Jane Beal

my lover leans back
his eyes meeting mine like doves
drawn to the river
my love is with me
quietly talking at night
hearts'
'intimacy
I draw close to him
and we kiss without knowing,
touch without knowing
I draw close to him

moon sets at sunrise
in pale pink, purple, and blue
as we walk and pray
my grandmother's heart
is being opened today
a new pacemaker
is being installed today
my grandmother's heart

pink blossoms
sunlight on green grass
three children painted
in bright colors yesterday
view from the dead fish
the bridge spans the bay
the water at the white boat
I stand with a friend

snow-capped peaks
greening mountainsides
spring is near
snow-capped peaks

Journey

Angelenos drive
slowly through the pouring rain
no longer racing
red-winged blackbirds sing
together in Tejon Pass
the rain stops falling
red-breasted robin
on the rooftop after rain
singing to a friend

no old woman here!
eyes sparkling with youthfulness,
she laughs everyday
three brothers drinking
before nine in the morning
I've seen this before
in a sudden storm
hail breaks hard on my windshield
the road disappears