

Opening Announcement

Due to the storms, there will be no agenda at our meeting tonight. I was powerless, could not process words. Instead, I brought peonies, doomed to be mush by morning, cut and placed in that vase over there by the wine and cheese, exuding the come-hither cloud of desire in the air.

It wasn't exactly a pleasure to stoop with a knife, severing two-day-old blooms, while the first broad splats landed cold on my neck and back, with the sound of no mowers and thunder clapping. And this isn't exactly an elegy, but please, when you fill your glass, give them a whiff and a nod.

Encomium

Gods have conspired to fashion for you
a gratifying, satisfying day—
entrancing, enchanting, elating, exulting,
ecstatic, emphatically gay.

Be tickled to death, or silly, or pink,
be ravished, regarded, revered—
delighted, enraptured, delivered and captured,
sweet nothinged, full measured, good cheered.

May the fruits of today be lusciously wet
like peaches you eat in the shower—
be pampered and powdered, perfumed and creamed,
luxuriate hour after hour.

Get sloppy, be wild, have chocolate on chocolate,
weave lavender blooms in your hair—
revel 'til dawn in the lush life you've made
while all of us wish we were there.

Sliced Life

Femme fatale on the loose
looking for fun.

Romantic poet lost in the sixties
or seventeenth century.

Novel or nightmare or nothing much
waiting to happen.

Security Advisor

A blanket we hold desperately,
as it were life itself, when
the only thing we have
to fear clutches us back
in balanced measure
of that same resolve.

Don't fear the thief,
what's ours to keep
cannot be lost
to force or treachery.
It is safe from scorn,
safe in storm.
Secure under sail,
secure after shipwreck.

lovers beginning
to end—life takes death
in stride