

Naga-Uta

Cloud-Catching

Clouds stretch, thin, lean, long
bunch, bulge, heavy, over-weight'
gorge gray, then diet
to whiten the weight away.

Spring Palette

Yellow-tipped red tulips
like paint brushes swash sky,
stroke with wind, flow with rain,
air canvas seek sun-dry.

But standing, looking down
pointillist dots daubed round
against green stalk background
shift as wind-painter leaves.

April is Allergy Month

air splays allergic
reactions, begets nose spray,
wheezing and sneezing
heaves the air waves and our lungs

tissues flutter like wings
of puzzled birds watching us
wondering at life,
the upheaval from our noses.

Naga-Uta: Alternate lines of 5 and 7
syllables. Can rhyme or not.
Experiment with length and contents.

Grandmother's Lament

Toys strew living room,
utensils out of drawers,
obstacle course floors
couches, chairs are giving room.

Food on chair, table,
books blot and spot rug,
bubbles when able
but save time for warm hug.

Go inside, outside,
follow a merry race,
push, swing, seesaw, slide,
remember that ball to chase.

Then house is quiet
calls and halls no longer ring.
How I miss riot
and sweet exhaustion they bring.

At Your Window

Chair faces bright screen
Green glows from your computer
Fingers plink gray keys
while I'm shivering outside,
watch through cold window
clear, flat, black, untouched, no sound
when fingers reach out
to touch the pane before me.
Your words spill on screen.
My words remain silent, thoughts
unsaid, unwritten.
Pane, a blank sheet to write on.