

sample poems from

TAP DANCING TO THE SUNRISE

by

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PAST PLACES

The moment I return
To the living room
In my old house,
The curtain by
The picture window
Becomes a veil
Memories blush behind.

I go out back,
Only to find
Childhood asleep
In the shade
Of trees
That grow parallel
To abandoned years.

My last sanctuary
Is a garage loft
I try to reach
With a ladder
Of life
That has
Missing rungs.

LOOKING AT OLD PICTURES

I kneel
On a corner
Daydreams intersect,

Beg the past
To give me
My mother back,

Go home
At night
With a hat

Full of
Small change
Photos threw in.

MOTHER AND SON

A month ago,
We embraced
At the airport.

Now I
Sprinkle ashes
On a pillow

Of moss
Behind a
Blackberry patch.

The wind
Hugs me,
While mother

Tosses and turns
In an unmade
Bed of memories.