

Early Morning Inspiration and Other Poems

Early Morning Inspiration

Early morning inspiration coming
out of slumber slowly, greeting morning
hours blowing in from dreamland, frightened
it might drift away without my hand to
snatch it back from swelling currents...
See? There it goes uncollected, mixing
with the day's direction, floating onward.

Just Off I-70

Oh, the wind blows! It's rustling
through scrub oak, prairie grasses
genuflecting, tousled hair
tickling foreheads in passing.
Wrens and insects celebrate
warm up-drafts leaping from the
rolling valley below me.

Was it Last Night She Faded Away?

Was it last night, or the night before?
No matter: I dreamt of her.
It's hard to recall now—I'll do my best.

She wore blue jeans and a grey-blue Spring coat,
Hair down, soft and full, about the shoulders
A touch of wave flirts with her ear lobes.
Sans make-up; it softened her cheek bones.
She was stress-free, relaxed, and she smiled at me.
She was smiling at me. I can't quite see
What kind of smile it is...
Sad. Understanding. It was friendly, though.

She was so beautiful!
It cuts through the aura of hazy gloom
But she wasn't shining, per se.
It was like the path she walked lighted her way.
I remember not believing her there.
But she can't stay, and I knew that and
She knew that too. She didn't say one word,
But those piercing blue almonds watching me...

Then she turned to her right and walked away,
Hands pocketed. She faded in the haze.

Whiskey Neat

Whiskey
sounds so sweet
neat.

I think I like
the idea of it
more than anything else
about it.

In the end,
it doesn't matter
whether you sip it neat,
or cold with ice, or send it
screaming down the hatch!

Enjoying it
is second
to everything else about it.

The Heaviest Stone

I'm sunk.
I'm the heaviest stone
in the still water.
stuck in the mud
and the detritus
at the bottom of the pond.

Someone put me here.
He labored
to hoist me overhead
from the bank
and cast me far
to the deepest part.

I'm the heaviest stone.