Rebirth
Shashi Charles

Whatever it is that burns in my soul
Must smolder cold to cinder and ash;
For what can be for you and me
But to part at the fork in the road.

The sun cannot bid this rosebud open
Nor the moon implore this ebb to flow;
We cast our passion to no promised action
So none are broken as we pass demure.

But dearly here my heart keeps hold
A part of you that brought rebirth;
So remember
If ever your love in yearning turns
In me you’ll find a home.

The Portent
Shashi Charles

I gently plucked a cluster of bells
That rang sweeter by their silent breath
Than any pearls of laughter or thunder
Or even steeple chimes.

I sought to share with you my treasure
So my pleasure to complete.

I smiled and wondered
At your cool, complacent disregard
And wept when I discovered
Withered lilies at your feet.