Two

by drew *Tuesday, Nov 14 2017, 3:01am* international / poetry / post

Pine

a solitary pine overlooks the sea sprinkling needles on the ground in heavy rain

they mix with open cones their seeds long since dispatched yet none have taken root nearby to rescue this solitary tree from its cruel isolation

raindrops drip from its needles clear as clarity dripping rhythmically on my face and shoulders

i draw closer to one not yet fallen and see the sea and sky caught in its tiny sphere

how small are captured images, how large is reality

i wait it out, the rain ceases and i emerge from under its branches to hear a sea hawk cry from the upper branches, eyes fixed on me and realise it was a hawk or bird that carried the seed to this clifftop, which sprouted producing needles, pins, cones and and a drop of rain that captured the sky and sea in its clarity

Sounds in the Night

i write at night almost till dawn if possessed by the impulse during the night little sounds issue from the throats and mouths of those slumbering around me

my girl sleeps behind me on my sofa tonight she likes to be near tho while i write i am not given to distracting conversation, she is happy to be near

'what's that u say?' a mutter escapes from her lips, no response so i swivel around and see she is in deep sleep tho moving her lips and hand

another little gasp, so i swivel around again, dead to the world but alive in a dream as her body gently twitches and writhes

she gasps again and her body relaxes, her breathing slow and rhythmical

i decide to write this poem of the event, after which i attend to her breakfast and take a break from my keyboard to attend to her needs which speak louder than her little mutterings at night, tho i dare not show her this poem

Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-2993.html