

Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

James G. Piatt

A Sense of Spring

Sounds of thunder rumble faintly behind darkened hills in the far distance. White clouds with shadowy edges gently reach down and touch the earth with moisture, a balmy wind appears pushing away the clouds, and the sun emerges shining on new growth in the garden: My mind slips away from its wintry mood and warm memories of past springs sweep through my mind; I watch the emerging colors in the garden dance to an ancient rhythm, and the essence of spring creates a feeling of newness, offers a colorful and verdant scene of beauty to behold.

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A Song of Spring

A soft balmy breeze, the breathe of spring's soul,
Brings multicolored beauty to the garden's bed,
A warm silent presence makes my heart whole,
As I smell the aromatic bouquet of roses red.
Tall Hollyhocks reach up to the heaven's deep blue,
The geranium's pink color emit waves of color bright,
Twining bluebells, sing a melody of beauty so true,
Combining with hues of coral berry punch so right.
As the pomegranate sun sinks into the hills afar,
Sweet voices of songbirds echo in tall sycamore trees,
The foothills become yellow as the morning star, while
My mind is soothed by the humming of honeybees.

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The Old Professor

Faded memories clinging to an aging mind,
Sounds and smells from a forgotten time,

Distant thoughts of once warm shores,
Flowing streams and verdant moors,

Faint recollections of a once youthful soul,
Now an old man with no particular goal,

An aged voice among youth's court,
Influential words no longer his forte,

A withered old man with wisdom to share
But, no one to listen to his ageless, fare!