

Half-Way

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I watch you from afar listening to your drift
That love lasts long and short. A summer leaf
Is trembling in the breeze before winds shift
Its course. The looms of branches weave
Cellophane rain yarn through willow's gnarled rack.
I lean back: left leg against the door, and light a cigarette
Facing the storm, weathering the attack.
Counting our flawless nights, I instantly forget
The petticoats of lies that cushion our slight
Silhouettes with which we both have loved and loathed.
The splurge of rain runs down walls tall and tight
In which our naked dreams are fully clothed.
You write a script of your own plot
That meets us both half-way: your fate, my lot.

Half-way

Words on Fire

I was chopping the onions for a family stew
When I got an idea that was ready to brew.
Not to fret over starving the family of four,
I put pots on a stove before slamming the door.
The words danced in my head, anxious, eager to flow,
And I couldn't contain them, so I had to let go.

I was trying to listen to what they all had to say
But it didn't make sense. We were cooked for a long day!
Wanting to speak all at once, they squeezed, squirted and swarmed,
And I used all known methods that were there to be calmed.
But they gathered to argue, and to have a debate
And no matter what method, they were not to abate.

Verbs jumped right into action moving as to appease
The nouns, so self-important, they warned calling police.
Gerund climbed on a podium, taking the stand on position.
"I do govern the nouns!" shouted *On* – preposition.
The adjectives faced adverbs, shoving *Firmly* aside,
"We are scents, size and colors, and won't give up the fight."

Half-way

Punctuation was puzzled and so very confused,
Question marks flipped to Spanish making us all amused.
In the whirl of commotion and not finding solution,
Letters left and broke free, “We demand revolution!”
Hey *U*, take a deep breath and then hold it in tight
I saw it at the movie with a groom and a bride.”

U first listened, then followed, and did exactly as told
Holding air in so tight, it made *O* go afloat.
Seeing that *I* turned jumpy, standing tall-- problematic,
It looked for a way out acting somewhat dramatic.
H was hooked on two hinges. As a step of a ladder
Offered climbing services – steering *I* like a rudder.

E said, “I’m independent and will fly like an eagle,”
This made *A* rather conscious and she started to giggle.
Royal *WE* found a throne, heavy scepter and crown,
Then, he stated solemnly, “We will now take a vow
In obedience to royalty, so the subjects won’t frown.
Soon enough all be happy and learn keenly to bow.”

Half-way

F was rather obnoxious, and did not show respect

Being frankly frivolous with monarchical prospect.

Only *B* rubbed the belly in a rhythmic deep scrub,

Perched his feet sky up high, soaking rest in a hot tub.

M was pretty well grounded standing firm on two feet,

Tuning in gave the listen to the letters heartbeat.

“*G*,” said *V*, “wait a minute, blow off steam somewhere else.

If we lose a consensus, how can one write a verse?”

“At last, victory, bravo,” clapping my pen was flowing,

Thank you *V* to bring senses to this chaos – ongoing.

All the letters rushed in hearing *V*’s loud applaud

Mustering best behaviors they lined up for a word.

They were light like a feather, or else elephant-heavy.

Some were singular singles, others packed in a bevy.

They were moving and rolling, sounding, being on fire,

And whatever I pleased – words would quench my desire.

We were having a blast, dancing at the grand ball

When a nose caught a wisp, and it ruined it all.

Half-way

We jumped up with a start, words and I rushed to view

What was left in the kitchen of the family stew.

It was charred and a sad sight. There was nothing to do

With the pots so down burnt, but to start all anew.

I was rinsing the black beans for a hearty burgoo

When an idea hit me on my head, and yours too?

Dragonfly

I met a bilingual dragonfly.

We had a dialogue.

He spoke a fiery dragon tongue.

Mine was a simple talk.

A flying dragon talking

Is the old-time fairy fluff.

I heard it over thousand times

And still it makes me laugh.

But this draconian buzzer,

Two-pairs of see-through wings

Dazed me with double talk

And left a down deep sting.

Half-way

Sixty Something

A female clerk was taking notes,

Line filing in procession:

The height, the weight, the deeds,

The age, the status and profession.

A man stood humbly in possession

Of a few facts of life.

Neither a doctor nor agrarian,

He frowned, then said, "sexagenarian."

She glanced askance from under

Her horn-rim lenses, reached for

Webster's references and, better still,

She found him

Below sex

And above sex appeal

Half-way

Anticipation

I lost you between night and day
Within the stacks of scrap sheets
I shuffled back and forth. You were the rustle of the paper,
The piercing ring of the siren, the gong of the bell,
The tambourine, window flung open to both sides
The swallowed vowels, out-of-breath
Out-of-sight, out-of-mind consonants.
The scent of bobolinks, the pelting rain
On the red umbrella. The snaking train,
Plane taking off, accidental Dave over the Rockies,
The sun dress in February. The homeless, the downtrodden,
The sunset at dawn, the sunrise at dusk. Too much
And not enough. All and nothing. Always and never.
You were above and beyond.