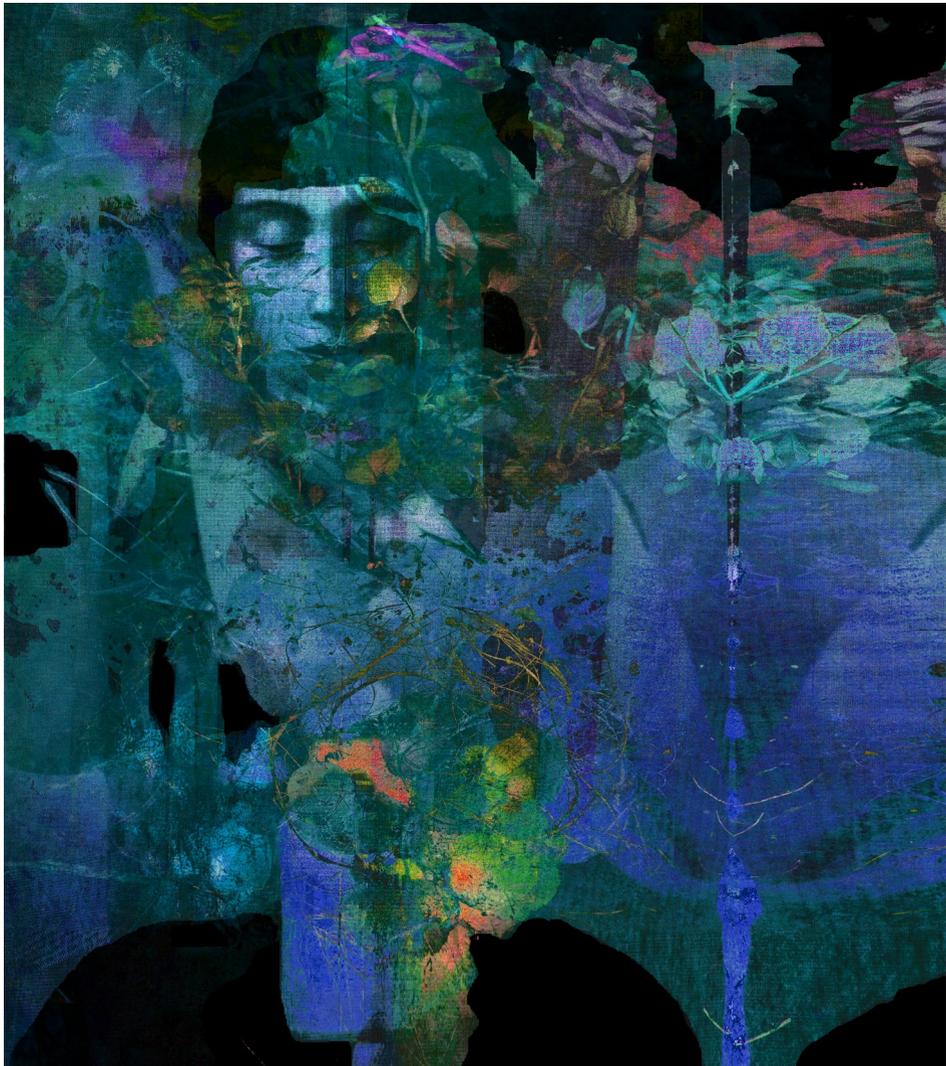


POETRY



Blue Gums

Sky- blue shimmer descends to roots and black soil,

satin overlay teasing the morning dawn.

A touch of burgundy, sip of ancient wine

Warm and smooth from those crushed skins

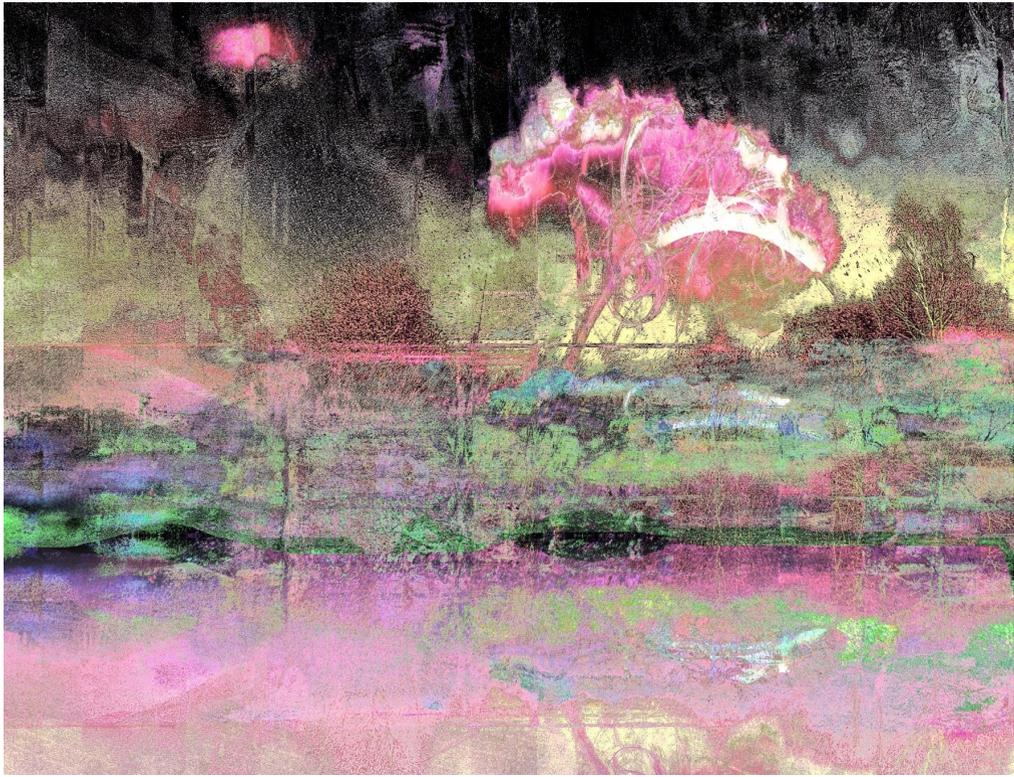
Celebrates the harvest of young

Yearning, growth.



Shadow turns ochre and red,
Falls from branches, to earth, to water
Ripples as dragonflies drift zephyrs of wind.
A wing dance; lace silhouette fired in the day's
heat.

Later, paint with verve, fingertips and brush
sweeping colour and reflections
into a myriad of memories.



Rendezvous

Purple-red bougainvillea embraces wall, gate and path;
the sharp sting of thorns a moonlight rendezvous
under skin - a body slap of desire raw and new.

Time presses the page of memoir.

No fragrance left , just the thin tissue lace of veins;
heart's blood pumping longing and lies.



Aftermath

The waiting is fraught with poignant pause
As my mind and body try to remember the scale of self
taken for granted, now floating in the hemisphere
of childhood first steps.

I turn to music and let it fill pieces of me
and hope for an improvisation that sings of strength,
and movement like the dance of wind through branches
that sway and do not break.

Your hands rub the scent of rose and gardenia
Into my skin and I steep in the tingle and warmth of this gift,
My tether, lover; no longer lost in those dark clouds
Of self- recrimination and doubt.



In The Wild

Fingers traced the polished octave of ivory ghosts,
the hot winds of the dark heart connecting to my childhood
where I drifted across red hills to the ancient call to water;
river reeds a dangerous slither against skin.

Above, white corellas danced the blue sky layers into night
And the intimate grotto of constellations;
music of the spheres reaching past injustice and cruelty
to immortalize majestic, lost spirits.

They seeped into base and treble like reed-crooned Jazz;
interludes and refrains building to a crescendo
that shaped the fierce love of dark silhouettes
against the wild golden sunset.

The final note a breath, a transcendent glimmer
of passion and hope within time's dance
and infinite grace.