

G.H. Mosson

April Tease

The buttercups just arrived,
the daffodils, the budding trees,
creeping squirrels and one or two bees
shutter from a cavorting wind
as if descended from the mountains,
which dashes about like a pack of pups
to chase off the week's warmth.

I walked through the wan light
after work and felt small eyes peer from burrows.
Old howler, curbing us with your bluster,
what's implanted in the barren
hungers for summer,
where the unseen can play,
for this chill to make way.

Marsh Yoga

Wetland birdsong, let me plant my yoga here
where your chorus ladders down with the sunset.
It's been five years since I migrated to this nook.
How well you acclaim April arrival with each other.

Descending through poses at your threshold,
I'm glad for this calm, how effort led somewhere.
How chance today is washed away by full-throated joy,
how ready I am for letting loose the tide.

Interwoven cheer floods the suburban road
until arises a chiming of hidden sparrows
from the hillside beeches above this marsh
where frogs continue their high-pitched pulsing.

I hope my slow dance enters your eureka.
My struggles flit with some bats into twilight.

This Rain

Pounding

has hushed

the birds

and bugs.

Gray floods

through blues

to burst

then gush.

I stand

in the

doorway

and watch,

then turn

within

as you

look up.

Returned

to sit

inside.

Our talk,

just us,

for hours.

Your hand

so snug

warms mine.

Kissing . . .

splashes

slacken....

Self-Portrait in Yellow

Convivial in bunches
 though not on speaking terms
 populating the yards
 gleaming through grasses
under the invigorating glow
 of our solar celebrity,
 that solo self-starter
 kickstarting what's ready,
look-alike buttercups spring up
 as some note-composing oddball
 squats near their blaze,
 back to bark, snug in shade,
to sing of what's human
 in the field of what's not,
 translating plethora
 into a harmony.

Twin Candles

after Édouard Vuillard

Two old women in the café doze, blink awake
above their coffee, then one coughs—past tense all afternoon.
She nudges her pal alert, whispers about a man edging by
who looks like the lakeside boyfriend they once shared,
lifeguard of their sweet sixteen year who left behind his medical book.
How he sparked their curiosity, leading them
to become nurses, and since then, inseparable.

How the old gals giggle as they settle in again
heavy and ruffled like the base of near-down candles
on an alter where no one else speaks or listens,
which is tended by two refugees in a half-ruined abbey
on a chilly windy mountainside somewhere
in a foreign nation that has fallen apart,
where others who lit them—long gone.

Based Upon, “Two Women Drinking Coffee” (oil on cardboard, c. 1893)