## Wind Rushes the Road

Below a cloud-raked sky Bradford Pears and Wild Plums bloom At either side of the road. But the tires know this road Tells white lies. Twisted words only years heal.

The road swears I avoided sink holes, Pot holes, erosion eating the road, Yet my mind gave in to splintered words Of undergods, pretending to check Speed limits and detours recommended.

The starling flying by with a twig In her beak holds a peace sign. The possum crossing the road Without harm, a sign of luck.

I avoid my reflection in store windows, Call on my ancestors as far back As the beginning of truth, Believe it is impossible to die.



## Let Go of Earth

As summer fades like love,
Petunias, impatiens hang heads,
Let go of earth. Only love sees you
Beautiful as skin sags, wrinkles,
As hydrangeas rust and droop. Listen
To my friend's words: Don't fight
Against getting old. Lean into
The open, narrow door that leads
To the light of transcendence.

The light of transcendence
Leads to the open, narrow door.
Lean into against getting old,
Don't fight, my friends words.
Listen as hydrangeas rust and droop,
As skin sags, wrinkles beautiful.
Only love sees you let go of earth.
Petunias, impatiens hang heads
Like love as summer fades.



## The Trapeze Artist

When you scatter the ash of our past
In front of my feet, I step over it,
Remember swinging on the trapeze
Of love and drinking the sugar-rimmed cup
Of first days. Months percolated
Between us like fresh-brewed coffee
Before the poison of carelessness
Slowly slipped in, convicted our desires
And exiled them to a country
I will never see again.

But after rain,

The air is like a poem about the past,
White-washed, slaking each leaf,
Each flower with a blessing
That empowers the wren to build
Her nest amid impatiens
In the window box, that resurrects
The now dead dressed in movie finery
To bring joy in the free fall
Without a safety net.

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