Moon on Plantation Earth

Dreamy romantic moon shelters lovers, paints romance on wine glasses across the table. Alone and in spiritual trance moon shows his face as God in beauty and peace. In the forest high above, moon ripples his flexible fingers through the pines, as night lays its coverlet across the needles.

Through the eyes of the photographer, imagination takes a deep breath, the shutter clicks, as moon flirts with distant white capped apexes, capturing the dance of infatuated halos. On the dry fields after summer's copious heat, the camera snaps, eyes of the lens following each stick of mocha grass, into the seasons waiting season.

Moon listens to the howl of wolfs, leading them a feeling of isolation
Shadows across his lunar circle, dipping down into their lonely souls.

Trails of dirt and dust blow them no closer to a destination. Frogs wait in ponds murky waters, croaking mate songs in the bush. Moon lends them his glowing jacket, his sigh of silver whispers. Ripples curl in crystal cups, coaching lumpy to the bank. They drink of moons mating song.



His Mood and Poe.

In his sullen mood

He sat in his secret corner Reading Poe.

Shadow threads grey light Trough his opaque drapes Moon in non-flattering face.

In this state of mind Black panels close in Reflecting melancholy

And in the labyrinths he sought books
With strong backbones and soft threads
On parchment and space for accord.

The raven's claw had not yet drawn blood,
Nor infected his cerebral quality
As the ebony screech lay voiceless
On the book case.

And from the mood of moonlight Sleek onyx wings disintegrated From the pages, he sitting in his Secret corner reading Frost.

My Sister She Loved Frogs

an those slimy creatures called frogs. My sister on the other hand was impressed by their cute characters, bulgy eyes and croaky vibes, which seem to call her to a fantasy land.

We lived in a cabin behind Mrs. Heinz's ranch near Fallon
Nevada. We really loved it there, with its cotton wood trees
and acres and acres of land to hike. My sister especially liked
the brook by our cabin; the aroma of flora and the arrangement

of trees and shrubs along the rim of the bank.

t wasn't all fun and play; there were chores to be done, but we didn't mind, they were simple like: doing dishes, taking out the trash, mopping the kitchen, and other minor tasks. Daddy gave us

a small allowance which we appreciated very much.

could buy her books about frogs. I was so happy to see her turn page and page of articles and photos of them, smiling and giggling like a baby when it gurgles.

Our cabin was situated on a greenbelt, where forest trees were lofty evergreens, with aroma of pine and plots of land skirted by turf that slopped in hillocks and small plots of land. Our

cabin happened to come complete with a small pond with mossy stones protruding from the slow moving water. The aroma of fresh air drew us there very early in the morning to splash our faces with its cool ripples, to vitalize our bodies with energy for the excitement of the day.

When sun ascended

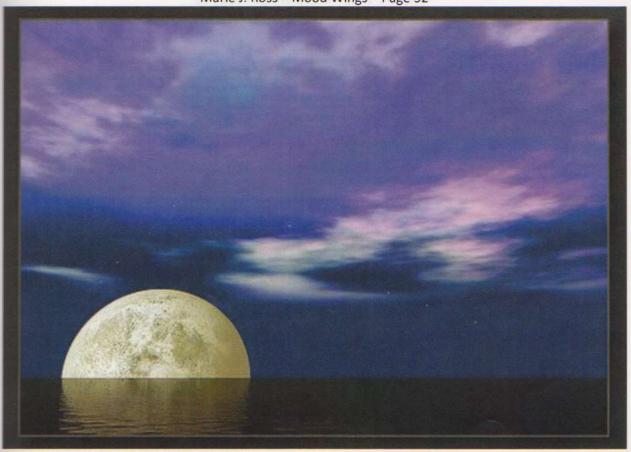
in dawn's early hours,
she sojourned at the bank of the wavering pond
behind our summer cabin retreat.

Her baggy overalls and plaid shirt

hanging loosely while waiting for prince frog to appear.

Age never entered the picture,
the passing years never make a difference
like a play preformed a hundred times
the stage was set to retrieve memories
the sun a stage light, a beacon to return
over and over again.

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might carpet's on magicar-light, and a stage of the barisidut

he inscribes words from the museum

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My Tears for Dru

Dru you were my nephew
and remembering you now,
is like taking a journey
back—back
to times past, of different times,
when I should have been with you.

If only my tears could reach your soul:

I would swim in its lakes,

I would rest my yearning love on its shores,
and recall those tender moments we had together.

But now, your journey is laying on that beacon of heaven's light, where you sit on its rims of eternity, and breathe softly down on us for moments of spirit together.

Yes Dru....

You were my nephew, and your face will always, live in my heart.

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Mystic Ambience

Moon in ethereal night Enchanting mood Captures her mind

She sits enveloped in its magic
The mystical instincts
Of who she is

She is poetess engaged in inspiration and mystical moon aglow

her long slender fingers loosen luring the muse writing on threads of parchment

Sophisticated words dip from ink well awaken twinkling stars on night carpet's on magical sway

under the reflection of moon glow she inscribes words from the muse on parchment threads