

Mood Magic

a selection of poems
by Sharon Rothenfluch Cooper

Mood Magic

a selection of poems
by Sharon Rothenfluch Cooper

Copyright 2004 Sharon Rothenfluch Cooper
all rights reserved

Duplication of this collection of poems or any individual poem of this collection is granted under the following conditions:

1. The copy is a single personal copy to read away from the computer.
2. The copy is for a school course or educational workshop.

Any other duplication of this collection or individual poem(s) may not take place without the written consent of Sharon Rothenfluch Cooper.

Produced in cooperation with



Tamafyhr Mountain Poetry

tmpoetry.com

Biography



Living in Portland, Oregon, married with four children and six grand-children, Sharon is a member of the Oregon Symphony Association, Words of A Woman Net Society, Phenomenal Women of the Web and very much a today's woman. An astrological Leo, this lady thrives on poetry and music.

My thanks to my family and friends who have encouraged me in my writing efforts. Without them, this book would not have gotten off the ground.

I leave my work as a legacy for my children and grandchildren. Be who you can be.
Reach for the stars.

Acknowledgements

Australian Poetic Society: Wind Chimes
Epiphany Journal: A New Start
The Flaneur: Winter Lyric,
Fluid Ink Press: Sustenance
I'Intrigue: Winter Lyric
LeZine Poetic: Earthbound
Meeting Of The Minds Journal: I Wonder
Megaera Quarterly: Winter Lyric
MiPo Print: Sleight-Of-Hand
Painted Poetry Literary & Art Journal: Transformation, Havoc, Green Girl,
Panda Quarterly Poetry Magazine: Fluid Contemplation, Green Girl, Divinity And
Dragonflies
Perigee Publication For The Arts: Sleight-Of-Hand, Mimosa Tears
Poetic Voices: A Skein Of Geese
Reflections: Mimosa Tears
Rustlings Of The Wind: Havoc
Sienna's Poetry Suite: Secret Sanctuary, Transformation, Painted Flight
Sol Magazine: Wind Chimes
Some Words: Dangerous Destiny
Sound And Silence Magazine: Beginning In Splendor
TMP Irregular: Secret Sanctuary, Divinity And Dragonflies, Tiny Citadels
Verse Libra Quarterly: Glass Sunflowers
Vinland Journal: Lament For A Fairy Child, Rainbow Spheres
Westlovia Gazette: Sunset Swirls
Wicked Alice: Spinner, Sleight-Of-Hand
Wilmington Blues: Unyielding
Wired Arts for Wired Hearts: Sand Girl
Words Of a Woman Net Society, 'lingerings': Glacier Melt, Lament For A Fairy Child, Full
Circle
WRITE ON!! Magazette: Guitarist In The Park, Staring Out To Sea

Table of Contents

1	Wind Chimes	23	haiku
1	A New Start	24	Inspiration
2	Magic Moments	24	Enchantress
2	Winter Lyric	25	Night Beauty
3	Sand Girl	25	Fitful Forest
3	Changeable Currents	26	Shafts Of Wheat
4	Spinner	26	Silent Signal
5	A Skein Of Geese	27	Divinity And Dragonflies
5	Queen Of The Night	27	Glimpses
6	Dangerous Destiny	28	Staring Out To Sea
6	Unyielding	29	Bleak House
7	Unknown Guile	30	Violent Elements
7	Blue Fog	31	Peaceful Perfection
8	Winter Rapture	31	Rainbow Spheres
8	haiku	32	Secret Sanctuary
9	Woodland Sanctuary	32	Silhouette
10	Ferns	33	Sunset Swirls
10	Tiny Citadels	33	haiku
11	Big Blue	34	Green Girl
11	Shadowed Isle	34	Forest Flair
12	Mimosa Tears	35	A Drop Of Life
12	haiku	35	Spring Slumbers
13	Solitude	36	Transformation
13	In My Mind's Eye	36	I Wonder
14	The Leprous Forest	37	Appalachia
14	Lament For A Fair Child	37	Blurred Vision
15	Full Circle	38	Glass Sunflowers
15	Sunburst	38	Fragrant Mist
16	Interlude	39	Earthbound
16	Willamette Valley	39	Crawl You Critter
17	Pride And Yearning	40	Havoc
17	Show-Offs	40	Daisies
18	Portrait In Charcoal	41	Autumn Pleasures
18	A New Day	41	Soon To Slumber
19	Mood Magic	42	Sustenance
19	haiku	42	Splendor
20	Light Extinguished	43	Glacier Melt
20	Free For All	43	Guitarist In The Park
21	Sleight-Of-Hand	44	Fluid Contemplation
22	Beginning In Splendor	45	Daphni Impressions
22	Painted Flight	45	Time To Go
23	Awakening		

Wind Chimes

Warm tilled soil
squeezes between my toes,
joins the maternal earth
with a daughter of the land.

Crystal sounds
float and fall
to meet the fever
of humid valleys.

Tangy sprays
from nearby beaches
cavort on the wind,
touch my lips with prayer.

Wood smoke drifts,
faintly reminiscent,
will-o-the-wisp scents
carry distinctly.

I stretch arms
towards the mountains,
search for their strength,
savor it with my other rewards.

A New Start

Robin wakes,
utters good morning.
Mimosa leaves,
curled in sleep, respond.

Grass, covered with
a blanket of dew, shakes.
Coffee perks,
I lift my head to answer.

Magic Moments

For Andrew

Feathers - bright, primary splashes,
droop in splendor on the page,
a gift of joy from a special child.

Crayola colors,
not quite in the lines,
wrinkled page clutched
tightly in grubby hands,
eyes shine with hope,
pride in every step.

An offering of reflected love
to check each time he comes;
a refrigerator gallery.

Winter Lyric

Sparrow feet beat a tattoo
on their perch,
droplets quiver, undecided,
slide slowly to leaf tips.

They linger
with tremulous shimmer
then plunge
to the ground, spent.

Time takes a breath.

I love to watch a branch of leaves
spill moisture, glisten
in a final display of fascination.
Fluid music folds around me

with *cashmere sound*.

Sand Girl

She looks intently at her feet,
shells of creamy pink lay there.

Hair streams down in her eyes,
the rest pulled into one fat braid.
With kicked off sandals by her feet
she squishes wet sand through her toes.

This child of mine, deeply absorbed,
studies wonders on the beach.
Picks up one, discards most,
checks it over carefully,
lays fluted edge up to her ear,
listens for the rumbling sea.

Changeable Currents

Gentle winds fill the sails
as sloops anticipate
a swift, tight race.
Kites frolic higher; lusty breezes
blow kisses through my window,
warm breath dries stubborn laundry.

Frisky currents, with uninhibited
spirit, swoop from the sky,
rattle locked windows,
slam waves on seashores,
smack into a knuckle of land,
destroy with determination.

Sound carries eerily,
moans her willful passion.
Which face will turn my way,
refined lady or violent vixen?

Spinner

With the anguish of Arachne,
she watches her tapestry
destroyed again.

Wind catches the thread,
attaches it, creates a base.
Spirals, rebuilt daily,
anchor her home.
Polymer web once finished
is stronger than steel;
an engineering feat.

Spinnerets send filament
curving closer.
iridescent lights bounce,
form radii rainbows.
Retracing her steps
to the center,
she waits. I watch.
She spins fibers
of life and death,
traps prey, existence ends.

A Skein Of Geese

My finger follows their flight
as they arrow across the sky,
aimed at the horizon
in precise formation.

Nature beckons
with subtle voice,
blows her breath
towards warmer regions.

Long black lines
vee southward,
leaders switch
with inborn instinct.

Parting echoes fill my ears,
raucous noise rebounds;
sound sweeps a finale
to summer's scenario.

Warmth seeps slowly,
another balmy season
veers towards winter
on the flutter of wings.

Queen Of The Night

Transparent vision of a monarch
rules from her pollen dusted throne.
Her burnished body gleams golden
among the stamens.

Fairy wings flutter
in the glowing twilight breeze.
Secluded in her blossom home,
she waves a wand and subjects bow.

Dangerous Destiny

Tight-lipped toreador
treads the blood soaked arena
with arrogant grace,
faces a formidable foe.

He watches others
meet their destiny,
victors and vanquished.
Death thunders forward,

red-rimmed eyes
follow scarlet cape.
Whose life will seep
into the sprinkled sand?

Unyielding

I see beauty in places
that leave others unimpressed.

A grove of live oak
lifts arthritic limbs
in supplication;
their extremities claw the sky.

Stripped of leaf,
with parasites exposed,
their mistletoe is hung
at Christmastide.
Strong with mighty
breadth and height;
symbols of the invincible.

I am the oak,
my vulnerability exposed.

Unknown Guile

Sun sparks grass with brilliance,
golden strands escape
over dimpled shoulders,
leg bends, arm swings.
I watch her cross the pebbled beach.

She scrambles with caution over boulders,
the picture of simple innocence,
her body bare - no pretense.
Quiet pool mirrors
a lively elf-like child.

Curved stone forms an indented seat
meant for a tiny round bottom.
Water bubbles happily,
reflects the mood of my child;
bliss in unknown artless guile.

Blue Fog

Shadows waver,
float across my vision.
Slow motion figures
have voice-muted
whispers in the haze.

Tangled reflections
are strewn like blue fog,
scattered fragments
drift, blurred,
lost in the throng.

Marked by wispy fingers,
an ethereal time
soothes mental confusion,
calms my trifling thoughts
with Camelot reverie.

Winter Rapture

Feathered flakes
shadow ermine drifts,
wind embellishes
autumn remnants,
erases carbon
in a whirl of wraiths
that strike the air
like a swirl of devils.

Caught in crystal filaments,
fragments murmur their silence
as seraphim whisper in elation
with breathless silent reverie.
Allure lingers in stillness,
shimmers around
a child swaddled in awe.
Innocence heals my hands,
sighs of infant delight
infuse nerve fragments,
transfix memories
with a pulse of dreams.

haiku

willows form likeness
mirror of contemplation
fluid paradise

Woodland Sanctuary

Staff in hand, I run fingers
along textured trunks.
Woodland velvet
cushions my steps,
fiddleheads lift clenched fists
as I savor snuggled violets.

Loose needles twist and fall,
a padded roadway for tiny feet.
Nature's forces shape
this fringe of trees. A blur
of green forms curved
cathedral walls and spires
nestled in the heart of the forest.
Birds clip off juicy stalks
to satisfy their hunger,
animals charge along a tangle
of muddy tracks, scatter
clouds of feathers in their path;
a fine line between life and death.

Screams echo where eagles
skirt the treetops,
take advantage of the jet stream.
Vines dangle, tendrils crawl,
make crazy shapes in the air,
twine greenery in their embrace.

The woods spread
a spellbound patch
in benediction,
give me unruffled balance;
the stuff of enchantment,
a walk of worship.

Ferns

Lacy leaves grow side by side
along a graceful bending stem.
How fine it is to gaze upon
a wooded bank covered with them.

In cool and peaceful mossy glens
we know the little people lurk.
You see a stand of Lady Fern
and know that nature is at work.

Tiny Citadels

We look in places dark
and damp - a dense forest
of old oak, to find our friendly
fungi friends. Favorites
are hiding in leaves, easing
to peek from beneath, or sitting
on a fallen log.

They stand there - tiny citadels,
fragile structures, reaching
skyward through the mist.
This is the world of the mushroom.
Diverse in color, ranging from
scarlet to ebony to white;
some give off an eerie glow.

They are shameless in the way they
spread their spores to the four winds.
Come spring, life cycles are renewed.

Big Blue

Alive with electricity
she crackles with animation,
spins slowly, guides movement
with dark and light cycles
around her energy source.

Earth, a blue beauty
moves majestically
among siblings in the sky

Shadowed Isle

I slip into the early
morning windscape,
survey my isle
floating in salt water
like a dream dance;
sweeping perspective
edges the sea.

Frivolous beams
color-wash the horizon,
transfer graphite shadows,
sketch subtle hues
by random degree.
Carbon shades dull,
collaborate with rainbows
to transform my gallery;

misty towers form
like pearly legend.
Reality is almost grasped.

Mimosa Tears

I stare dry-eyed, watching

the mimosa weep green tears
in Indian Summer's wane,
dance on tiptoe
across spreading laws,
flirt and tilt
in cadence with the wind.

Blossoms shiver,
petals drift from branches,
their fragrance folded
away for a time.
In Indian Summer's wane,
the mimosa weeps green tears,

and my eyes are moist with regret.

haiku

woodland garden ferns
shoots spring upward
fragile feather fronds

Solitude

I relish the solitude,
sit with palms
held to the heat.
Shadowed tongues
lick the hearth,
stroke the walls
with dancing shapes.

I'm mesmerized
with the leap and sway of flame.
Cloaked in alternating
streaks of light and shadow,
giving an image of privacy,
there's sweet escape
in its mellow glow.

In My Mind's Eye

Sky fills with dread,
castle winks evilly.
I feel fear press closer,
macabre urges in eerie light.
Hairs rise, I run.

The Leprous Forest

They suffer in shadowed gloom,
incurably disfigured,
endure silver-scaled bark,
spread contagion as they die.

Roots contort in survival effort,
circling like smoke;
dead organisms pile
one on another
while bacteria rushes
through still viable cells.

The forest glows eerily
in its death throes.

Lament For A Fairy Child

part 1

She lives, quietly,
in her own imagination,
creates a world of fancy
from paper and cloth,
whimsy and fantasy.
Inside her head live
the dreams of the young,
fanciful visions of elves
and ogres, enchanted
princes and mystical Merlins.
Crystal castles sparkle
in her eyes, sleeping images
rise with wild abandon;
will-o-the-wisp ideas
that vanish with time.
The thought breaks my heart.
Nothing is forever.

Full Circle

part 2

This imaginative child
formed vivid pictures
in a fertile mind,
created a world of fantasy,
dreamed her dreams,
lived in visions.

Lost somewhere
through the years,
whimsy became reality
and drifted from sight.

Life has a way
of coming full circle.
My inner self now weaves
poetry, verse after verse,
as the young girl
once wove her artistry.
Images rise again
on rampant wing.

Sunburst

Overcast skies
close in, masses
billow and roil
with ominous motion.

The plane hums
in isolation, surrounded
by a grey overcoat,
rises higher in elevation.

Suddenly we pierce
the clouds, see
a sunburst of pleasure,
the radiant face of God.

Interlude

Branches dance
in rhythm with the wind,
sway their boughs
in adagio movement.

Clouds billow loosely,
persuade waves to peak
and swell; an answer
to the hypnotic motion.

Currents breathe,
blow soft scents,
then rest, to recover
in quiet interlude.

Willamette Valley

A shangri-la of peaks and valleys
in the midst of the Northwest,
this my home, is out of stories,
a piece of heaven at its best.

Equidistant is the valley
from the mountains and the shore.
Desert lies within this distance,
can you really ask for more?

Pride And Yearning

I ache to see the Highlands,
hillsides that shimmer
in the rich purple of ripened
heather, yearn to inhale the crisp
air and walk the beaten paths.

I turn my face into the wind
to see through misty eyes,
past generations
in the belted plaid of old.

Fierce, stubborn clansmen,
invincible, fearlessly march
to the haunting skirl of pibrochs
through the heathered hills,
across bracken strewn slopes.

Woven clan colors proclaim our
ancestry. We value tradition above
all else, pride in the symbols
and sounds of a bygone time.

Show-Offs

Bandit bird with feathered mask,
your eyes shine darkly from beneath.
Rise up from the folds of earth,
join the others tree-top high.
Brothers trill from nearby trees
showing off their saffron vests.

Orange blends with brown
on tail and wing - show-offs
for your lady friends.
Sporty fellows,
can you sing a song
in chorus as you preen?

Portrait In Charcoal

Embers hiss a goodbye
as warmth fades from their depths.
Death beckons from the cold,
implores life to raise it again.

Reach out a hand,
receive my offering,
form life from my memory,
ride high on your imagination,

smudge images across the page,
slash with boldness
and stroke with tenderness,
in shades that defy the rainbow world.

Take and bring it
into being from nothing,
create the imagination of youth
from a small child's eyes.

A New Day

Dawn breezes stir the trees,
prelude to the morning's birth.
My fingertips tingle
with anticipation for I'm reborn
at the break of day.

Absorbed by the brightened sky,
its streams of sunlight,
bold and breezy, touch me.
Bathed in light, my face glows.
A soft blush of summer
shimmers, rises from the sea.
A new day greets a new me.

Mood Magic

Cocoa simmers on the stove,
comfort teases my nose.
Lips anticipate the taste
of the peppermint-stick stirrer.

Wind-torn branches
thrash against the pane,
make scratchy noises
like tomcat claws.

Leaf-stuffed gutters
tumble water with a rush,
hiss down, play drum rolls
on garbage can lids.

Tufts of grass dance
bravely in the breeze,
whomp along like waves
in a wild Flamenco.

Ominous creaks grate
as I tuck my toes
deeper into the coverlet;
hot chocolate works its magic.

haiku

ripening frost brings
memories of softer days
wisps of kinder times

Light Extinguished

I sit on the bluff at evening,
a softly sunlit night,
and savor the sunset.
Sun retreats below the rim,
welcomes a flow of twilight.

Tinted air glides
in multi-colored shades
of vermilion and violet,
a brief burst at summer's end,
vivid with startling hues.

Evening moves slowly
towards me up the hill,
shapes creep from shadows,
darkness rises, fills the hollows.
Light extinguished.

Free For All

A nip in the air brings
vivid variation,
an artist's palette
filled with pigment,

carotene orange,
brown tannin,
xanthophyll yellow,
red and purple anthocyanin.

Nature treats us
to an eyeful of blushes,
an autumn drama,
free, courtesy of creation.

Sleight-of-Hand

Orange-peel colors
slash a tattered moon,
streak wisps of fog,
soon spied when scarecrows
rise to heckle witches in flight.

My wizard's wand
pushes the tangerine globe
back in its orbit before
it tumbles on my men-of-straw,
disturbs sorcerers
in their travels,
then rolls down the road
leaving a trail of pumpkin seeds
reflected in its wake.

I fall spellbound each season
when oblique rays
poke peek-holes in the mist.
The eerie glow turns
heaven's arch into an ocean
of teal, then fades to indigo.

Beginning In Splendor

Mist drapes,
dawn rises toward
the beckoning day.
While I stand still
I can see Aurora
rise to greet me,
capped by a veil of sun.

The clouds seem alive,
softened by a yellow haze.
The muse whispers softly
in the early morn.

I hold out my hand in the fog,
wishing for a spectrum
of color to appear.
Her finger visits – to brighten
the sky. All I can do
is wonder at her brilliance.

Painted Flight

Miniature butterflies,
with elegant shape,
flutter above the surface
of the pool, make
the whole scene shimmer.

Rise in painted flight
on your glorious wings,
delicately balance as you
flit across the clearing
as light as air,
float past me with all
the beauty and complexity
of nature itself.

With a tremble
you change my world.

Awakening

The classical garden rouses,
gates open to embrace
the inner world.

Rest you weary ones,
open up your inner self,

read the landscape
with all your senses.
Visualize the lyrical
moods of bamboo
and intricate scrollwork.

Bloom with awakening
for the symbolism;
reflections of lattice
and lily superimposed
over the lake's stone bed.

Smell, taste, visually experience
an exchange of feelings.
Stonework rises up.
Follow it with your eyes
and step into the clouds.

haiku

aurora glimmers
spreads fingers over nightscape
spilling wonderment

Inspiration

From the brow of the cliff,
austere hills stretch
to the ocean.

Rocks jut, plunge
into the undulating sea.

Beaches hem
long stretches of coastline,
tide spills into
hidden coves,
washes beaches
with frothy curls
of seawater.

Sunset burnishes water
as sun retreats,
trails brilliant banners
across the boundless waves.
Ocean and sky, my inspiration.

Enchantress

Fluid music, floats and haunts,
voice entices, beckons
with powerful potion
to the unwary.

*Come and join me,
I'll give you ecstasy
without restraint
for eternal seasons.*

Pleasure nods sensuously,
offers transport to rapture.
Menace hovers, alert;
arousal drown prudence.

I press forward with haste,
die with anticipation
on my lips, sweet sirens' song
ringing in my ears.

Night Beauty

The twilight vista,
panoramic like
a wrap-a-round movie screen;
breath fogs the window
as I look down from above.

Pinpoints of light are everywhere,
wide amber ribbons split my city.
Roadways span the divide,
send specks of moving light
across the high bridged expanses.

Emotions rise and choke my throat.
I see loveliness in black and white
separated by golden threads;
stark beauty of a charcoal drawing,
the pull of home.

Fitful Forecast

Showers send umbrellas
dancing in the breeze,
gaily shaped like circus tents.
Wind whips our skirts and nips
bare legs with reminders of snow.
We hunger, with intensity, for warmer bliss.

Sunshine competes damply,
tulip heads gaze upwards
to catch the dewy rays.
I raise my face to capture it all,
exult as clouds cavort in eager
anticipation of spring's rebirth.

Shafts Of Wheat

Warmth washes the countryside,
light rakes fields,
sprawls over the mellow afternoon,
extends across a living carpet.

Plants nod swollen heads,
stand naked in the searing sun,
wave golden lances,
drink up intense vitality.

Ripe with abundance,
shafts twist and stretch
their spears to the sky,
reach for the source of life.

Fat, fruitful land
bursts with grain,
sends a message to millions,
a future without famine.

Silent Signal

Outbuildings march in a line,

point to the lighthouse,
quiet in abandonment.
It lives with the terns,
surveys the ocean's solitude.

Remote areas sweep down,
butt against a granite face,
bank the rocks that rise
to meet a grassy slope.

Outdated by technology,
once a place
of welcome light,
it longs to serve again,

echoes the birds' mournful songs.

Divinity And Dragonflies

Goddess of mountain,
meadow and stream,
maiden - chrysalis of woman,
nymph of dragonflies
and buttercups.

I am Naiad, spirit
of the glade, who dares
to dance with moonbeams,
tastes the elixir of springs
hidden in this mossy grotto.

Release your impulses,
idle awhile with me by misty
waterfall in this springy, tufted glen.
Wile away mortal time
amid the wild sarsaparilla.

Glimpses

The serene lake offers
mirrored contemplation,
a parallel universe
of liquid paradise.

Willows dip,
wave in anticipation,
cast shadows with uncertainty.
Roots grope tentatively,
grounded in the here and now.
Branches bow,
extend their leaves
relentlessly towards
the water world.

Reflections blur,
offer little promise
of a clear glimpse
beyond earth's reach.

Staring Out To Sea

An unremarkable sunset
matches my day.
Sky pales, paints the horizon
grey with an icy blush.
Waves ruffle, lip the shore,
turn damp particles to a silver sheen.

Seated on a derelict log
bleached by the sea,
I stare across an opaque expanse
pacified by silence,
feel no whisper on my cheek,
no strand of hair disturbed.

Light fades, turns sand to sage,
wraps around my shoulders
with harmony.
Life doesn't need
to constantly excite me.

Bleak House

Moment by moment,
year by year,
I'm dying.

Skin turns gray,
flakes and peels,
sluffs off in the breeze.
Back porch sags with age,
spine curved and twisted.

Soughing wind
blows my shingles on end
like stubborn cowlicks.
Ancient afflictions
creak in unison.

These windows,
faded with film,
see little through
the clouds of age,
view my condition
with finality.

My existence
bends towards
its bleak end.

Violent Elements

Restless waves foretell
a brewing storm.
Air, sweaty with turmoil
and spume, turns
into misty vapor
as if harboring
powerful spirits;
winds rise, kick the sand,
blast bare ankles.

We scan the earth's juncture,
catch the wind that cuts
like winged splinters;
briny kisses lick our wounds.
Storm clouds clamp down
on the horizon,
blue-black, tinted purple
where they meet the waterline.

Dull thunder rumbles
across the ocean,
matches the sea's
white-water stretches.
Flashes of lightning
split the sky,
spread arched branches
that flick silver.

Swells rise
in terraced mountains,
violent water assaults
the shoreline.
Frothy curls
white-wash the beach,
a salad of seagrass tangles
in the foam at our feet.

Prodded by gale force winds,
we're pushed across the sand
with the rush and power
of unpredictable gods.

Peaceful Perfection

Cold silver frosts the day,
deceiving clouds, soft and innocent,
are thick with snow crystals.
The walk is slick beneath my feet,
glazed with rime.
Boots kick, sound echoes.

Boughs strain earthward,
a battle for survival.
Snow glistens, thousands
of feathery particles
dust the frozen pond
with a velvet coverlet.

My eyes sparkle
and color blooms
on cheek and nose.
Lashes are sprinkled
with flakes.
Perfection in a peaceful dawn.

Rainbow Spheres

Bright and bouncy
with a kaleidoscope of color,
capsules swirl,
new creations bump one another,
some burst in misty moisture.
Sunshine glimmers warmly
on tiny heads, bent to blow
the sparkling spheres.
Round rainbows float
across the grass
in summer excitement.

Secret Sanctuary

I took a trail I'd never
taken before, a journey
anticipating the unknown,
a sweet invitation
to excite my senses.

An aged forest of oak,
under its canopy of dark leaves,
forms a secret sanctuary.
Birds trace slashes of color
across the landscape.

A river shimmers
in a stray sunbeam,
rushes willy-nilly over crags,
pools in fern-crowded shallows.
It's lush with living things,
perfumed by blossoms,
cloaked in misty rain.
Soft buttercups nod their
dainty heads in the tall grasses.
Enchantment awaits.

Silhouette

Sad, dejected, there she sat
on the splintered wooden pier,
dabbling toes in deep water,
causing ripples 'round her feet.

Hair hangs down to cover face,
twilight softens her from sight.
Here's her youthful silhouette,
study of grief in white and black.

Sunset Swirls

Radiance touches the horizon
with brush-like pigments.
Colors splash, Dali-like,
careless coordination swirls
the juncture of earth.

We experience excitement,
eyes feed hungrily
on breath stealing beauty.

Web-like streaks stretch,
point slim fingers outward.
Bright hues mingle,
constant movement changes
rapidly, forms new patterns.

Shades turn ominous.
Wind welcomes the night,
wraps us in shivers.

Slowly we turn away.

haiku

memorize my hair
gentle fingers wind a strand
to lovers music

Green Girl

Cool, lush forest drips green,
the living room of a wild thing.
Remembrance of another
time and place, lost in young eyes.

Birds and animals,
all around her, are family.
She hears their chatter
and understands.

Carefree, uncomplicated life
is hidden in deep foliage,
protected from those
who would exploit this simplicity.
Outside world presses closer.
Secluded sanctuary,
soon will be found.
Innocence ended.

Forest Flair

Ferns flourish
in the living hills,
having no inkling
of their splendor.

They grow everywhere;
sea level to timberline,
benevolent rain forest
to harsh bog,
sometimes fragile
as feather fronds.

I tuck them in my woodland
garden, watch shoots spring
forward - delicate as lace,
strong as leather.

A Drop of Life

Light from my flute sparks
splinters of rainbows,
chases effervescent bubbles,
releases their bouquet.

Faint fragrance wafts
in gentle swirls
through the air
to my appreciative nose.

Just a hint of fruit,
essence reminiscent
of warm clusters
in dusty vineyards.

My palate applauds
this simple moment
where less is more.
I lift my glass to life.

Spring Slumbers

She lies warmly comforted
by a snowy cover,
dreams excitedly of her return.

Wreathed in folded blossoms,
dressed in gossamer,
barefooted miss waits.

Visions float fancifully of snowdrops and crocus.
Toes dig deeply in grassy meadows,
push warm brown earth.
Spring gestures her sleepy agitation.

Transformation

My breath forms vapor and swirls.
I walk an ill-defined path,
a mantle of snow gleams
like a carpet of crystals.
Wind fingers claw streaks
across the land.
Trees, stripped to skeletal
pallor, stretch beckoning arms,
caps of white, heavy
with their fleecy burden.
Snow shifts from
the uppermost branches,
plummets to lower ones
causing a chain reaction
that rumbles the earth.
Echoes of snapping limbs
crack through the air
and transform
this magnificent landscape.

I Wonder

I wonder how to get
from here to there, she thought,
as foot crept out
to seek the unknown way.

Just take a chance
and bravely forage on
to greet the day
with courage and a song.

Appalachia

Retreat to the misty hills,
follow worn footpaths
atop a windblown summit,
walk the beaten tracks,
sample the floral richness.

From mile high eminence
I view the surrounding countryside
through a milky watered haze.
Mountains stretch to infinity,
one piled on another.

There is surreal beauty
in everything I see.
Behold creation's
splendid wonder,
a stage for raw emotions.

Blurred Vision

Breezes touch our faces,
whimsical air in this changeable season.
Voices have muffled sound,
mellow timbre in the gloom.

I hear your full bodied laugh,
your buttery freckles
that make my spirit sing
are just a blur.

Fog wisps through barren treetops,
shades stark branches,
creates halos around street lamps,
dusts everything with fairy mist.

Nature, a work in progress,
our vaporous symphony.

Glass Sunflowers

Ceiling reflects echoes,
the radiance of rose windows.
Stained-glass sunflowers,
light reflected on arches
throughout the cathedral,
add surreal loveliness
to barren walls.

The effect is stunning.
Rays, thrown back, offer
a fanciful view of flowers,
bring an outside garden in;
a kaleidoscope of pigment.

Warm embellishment
in a colorless space.

Fragrant Mist

Soft rain bursts forth.
Dampened by drizzle,
hair flattens against
my head as watery darts
lick my face.

It beats a rapid tattoo,
streams across
the landscape, spreads
a mist over the earth,
a gauzy web on the ferns.

There is fresh fragrance
hanging in the air.
Nature's cleansing.

Earthbound

Clouds hang low,
olive hues reflected.
Frothy curls of seawater
dance on the unspoiled beach
around my feet,
lick my face with salty kisses.

Walls of green assault the shore,
constant interaction
with the atmosphere.
Gulls perform acrobatics
as they swoop low,
dip slender wings in the air.

Raucous cries resound,
a wild cacophony echoes on the wind.
They seduce me into believing
I could fly free on wings,
catch the roll of the waves
with my knees, realizing
I'm grounded to this surly earth.

Crawl You Critter

Don't click
your crustacean
claws at me,
you overgrown crawfish.
Go back and hide
among the rocks
or I'll throw you
in my pot,
sit with a nice
glass of Chianti
and watch you blush.

Havoc

Cry! Scream!
Wide silent wings portend
assaulting chaos in the blue.

Birds startle into flight,
telling terror in their path.
Majestic eagle skirts
high treetops in wild solitude
wanting, searching, finding.
Talons grab - victim twists
in graceful lethal claws;
triumph and anguish.

Frozen to the scene, I'm afraid
to look away; transfixed.
Feathers float, havoc
wreaked before my eyes.
I stare over my shoulder expecting ...

Daisies

For Brittany & Alissa

One by one, I picked the flowers,
made a pile right by my knee.
Strung together, I did fancy
a lei for Mom, a crown for me.

Thanks to Grandma, I can have
chains that make the fairies sigh.
Now I'll teach my little sister
how to make the hours fly.

Autumn Pleasures

Camouflaged with colored leaves
we point our sticks at the enemy,
stalk the silent stand of trees,
attack, fight with gallant daring.

Returning to our leafy fortress,
we leap and tumble
in cushioned heaps of foliage.
Conquest is ours.

I'm still the tomboy in my heart,
love to kick the crispy leaves,
smell the woody scent,
remember times of childish pleasure.

Bright cold days of autumn
bring back youthful memories.

Soon To Slumber

Sun scorches, beats high above
on our bare and shining heads.
We frolic there, high in the hills,
drink in meadow scenery.

In the breeze that blows the grass,
mountain flowers gently wave.
Soon these mounds will sleep beneath
a snowy blanket where we dance.

Sustenance

Water dominates life,
we live by its grace.
Sun pumps vapor into clouds,
the cycle of life begins;
a miracle of rebirth.
It comes from sky to earth,
snakes across the land,
drops gently, sometimes
with a vengeance.

Rain is swept low by gusts of wind,
mountains sliced by its power,
present indelible prints
on the nearby landscape.
Carved images of the past
stand before my eyes.

Gush – Flow – Surge – Gurgle,
it drifts and rushes,
devours and sustains.
It's a living, vibrant thing.
Moisture swirls my face;
I emerge with laughter.

Splendor

Sunset's kaleidoscope of color
paints splashes on the horizon,
a final touch of rare splendor.
This lovely painting won't repeat.
I view a site without compare.

Glacier Melt

Dissolving flakes
wend their way from mountain tops,
down, deep waterfalls in misty gorges
to the mighty Columbia.

A roar of approval rises;
nature applauds, as cascades
thunder in their free-fall
journey to meet the river.

The long-winding excursion
sends it with urgency
through every intricacy
creation can conjure.

One final outcropping of land;
she reaches the sea.
Lighthouse signals farewell
as her rite of passage is finished.

Guitarist In The Park

Sun sends wavered light
through willow branches,
provides comfort and shade.
Fingers touch, lightly strum
color on the strings.
Tranquility tinges
music like rippled water,
guitarist persuades,
coaxes soothing sound
in this hushed spot.

I sit, eyes closed, head back.
Harmony returns,
urban hum fades.
Nature's balm pacifies,
balances yin with yang.

Fluid Contemplation

Nobles sit by lotus pond,
watch their playthings
swim in a sea of jade
as clouds drift, become moonbeams.
Movements swish,
reflect these orange cyprinids
flaunting milky fins,
ornamental like a veil.

They burst through the water,
frolic in the flow,
propelled by joy.
Brilliant colors vie with pale lily,
aquatic strands swirl,
plants hide and reveal
translucent sensations,
sheer flesh and gauzy tails flash.

Graceful fronds,
droop and nod,
smile at hyacinth beauty
reflected on the surface.
Elders contemplate
Buddha, koi, pool and blossom
in their innate love
for the beauty of life.

Daphne Impressions

Leaves curl in on themselves,
shudder with the cold,
icy wraps abandon them
to blacken and shrivel.
They fall, singly at first,
then in a shower,
scattering listlessly.

Naked buds,
just showing pink,
struggle upward...alone.

Banana breezes caress us
with their earnest attention,
leaving the taste of winter
a vague impression,
except...for those naked buds,

stark reminders
of verdant lushness,
only a distant recollection.

Time To Go

Wind blows, leaves fall,
chevron of geese look for a pond,
autumn's gentle breath reminds us
winter cold's not far beyond.

Crops are ready for the harvest,
wheat is offered in libation,
geese are ready to fly southward;
off they go in their formation.