Sensation

thin pajamas against
freshly bathed skin
sand on bare feet
a skirt worn alone
when a breeze blows
the breath taken after
a bite of hot soup
the rebound of a
swing going so high
it feels as if it might
double over
a pant of anticipation
the fall of a tear
aloe gel on a sunburn
cool fruit salad on
a summer day
the first big stretch
after a long car ride
the soft ache of wanting

-The Truth Is

Small Courages

Small courages,
gathered like raindrops
in the basin of my fears,
erode my anguish
nourish my mind
restore my will
to crack the dam
that holds me back

-The Truth Is

I don’t know or prefer,
any of these same-suited, smile-talking
people
seated everynight, showing slightly
modified hairstyles,
and saying “the truth is”.

Helen Straight