

Ashes

Ashes sit cold and still, not breathing in the silence
Though heavy logs lie upon them waiting for a match

Sunrise From A Window

As crisp and brittle as
A dry leaf
Fallen from a forgotten autumn lies
There, upon the ground
A limb dips toward it as if reaching
Dew runs down its length
On a spiraling, reckless course
Until finding its end
It drops.
Drop
By drop
Drop
by drop
Bathing the dry leaf
Which lies in dust
Whose tapered ends rise up to thank
The dawn for its gift
And like it
The day too comes on,
Wet gold dripping
Drop
By drop
Upon the dark blue of the horizon
Sending out ripples of color
In ever widening circles