

COURTYARD

In the courtyard of the college,
it could be anywhere, but it's here,
the old wooden fan trellis
leans precariously, trying to escape
the gray concrete wall, the twisted
vines binding it, the wood mummified
in the early morning sunlight.
Nearby, the lilac bush, it's blossoms
screaming in purpled joy
dances in the wind, in unbridled passion.
In a week, less if the predicted
storms arrive, the fragile blossoms
will be swallowed by the browning
magnolia flowers slowly merging
into the soil, luxuriant worm fodder.

WINTER STROLL

We walked together
getting even closer.
We talk to each other,
our hands touch.

The park path is covered
by ankle deep snow.
It crunches under our boots,
and if it cries in pain
we aren't able to hear it.
Our footprints would remind us
where we had been
if only we looked back
to see them in the snow.

We talk of our own pains
of loves that have left us
or those we left
out of fear or self-preservation.
We recount tears we shed
for people who exist only
in memories that shift
like the sands of the desert
threatening to be carried off
on the next strong wind.
When spring comes
we will inhale the blossoms
of lilac and Dogwood
of loves and lovers
that were perfect in their moment.

We walk together
as snow begins to fall
filling in our footsteps,
slowly erasing our passage.

VINEYARD

The vines curl and cling
to the carefully stretched
fruiting wires, a love affair
that the years have failed to dull.
Just beyond sight the tendril
lakes whisper to one another
in the late afternoon breeze.
As you drive by you imagine
for a moment you are back
in Burgandy, the clustered
orbs bathing in the French sun
unaware of the fate that awaits
them, crushing their dreams,
or just giving their short lives
a purpose they never considered..
You stop and enter the simple
building, take up small plastic
cups and taste what the grapes
that graced these vines last year
could never have imagined.

HEAVEN

I sit in the small cabin
on a hill overlooking a valley
washed in blue flowers.
It is evening, the sun
beats a slow, steady retreat,
ceding blackness by inches.
I am alone, it is early autumn.
The valley radiates its heat
engulfed, swallowed by
the cool air of night.
I stare into the ebony sky
a billion, billion points
of light hang suspended
against the jet black curtain
dancing in place, turning
on hidden axes, staring
against the hillside, fireflies
take glow, shimmering, a carpet
of lights, crude reflection
of the sky, ancient heroes
girded for battle, reclining
on cosmic thrones, poised
listening intently for
the voice of God, lost in slumber.
I light a fire, the logs crackle
beating out a code
for which I have no cipher.

MYSTERY

If the night sky
contains no moon
has the sun gone out?
It is like a garden
within a fence,
do the flowers
dream of freedom
or are we the prisoners
kept out from
the world within
their golden petals?
A strong wind
carries off the answer.