

*...january 29, 2019...*

*it isn't all of me that's sad –  
just that part of me that wants  
to shake you into healing  
but cannot seem to reach –*

*you shrug your shoulders when i smile  
then turn away  
not wanting me around  
and so i leave –*

*i cannot help by being sad  
and so i find  
laughter in the hummingbirds  
and squirrels scattering –*

*snowdrops peep their tips to white  
while breezes dance to rain –  
while ducks are biting tail feathers  
and geese are flying vees –*

*i'll weave these images into smiles  
weft and warp invisible  
and send them to that hidden self  
cradled in your soul.*

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