

Poems for July

Doodling

I put a line upon the page
when I have nothing else to do
I do a little doodling
if you're like me, then so do you

and then another line or two,
until the lines are rather dense
and it could be a wall of trees
or it could be a picket fence

it could be some spiky hair
or it could be a field of grass
the next line you decide to make
will decide what comes to pass.

There will be winding twists and turns
changing landscapes, big surprises
a single stroke is the spring from which
the stream of consciousness arises

The Mirror

The glowing moon we think we see at night
is, in reality, reflected light
the sun is far away, the moon is nearer
and so, it acts a little like a mirror

by day, we are immersed in light and heat
at night, the sun is shining more discreetly
the great, almighty sun has many ways
to spread and to perpetuate its rays

The speckled beams that shimmer on the sea
the chlorophyll that's in the grass and trees
Its energy's been spread both far and wide
so everybody has a light inside

Do not frown, and be oppressed by gloom
when you smile, there's sunshine in the room