Michael Jerry Tupa

Second Wind

I see a boy walk a dirt path,
I watch his feet raise dust,
I now time is short and I must
go on to keep some appointment.

But, I don’t want to leave now,
not just yet; something stirs
inside me, while a bird whirs
past my eyes and I hear the wind.

Funny, I haven’t stopped to listen
for years to the lyrical song
of a carefree breeze; perhaps I belong
here, at this moment; I take a breath.

The lad doesn’t see me; I wonder
what wordless dreams fill his heart,
I suddenly wish I could play his part,
Instead of regret, I am grateful.

I was once that boy, on days like this,
I once thrilled at nature’s warm embrace,
without deadlines or worries to face.
Those days ended, but today I returned --
thank you, my unknown, young friend.
Standing in Motion

Time passes
like a flapping bird’s wings,
with a whooshing, breathless sound,
quiet in its majesty
real in the brush of friction’s momentum.
But, yet, in some ways,
time appears to be frozen --
whirring activity, fiery eyes,
continuous flapping motion,
but progress halted,
marking time.
So it seems --
until time finally
shrieks a startled cry
and swoops down,
in feathered serenity
to stir my emotions,
in the wind of its passing
and open my eyes
to a new horizon.
Some Treasure Can Not Be Mined

I look up.
see starlight
at midnight
showering
the air with
feathery sparks.
I look down
at a puddle
and see the moon,
completely whole,
bursting bright
like a silver apple.
I reach down
inside the water
to try to grab
the glowing orb,
but, it slips
through my fingers,
in a watery haze,
drips like sparks
fall from my hand.
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