

Apology

Yesterday, I watched the tide roll in.

It roiled around my ankles and

Threatened to pull me down,

Until I acknowledged its power, and took

My retreat to higher ground.

There, I waited, hours on end, for

The inevitable plunge of the sea,

Seeping backwards, leaving gifts along

The smooth, white sand;

Questionable heirlooms

Of weathered wood, delicate shells with

Rainbow linings, and smooth stones

That might have tumbled

Over from Japan.

Picking my way, shoes in hand

I went to meet the sea foam

Rippling in its rest,

Before the heaving sea began to ease back

In and take the land

For its own,

Only to leave its gifts again;

As if to say;

“I’m sorry for my attitude.”

Break Up Time

Break up time.

The diamonds have been relinquished.

Break up time.

Vulnerable and naked,

Exposed limbs shiver

As they brace for the onslaught

Of the next icy tempest;

Astonished by unexpected,

Gentle caresses of light

Fingers, warm and inviting...

Shock! At the breaking and tearing

Of tender skin;

Forced into submission and laid bare

To wait for new garments.

Break up time.

Hooded eyes watch, covertly;

Predator, waiting to exploit the innocent

And unaware.

Break up time.

Screeching, loud and heart wrenching,

Shuddering, with every breath of fresh air,

Blackened skies are crying rivers as

They watch the heaving breast,

Cracked and broken skin, that once

Donned pure white robes,

Muddied now in the wake of

Break up time.

Harsh, cold whips cease to flail,
So that, at long last, in rest, a benevolent mood
Sets in and weeps atonement;
Adorning the beloved with newly
Tailored attire
Of a delicate green, soft, white and pink finery
That promises an exquisite display to
Veil the consummation of the vernal embrace.

The Expressionist

I can remember you, Mother,
When you were young and
Your artistic eye took
In the world and you
Painted it,
Or you
Sculpted it,
Or you photographed it.
I can remember you as if you were
Standing here next to me,
Smiling at the photograph that
I hold in my hand.
I remember when I used to play
Dress –up with those fancy
Purple high heels that I never
Saw you wear; and your
Thick , fur coat that you said

Was too warm for this weather.
But you laughed at my little hands
When they got swallowed
Up in the sleeves.
You picked me up and kissed me,
Then you went back to your
Art
Of the moment.
You were the art of the moment;
Every day
A different image to
Imprint on the memory
Of your little daughter.
Now, as I review
The portfolio
Of your life,
I can see how your
Pallet was so vast
And filled with color, and
How you so deftly used
Chiaroscuro
To intensify the events
That caused so much damage
To your canvas.
What history in this painting;
What art; what life.
Mother, you are the expressionist;
Your life is a work of art.

Three Dog Night

It is during the darkest night,
A three dog night,
When the cold is so cold
That it takes three dogs to warm a body up.
Three dogs and two cats is what it takes for me.
This is an Alaskan night,
With the Aurora shouting across the skies
In livid green curtains;
Shouting that I had better look now,
Or I will miss it,
Again.
So I drag myself from the warmth,
The softness of the feline and canine nest,
And I shuffle to the window.
Then, I open the door
To a blast of arctic air.
The dancing light is frantic,
Trying to tell a story,
Trying to give humanity a message,
Trying to get my attention.
I am attentive.
It is not just the cold that takes away my breath,
Not cold that chills me to the bone,
But the erratic beauty,
The irrational color,
The phrenetic dance,
That fills the sky and tricks my eye,

And makes me shiver.
The guests are all gone
And the dogs won't budge
From their cave-like hibernation,
Not even to bark at this chaos
Of energy, or to howl
At the thermosphere.
I wonder if the message
Will ever get through,
And what it is, really,
That the lights are spelling out
In this dark, cold northern night.
I climb back into my warm bed,
Pull one dog closer and another one
Licks my toes as I stroke the head
Of the third.
I think: Cerberus.
The three headed dog,
Watching and guarding
The gates of Hades,
Allowing only the spirits of the dead
To dance their way into the underworld.
Cerberus, the three headed dog
Of the past, present and future,
Is waiting for Aurora
To finish her dance,
And leave the earth behind.

Beached

Funny.

Your quirky humor

And clever comebacks,

And you make me

Smile,

Even when I am

Thousands of miles

Away,

Just to think

Of you in

That awkward place

That you

Always tell me

Is your life.

Funny,

But

Very sincere,

And true.

I love your sense of place,

Because it is the world

And there is no stopping that.

You are turning with it,

And me with you,

Like the poles,

Reflecting the distance

Between our equators,

And wondering why

The stretch is

So far,

And yet,

We are still

So close

In our

Spirit.

Oceans of experiences

Have lapped the shores

Of each of our lives,

And brought us messages in bottles

About each other.

We cast the bottles back,

Hoping that they never stop

Drifting in.

Sometimes it seems like years

On a desert island

Before another one comes,

But when it does,

It becomes our

Salvation,

To know that there really is another

Human

To love,

To think about,

To share with...

Even if it is those

Funny,

Quirky

One liners

That land

On the beach.