

Whispers

Last night I sat on the cool gravel road,
A big puffy jacket sending heat back into body.
The kind of darkness that sticks was plentiful,
Had been for several nights.
But last night was different,
No cloud cover overhead
Just stars next to more stars
Next to more: bright stars,
Blue stars, red stars, sparkling,
Glittering, soft and harsh together,
Cold freckles on midnight cheeks.
Patience sat beside me, a warm arm
Wrapped around my shoulders,
Hugged me tight. He was kind
And strong and led me past the shadows.
Your lover waits, he said.
Peace joined me, beside Patience,
An encouraging presence filling the silence,
Though sometimes there was a bang and lights for a moment
Muffled by the fog; it was New Year's Eve after all.
But I stared up at the stars and waited, counted,
One, two, three shot across. Their silver tails alight
For just a moment and in the space and time between
The stars glowed brighter.
And I heard Peace whisper,
"Sometimes you have to do nothing,
Be nothing,
To see."

If I Could Be a Boat

If I could be a boat at sea,
I'd know exactly where I'd be.
Where thoughts cannot follow my trail,
Emotions live without a veil.

Where circled sun turns into line,
A golden strip of string so fine,
Not yet swallowed by the tide,
Where sizzling waves of gold collide.

Anchorless I float away,
No land to tell my heart to stay,
My wooden cheeks are set aglow
In this slow time - adagio.

Sfumato

The way the light changes at dusk is sfumato;
An imperceptible infinite
In the infinitesimal increments of time.
A heron glides out of the sun, the sky cools
From orange to blue but where exactly no one could say.
Smiles grow out, with no perceptible end,
Lips to lines to eyes maybe.
But the feeling fills the inbetween,
Down the throat, into the chest,
The pores,
The bones,
The heart
thumps in embarrassing
jolts, ungraceful.
What about our mind; sfumato?
Down to the spiritello between red blood cells?
Is consciousness and energy sfumato?
Life and death, sfumato?
Is the I that is sfumato?
You and I, sfumato?

Water Lily

Walking down a small dirt corridor,
between thick jade leaves,
I passed a pond.

Bees flew by
lazily,
emitting small bursts of positivity,
testing the flowers for pollen --
some were negative.

Nearby, a large swallowtail
with yellow silk wings
floated delicately on a sphere
of *tiny* white flowers --
an allium,
just as an alien
might hover over our own
cyan flower.

I saw her by accident,
the water lily,
she sat on a round pad,
stem high and waxy.
Her petals were orange
with splashes of rose blush
atop her glowing cheeks.

I could imagine her being
at the center of the world
where all lights and cameras are directed

Whispers & other poems

to her visage.

Action! Oh! Her *Honey Sugar Voice*TM

is divine.

But I saw her happy there,

surrounded by moss and lime,

next to splashing ducklings,

underneath the cottonwood trees.