

## 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

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## 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.

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## 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.

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