

Grey Rooms

But of such light.
Opal, this hue, & wan & vast-----
Snow swirls, sun motes, silver
feathers all...
All gathers true & whole as the globe
for our wallflower hands
reflecting amethyst...

Love, pride is not a feeling
so much as a stance of feelings compiled.
Spread them out as rays & what we'd have
is a fan dance. Spread them out as covers
and robes would not be needed.

No. Each of these colors we'd be
& the lightest pearl, the clearest shade
of certainty

alone but afloat now
as nocturnal pigeons

while I watch you go

(Some imagery from a painting I did years ago crept into this poem if you would like to see it; thanks!)