A Day in the Life

Day holds its breath,
scarcely stirring the leaves.

Enter the grandchildren:
sturm, drang und cookies,
shards of glass and feelings
spent upon the floor.

Sun naps in the treetops,
bees’ eyes filling with pollen.

Shadows lengthen and depart,
heart retreating to its hole,
a pyre of thought against the dark,
a votive flame, a prayer.

Chess Men

The alley’s gulf between us,
in windowed thought we sit,
clutching drained cups.

The board spreads before us
in hues of day and night.
Buses require we make our plays.
Scant little he and I can do
in this pawn-eat-pawn kingdom
but tuck our chins and charge.