

beige

shoes
stockings
tequila on ice
tranquil belly and heart

arms drop
then reach
then touch..... and fold

bed sheets
coverlet
pillow with no sham

beige
i think
i'll paint the ceiling beige

white

winter snow creeps through silent night shadows

cold blasting specks
of frenzied snow
whirling in windy chaos
drape deep and silent
on the bed that once was green

frozen branches
with clear coated arms
reach to touch as summer sleeps
under pink casted skies
that glisten through the street lamps torch
and waits under star speckled skies

a cat tip-toes across the meadow
leaving shaped openings for snow to fill
for time to melt
for memories to freeze

every day

every day
i learn something
new about my self
every day
i practice what i have learned
every day
i get stronger
so
every day
i live longer

every day

every day
i cherish every day

red wine
white wine
scotch

the sweet aroma of a soft red wine
drizzles down the edge
of a long necked fluted glass
it blends with the moment
giving mellow cadence
to its taste

a white wine stands tall in the carafe
lending itself to a tangy fruited sensation
dry and wet
sweet and tart
it rolls the pallet
and tempts the mind
coaxing a dreamy sway
leaving nothing behind

scotch on the other hand
hot and wild
bites the hand that feeds it
like a stubborn child
and barks itself all its way down
to places dark
waiting to be found

at the bottom
of the empty glass
lies its fermented glory
giving crisp spirit
to an old ageless heart
waiting to play out the story

we
who drink down its beauty
each with its own spirit and time
finds within our own season
a memory
oh so sweet and sublime

and it commands a feeling
waiting inside to be born
that hits us
quite strongly
as we awake
and fulfills us
in the morn