

The Mandolin

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With candles lit and fire roaring here I sit in silence as the music starts.
The smooth sound flows over me like warm melted chocolate.

I glide away on a raft of relaxation and in a turquoise sea, surrounded by palms and sand,
I wake in the Italian countryside...

The scent of olives and wine fill the air as I find myself reclining in golden meadows of grapes
and grains and the sound of soft laughter washes over me.

Silence

I look at the candles and find myself in a bustling country bistro surrounded by the earthy smell
of laborers and baklava...

And the sound of mandolins.

I close my eyes and become the mandolin...

Vibrating and resonating and releasing the song locked within the wooden frame.

The sound of a horn and the beat of a drum carries me off and I open my eyes to find myself in
a bar.

Smoke rising and circling in the spotlight as musicians fold their sounds gently into the jazz
singers voice creating a mixture as rich as the brandy in my glass.

I watch the smoke rise and circle the room and dance to the beat of the music.

Darkness falls

and space

and harmony

blend with the void of space....

I float through this void and...

I am at peace

I am in harmony

I am music

I am the mandolin

Then ... silence ...

The fire is out, the candle is spent, and I am home again.

One Poet Stands

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His eyes are closed
but he sees with words.

He bobs and sways to the music
that pours from his lips,
taps from his feet,
snaps from his fingers.

He sings about
Roof Top Pipers,
Sun Times,
and The Day Chicago Blew Up.

Your satin smooth inspires us.

Your worn jeans,
old hiking boots,
and tired scarf
believe your true worth
but in this classroom
up front

One Poet Stands

Song for Ukraine

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Blue skies unfurl o'er golden grain
Prayers of love and no more pain

A thousand years of heart and soul
Will not find its lifeblood stole

Bewildered are the eyes we see
Crossing borders as they flee

Bairn in bunkers singing songs
Families pray to keep them strong

Patients' hearts and minds are troubled.
Hospitals turned to broken rubble

Facing evil, they stare into eyes
Praying they find help from their allies

When smoke has cleared then peace arise
A people's history will reprise

We shall see it once again

Blue skies unfurled o'er golden grain
Prayers, love, and no more pain