

THE LAST DAYS OF PEACE

September, 2003

It is too complex for a poem –
the last days of peace
and the wars to follow.

It is not the puff of cloud alone
in the blue sky like a lost lamb.

It is not the eyes of the beautiful woman
watching me as I read poems at the library.

It is not dinner with friends
or a walk on the beach or
dogs running through the surf.
It is not even my fragile body
fighting for its life
with the dragon within.

It is not the taste of a crisp sweet apple
or a memory of childhood
popping into the mind with a smile.

Its not watching River being born
his head appearing in this world
cutting the cord and burying
the placenta beneath an apple tree.

It is not sitting in the Café Reggio
with Elmer for the first time in 35 years

and throwing snowballs
in the narrow streets of Greenwich Village.
It is not the sounds of a jazz band
with xylophone, sax and rhythm section
playing outside the Catalyst in Santa Cruz
on a spring day while having
breakfast with fellow poets.

It is not the first time
making love with Ann
looking at her blue eyes
and cascading blond silver hair
and feeling that I must have died
and gone to heaven

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