

FETE PRINTEMPS

A month or so ago, I took a sip, tart draught
across a choppy cup—to hike a foreign shore--
elixir of truth—*crema* froth disguising dregs.

Do not let it be misunderstood;
Sunlight glistening upon water,
the succulent air, the breath, warm life,
the beneficent balm glow of the sun,
the heart's beat that is the rhythm of life,
the panacean purpose of life's miracle,
tiny birthing leaves that burst chartreuse in spring's time,
a chocolate-box only half-filled,
oasis palms in the desert sand.

Caught unaware in early springtime
a grey half-light morning spent watching
a parent neatly fold a spouse's clothes,

remnants tinged with body and cologne,
(what a perfect family they must have wanted)
now to give , in careful folds, away
to ill-lit dusty second-hand store.
Creased and bent old shoes to the dustbin.
But spring blooms once again, other years, and
the forsythia sprinkles the lawn, wisteria.

Sunlight sparkled on water;
life—there is some trauma, there is some luck.
When look in the mirror
(what secretly happened!)
where is the person who used to be there?

Life endures (for one's own time)
for one momentary instant;
“Tis a gift to be simple...”
Birds—birds are simple.

Take heart; a bunny walks upon the dew...

--J. F. Lowe