

Under the Patio Awning

Under the Patio Awning

Soft country music
Excitement of spring,
Table of contents
Some neighbors will bring.
Sodas and salads
A platter of cheese,
A six-pack of beer
To sip in the breeze.

The radio blasting old country
beats,
Dogs barking loudly for usual treats.
Scent and aromas clash in fresh air,
And lay rancid on hidden grey chair.
The awning rolls inward into the
night,
Sun baths in crimson in tub of soft
light.
Morning will break in sky's open
space,
Resounding in echoes of neighborly
grace,
Under The Patio Awning.

By
Marie J. Ross



Marie J.
Ross

Miss Ross has read her poetry in Stockton the valley and beyond. She started writing after her husband passed away (1996).

Ms. Ross has since been published in numerous Anthologies, Newsletters, and Journals, etc. Her poem, "Oh Honored Stone" is inscribed at the All Veterans Memorial Plaza in Lodi, Ca, and her poem "Pink Toe Shoes" was a third place winner in the Artist Embassy International Dancing Poetry Contest (2009).

Spring Sonata

Veil of Sun

Veil of Sun
How quietly
She reveals
Her constant arrival.
Her light,
Soft salmon, dips
Into yellow dyes.

Through vibration
Her veil lifts,
Breathing through lace
Stretched on the ribs of day.

Lethargically:
She turns gleaming the purple flair,
And rides on an eye-lid spark,
And with urgency
Dances songs to the earth.

By
Marie J. Ross

Published in:
The American League of
American Pen Women Magazine.
Summer (2011) Issue.

Easter Lily

Easter Lily

Like a horn
White and angelic,
It blows
Spring time loud
Spring time sacred.

Its lip curls,
Speaks to freshness,
In his sanctuary of birth;

His face warmed by sun's
Eyes of renewal.

He enters the season
A prince
And exits like
A forgotten subject;

The horn blows,
Arched through heat
Of the equinox.

By
Marie J. Ross

Ascending Vines

Ascending Vines

Spring carries them softly
Green and twisting—
On yellow rays threading in and
out.

Morning glories unroll in string
dances,
Perennials rehearsing in petal
regalia.
All vines curling like anacondas.

From the heavens Spring calls her
subjects
Opening her treasure chest of
wonders:

Vessels of fresh air for the
climb,
Bracelets of sun to unwind—
And from the weaver of green,
Emerald patterns on quilts to
recline.

By
Marie J, Ross