

time peace

(1)

the door is open and we enter
into a world just begun for us
and see the future, good and bad,
written upon the walls and floors
street signs on a journey un-mapped
and the windows beg to expose our being
casting out into the lawn on cold november nights
when the passing has begun upon
a world that waits for the seasons
snowy crystal cocoons a gown of white
summer suns to burn and crack
return for autumn flame and
flight of winged creatures wandering with
warm winds so southerly sail through all
I wish to sit
and run a course of tears and laughter
and live my life with you.

(2)

when flowers bloom
in the draping sun
I hope to sit in shadow casting chairs
of coolness and the smell of pollen's
musical fragrance upon wind
if only for a moment will it touch
my nose and fill my sense with lust
that makes the bee a glorious being
-running from bouquet to bouquet-
hoarding the chalky gold until it must
return to its hiving haunt
I will be satisfied

(3)

I am, I will be satisfied as
I with you can sit in bliss and
warm in company
watching suns flicker through
trees of blackened ashen sticks
ablaze with minutes of fingering flames
measuring the descent of the blazing
clock-face of a chainless timepiece
marking daylight, I notice note,
for joy blinds time away
as I am satisfied
and love you till the end of time.

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November 2003