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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