Wind

I see change rolling in
thunderclouds, high winds.
Anticipation sticks to me
as I breath in the humid air,
counting the time before my world
unsettles and change pours down.

But the ground has been getting dryer by the day,
and a little rain could help something grow.
Exhale

Some people think
the most soothing part of an exhale
is the letting go.

But, I think that
the best part of an exhale
is knowing that an inhale follows.
Stars

Sitting on a roof with you
under a summer sky,
wishing we could see more stars
through the city lights.

We brought a couple pillows,
but your shoulder works just as well,
watching the clouds drift by
listening to what silence tells.

Below tiny people walk about
to their nights around and out
and I am glad that I have hours
above with you and the stars.

My eyes are closed.
My mouth is smiling.
You say you saw a shooting star,
and I laugh in disbelief.
You still insist that it is true
and in my heart, I hope
that you are
the right one.
Amber

Nothing really has changed,
but when I look back
everything is different.

Golden light sings through the amber droplet of my memory
dodging the odd bubbles distorted with time
and full of frozen air,
frozen words.

There’s something trapped there,
beneath the polished surface.
I lift the stone to the sun of today
and see it
behind a crack that refracts the light,
acting like
the bright side of the shadow.

And there it will stay
contained in the stone
collecting dust on my bookshelf.
I still marvel at it sometimes
but mostly,
I let it be.
Magic

When my mom reads a book out loud,
the whole world pauses

I’m in the kitchen helping dad with the dishes.
My siblings are in the living room organizing old books.
My mom starts to read,
and we all listen
without realizing it. She begins to
weave the web of words around us
in a voice hushed enough to hold our
wonderment, but strong and clear she starts
spinning the haystack story into pure gold thread.
We cling to every syllable.

She is patient with her words, letting the pauses peek out
from behind their louder companions.
Somehow she knows how to articulate a smile
and how to pronounce a frown.
She has the same magic as a sunset on a glass lake
and snowflakes falling thick under
a midnight sky.

She stops in the middle and we silently will her
to continue
and she does.
And the world spins on
more smoothly than before.