



POEMS

CLOUDS OF PINK

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CLOUDS OF PINK

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LJMcD Communications

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The logo for LJMcD Communications features the letters 'LJMcD' in a large, stylized, handwritten-style font. Below this, the word 'COMMUNICATIONS' is written in a smaller, clean, sans-serif font.

CLOUDS OF PINK

roofless belonging
a room to each
blue bird of paradise
water and seeds
at the bird feeder

CLOUDS OF PINK

contaminated
dark fumes up above
a scarcity of breath
the sirens and speakers
signal evacuation

CLOUDS OF PINK

*families trapped
on the rooftop others run
to higher grounds
the heavy flood
of strangled waterways*

CLOUDS OF PINK

the motive
of sunshine & rain
a smiley girl
flickers and blurs
on the billboard

CLOUDS OF PINK

slow world
under its weight
a tortoise
tumbles and flips
back in the pond

CLOUDS OF PINK

village meeting
a candlelight ritual
... the slaughter
of two sacrificial
goats

CLOUDS OF PINK

the dove soar
with purity inside her
bound to happen
black coffee
on the white apron

CLOUDS OF PINK

*clouds of pink
in the flyway
flamingo
on a run-up
wing salute*

CLOUDS OF PINK

a slant
of the coconut tree
if i could reach higher
a sweet maiden
beckons from the top

CLOUDS OF PINK

*hunter's moon —
a gorilla escapes
a lone cricket hymns
in the white
and dark gray barn*

CLOUDS OF PINK

ripened rice field
autumn moon stands in guard
a ragged scarecrow watches
the farmer separates
grain from straw

CLOUDS OF PINK

harvest moon
out of the blue sky
two crickets serenade
the aroma
of new saké

CLOUDS OF PINK

the village boy:
learning to talk
grandma bites her tongue
when he mimics
her tone on his name

CLOUDS OF PINK

vertically challenged —
the curve goes round
and round
the flying trapeze
somersaults

CLOUDS OF PINK

separating
husks from rice
grounded
how a seed grows
to become tree

CLOUDS OF PINK

mamba muntu
the water spirit
next to the river
she appears alone
wearing a fish

CLOUDS OF PINK

a traveller
of many paths
yet not one
beauty to match
the daughter of Aphrodite

CLOUDS OF PINK

blue
into the deep
big bottom of history
an ancient city
submerged in the tigris

CLOUDS OF PINK

old vinyl
crackles and pops
a warm feeling
jazz music playing
intimacy

CLOUDS OF PINK

graveyard
shift
approaching me
the cemetery digger
with the victim's eyes

CLOUDS OF PINK

sundown
the linen shirt
perfect for summer
to fit into old shoes
dusk on my feet

CLOUDS OF PINK

*after the fresh
mown grass
home by the lake
in company —
two goats*

CLOUDS OF PINK

fifteenth night
of the seventh lunar moon
she's been loitering ...
the ghost i recognize
in the graveyard

CLOUDS OF PINK

still unread
messages on the screen...
all night rain
gently pounding the roof
of the break heart hotel

CLOUDS OF PINK

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