

## Misc Poetry

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A beauty intangible  
Though echoed in touch  
It's core a deep well  
Found hidden  
Behind long weekends  
In the wilderness  
Or quiet afternoons  
Working beside.  
A song sung as a hum  
To yourself  
But to me  
For I'm the one to hear it  
And that makes it mine.  
Longing  
And acceptance  
Woven in a cloth  
Adorning the home  
And doubling as a blanket  
On those nights  
When two needs  
Can be met.  
A starry sky shines  
Though windows closed  
And no desire to leave  
Even to look upon  
The universe.

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Quiet  
The calm before  
Yet no storm on the horizon  
The rains have fallen  
And though a squall may dampen  
Hurricane season is gone  
Winds have moved  
Those darkened clouds  
Into distant lands  
Of memory  
And late nights  
When the mind plays its tricks  
And wanders  
Unfettered  
Those crimson skies  
That once forewarned  
Now only sunrises  
On new horizons  
Days unspoiled  
By wretched life  
Only clear skies  
And gentle rains  
Or at least seeming  
For what thunder may echo  
Is only that  
And nothing more

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A longing silence  
As I stand in the wind  
The breeze drifts  
As I do  
Remembering  
When this view  
Was far clearer than now  
Yet still it's seen  
Glowing light  
On the other side  
Of a curtain  
A shade drawn  
By god  
To keep safe  
Eyes unaccustomed  
To such a treat  
I remember  
That shimmering dust  
Of ages not yet lived  
And yet lived  
So long ago  
Memories now  
And then  
But always  
The moon