

Poems for May

Here comes the Spring!
With a zang and a zing!
There are flowers everywhere
and the trees are full of budding leaves
which a week ago were bare
People are wearing fewer clothes
it makes me want to sing
Life, sweet life, is bursting forth
there's a reason they call it Spring

Polls

The only thing polls really prove
even the very best 'ns
is that most of the people the pollsters poll
don't understand the questions

Sky Sonnet

The passing airplane leaves a narrow trail
that marks the plotted course by which it flies
as straight and true as if it were on rails
two white lines across the clear, blue sky

and if we were to follow those two lines
they would take us to some other place
where there are different words on different signs
there are different people, different faces

We don't all dress, or look, or speak the same
Spaceship Earth has quite a motley crew
but we are like one picture, in one frame
her underneath this dome of baby blue

The moving finger writes, and leaves it there
a line that is a link, up in the air