

Each Year

The sky is an incredible diamond
for the first rain of spring-----
Sky, amethyst facets in warm shades
of grey & turquoise...

All day my windows blue with this,
the curtains, the beads, shell lustres
of dawn & the lawns turn purple
with star clusters, little flowers,
those anemone *hellos*'...

Here I forget the atrocious & am parasol
only of a geisha in marketplace gardens
empty of all other beings-----
Imagine it, the street a ribbon of wet black
through jungle parrot blossoms &
all-the-way green lights...

No, there is no stopping this exciting
stillness, seed-hinting.
Even these wintry dry bushes
rustle with sparrows,
whispers, intimations, the promise of time
waiting tender & bright as the spikes
of my lover's silver hair-----

He was such a surprise, as are these days
of jeweled nights bringing summer steep
in their steed's promise...

Listen. Hear the faith of horses galloping
in the heart of this descent.
So may your pulse bloom:

Instinct, wonder, wildness, knowing.