

## a woman at my age

a woman at my age  
knows better but never tells  
stalks more openly  
but never yells  
sows a garden of lilies  
not caring about weeds  
sleeps with the milkman  
not worried about seeds

she calls upon the heavens  
to ask a question of sorts  
but never waits for the answers  
when being judged by the courts  
she wears a diamond watch  
with old broken hands  
searching for unembraceable time  
through the sands

she puts on the lights  
when there's no one at home  
for fear of being thought of  
as being alone  
she lets the music blare  
as a beating heart would  
in a rhythmical pattern  
never quite understood

a woman at my age  
eats ice cream for breakfast lunch and dinner  
never goes to church  
but spends time with the sinner  
talks about life  
how lit all use to be  
when times were as wild as wild was free

a woman at my age  
asks no one for anything significant to borrow  
never looks back on today  
never waits for tomorrow

a woman at my age

## red car

tunneling around the corner  
hugging close to the open curved road  
its speed was moving furiously  
as tender as its load

dancing out from the open top  
silver and grey hair flew  
downed window scattered the secrets shared  
souley between the two

from shoulder to neck  
not missing a beat  
encircling like a halo of gold  
the suns rays danced  
in a tango sweet  
.....a story boldly told

as the wind played with her silver strands  
pushing and pulling them free  
they fell home  
as the car slowed and turned  
as natural as could be

bright eyes and tender smiles  
endless chatter and warm desires  
held them bound  
each to the other  
through springs and decembers  
and dreams in a flutter

bolero blared  
as they accompanied the sun  
following it down to the coast  
to where the shore met the sky  
and the moon kissed the sun  
in a setting  
to please the host

old fingers of exciting times  
held tightly against the wind  
one entwined with the others grasp  
made old feelings stir within

their smiles held true  
to their time full faces  
as deepening eyes look past.....  
remembered days  
and relished todays  
and the shadows time has cast

the pledge on their plate read  
sexy at sixty  
the glance in their eyes said  
flirty at thirty  
the speed of their car whizzed  
heavenly at seventy  
and the time on their clock  
read now

so  
they sped to the shore  
with no time to waste  
it was the sun  
and the waves  
and the sand  
that they chased  
each called them home  
with their own simple song  
of a gentle love  
and of dreams that last long

when they finally arrived  
they leapt from the car  
their journey had ended  
but they hadn't gone far

she grabbed his face  
she kissed him with fever  
she looked long in his eyes  
with the look of forever

she smiled .....

she cried  
she laughed.....and she sighed  
then .....she breathlessly said.....  
take this moment  
seize my day  
leave not one stone unturned  
follow my lead to the guiding star  
this time we have was earned

## time dances

time dances  
within the spaces  
between yesterday  
and tomorrow  
coiled  
in crimson bows  
and lollypoped glances

simple songs  
of simple simon  
ring in the classroom of time  
gesturing a journey  
calling out names  
writing verses  
simple in rhyme

shadows crawl slowly upon us  
wavering  
as they steadily advance  
looking for questions  
looking for answers  
for someone  
to take a stance

time dances  
within the spaces  
between yesterday  
and tomorrow  
leaving us  
only today  
to live our dreams  
and take our chances  
as  
time  
dances