6. Sunrise

When the morning opens in its glory
and the bluebell sky comes alive,
clouds fly in like cotton shirts
on clotheslines across the blue.

So my pillowcases pinned across the line
go sailing toward the backyard pines
on rope around posts at the edge of the world.

5. Dream

Below the opal glow that hangs in the dark.
The branches are dry as ghosts of vines and
and fallen pets litter railroad ties.
The night-gown of slow shadows
the moon didles liess move through the ferns.
A noontime lies down its calm
We all fall silent like the sky.

4. Bedding

A nocturne lures down its calm
in the evergreen heaven.
We're nested like robins.
We all rest our sleep.
In the evening heaven.

3. Soup

I've dissolved the broth cubes,
set cans of tomatoes by the stove,
egg noodles, carrots
- corn
- peas,
wisps of onions.
When all my family gets home
I'll fill them with the peace
that thickens the herbed air in the
waning sunset of my kitchen.

2. Dishes

My kitchen windowsill sprouts
buds of lantana, blue glories
around a skyline of jade vases,
a daisy pot holding
some watercolor brushes.
Soft vines lean their afternoon
shadows on bananas that curl
in Grandmom's Wedgewood dish.
Her African violet above my sink
breathes in the window light.

1. Laundry

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