

POEM

And now, for today

The breeze of thought,
Blows through home,
Vague, familiar,
 On a ledge over the ocean,
Beating waves,
 And twisting pirogues,
Oh to be there and feel taunting life.
Or dappled sun on fields of grass,
Should I recline,
 Stretch my back,
Wait till flowers close,
Catch the whisper,
 Stay, just here,
In the quieting room?

The starry beckon,
 My name,
That I cannot recall,
A vast, dark space,
 With twinkling, grinning,
Promise,
 Of family past.
Or I could bury my soles,
 In dunes,
Flop by the clock,
 In time,
For library musk,
And fireflies.

The grand old dance,
The weaving steps,
Was it step-step step, or
 One, two, three?
Under crystal lights,
Maybe I'll twirl the floor again,
 Feet light as I pass and reach,
For canapes.
Or perhaps I'll stay,
 Under blanket warmth,
 Carpet underfoot,
And stop, just stop,
 The choices, caged,
 That once resounded,
Now that all is quieting.

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