown eyes; all my fears

are gone.

Joie de Vivre

Always

dance

in

the

rain.