

Corralled

He stands circumscribed
in an opaque world
all browns and grays.

He dreams, still, of
taming blue winds
galloping his steel steed
over asphalt roads
towards that lost star
now a flicker in bleak skies.

Dark side of the moon

She faces a sullen universe
distances pricked by a hard beauty
of star. Forgotten twin, misshapen by
lack of love, we send our griefs to her
to batten on sorrows that follow.

We sense her sister-twin's howl
as earthlight bleaks her tired face. It chills our sleep,
a blade that cuts through troubled dreams,
long fingers of night welding it.

Crescent Moon

I walk under a harvest moon, a glow
of refracted light bounced from a remote star.
I too circle a distant star, once strong
fields of gravity still holding me captive
in a dance of elliptical orbit,
willing partner in this minuet
of desire. I read your phases
like that nearby barren rock, false confluence
of approach, retreat, gibbous blush that fades
to wan crescent, a stiletto
I hold in hand, tip pressing my heart.

The winter of my discontent

This is the heart's winter.

Snows lace their delicate motifs
on it, slow its racing pulse,
tender it

as it calms to drowsiness,

soothes its sore sleep
with dreams of things radiant,
promising spring.

Prom Night

A May afternoon and music from the local Elks
pushes up against my shut windows, edges around corners,
seeps through cracks, and pulls me out to dance.

Eighteen again, I primp for Prom Night, a butterfly caged in my loins.
I pace in untested high heels, off-balance with the small-town glamour
of me, crude in brash colors, but beautiful I feel in their over-the-counter
glitz, permission granted to overdo tonight.

My date arrives in a slightly large rented tux, his eyes shy but happy.
He too feels romance in the air, as if this night were a road leading to
dreams come true, pulling forever forward – goodbye to life as we know it.
It's Prom Night, and we climb that stairway to the stars together.