

Seasons

Seed

I once was a daylily

Today I am a seed

I lie now on my side,
facing the sun.

In this new light

I do believe flowers have feelings.

So we must sing them songs
and water them gently.

Dyeing Sun

The leaves Tip-Tap

Barely strung to the tree

A symphony—

To dying wind, they settle

A leaf fallen to earth

Earth fallen to leaves:

The Great Bloom

The high grass that once protected the creek

Now lies stepped on. From the first snow fall

Hills of matted straw

Snow speckled in evening solace.

Across the autumn moon;

Sun splits the ridge,
in golden tempest—
its warmth leaving my lips

Migration

October winds,
Heron flying south.
Leaves follow

Season's bite:
The white poppy stands,
In the moor

A gust
Cuts through brick,
To silent rosaries

Red lips;
Fall between smoke
Cupped hands

Evening stew-
Drips of snowmelt,
from hanging coats

GreyZone

In between black and white,
maybe Cinnamon, fevered rose, black shot blue stains
definitely not,
grey.

In between the dirt and the flowers.
A soft place. A place intertwined and complex.
Where we pull weeds. Where we pull ourselves.
Our weeds.

In between the reflection of cottonwoods.
Two golden leaves kissing in the river.
Holding onto the fleeting.
Flickers of scarlet's shades.

In between shoes *are* mismatched socks-

"Longing-for"

In between thoughts.
Mismatched is a funny word.
A rigid word,
when you read
it becomes slippery.
mismatched, a Shape Shifter!

In between smells,
cinnamon thoughts?

Just soft blues.

It smells of winter.

In between lost hues.

Particles in the distance.

A man walking closer,
holding a dead dove.

In between frost and the dead dove.

A Generation's Lost Cause.

Time will not forget
the generations will,
The Cause.

2:34 a.m.

I wrestle

sleep,

I'm pulling up the sundered rope
reaching for its metal Eye
 It's cold Eye's remorse
hoping for
 escape
his oppression follows
a beaklike Eye
 attacking
striking the center
 of my skull
 Eying through
 my head
it leaves
 a small dent

making

summertime

closed Eyes

look at the sun

light orange

dot

I fall

away

Eyes locked

the

metallic taste

lingering

in my mouth

all I can think is

Eye

so I lay,

and write this poem

hoping now it lets me go.

I leave you with a haiku written while reading under a tree

on a December morning too warm for the season,

Figures cast

From sun lit blades; Jump!

Onto words