<u>Apology</u>

As if to say;

"I'm sorry for my attitude."

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;

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 yous 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 eratic 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.

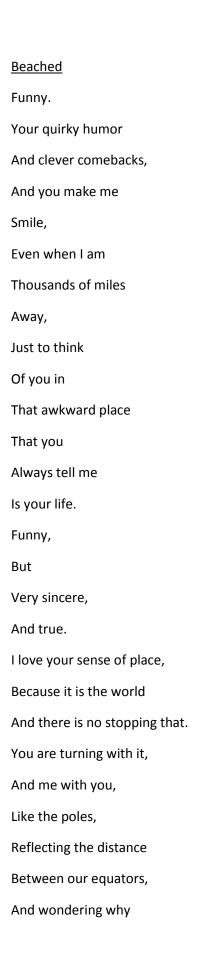
Cerberus, the three headed dog

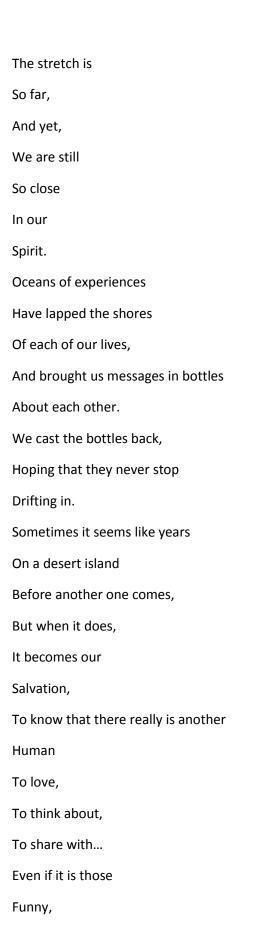
Of the past, present and future,

Is waiting for Aurora

To finish her dance,

And leave the earth behind.





Quirky

One liners

That land

On the beach.