

Hope

I barely can sense its shiver of awakening.

But.

I stop

In stillness

Searching for its shimmer.

In a drawn down lip-line,

In a shallow breath,

in a tear-drop caught in its passage.

My consciousness whispers that it's there.

My footsteps inch toward it.

It must be!

Because.

I hope for it.

By Susan BCP



Take a Breath

Quiet now.
Hushhhhhh...

Are you still?
Take a breath.

One breath.
You are there.
In that one breath.
You and all
that connects you
to this world.

Seems so simple.

By Susan BCP

Basking in a sun bath
Opal skies draw me up and out
Into the caress of a powdery blue
Iridescent wisps smudges feathers puffs floating streams
Croon a whispered lullaby
Shadows undergird a glowing gull
Riding invisible waves
Inviting me to roll in their surf.

By Susan BCP



Resurrections - again and again on this day

I find my resurrections

From dark, lonely, dreary tombs

Of fear, separation and loss

In the mockingbird that sings joyfully while playing hide and seek in the holly bush.

In the thread of a text with beloved sisters who hear my cry.

In the empathetic, sympathetic melodies of a piano and strings.

In the chit chat and giggles of nurses attending to my wellbeing.

In the routine, soothing hum of a ferry ride on the river.

In the blooms on the magnolia - echos, echos, echos - of my childhood home.

In the swirling dervish of cherry blossoms relinquishing their turn to budding greenery.

In the relief that the tears lurking behind my eyes and within my heart are not all that I feel,

If not outright joy, then glimmers of tranquility

That bring small, yet encouraging, Resurrections, again and again.

By Susan BCP

Fledging

How often do we think

How trepidatious

How cautious

How frightened

How trusting

How inspired by mom's, by dad's cheerleading

To be courageous

When taking that first step

Of hope that these things called wings really work?

Wait for me, Sis!

By Susan BCP

Turning Point

A time when a decisive change in a situation occurs, especially one with beneficial results.

A point at which significant change occurs.

Imagine a dancer.

You choose.

A ballerina spinning with supreme control.

A modern dance interpretation.

A jazz gyration.

Swing dancing in synchronized, yet wild enthusiasm.

A powerful footfall through hip hop.

Do it yourself rock n roll.

Salsa swirling.

Hindi twirling.

Imagine the dancer

and the turning point.

Turning, spinning, whirling

Now and then

Or on and on.

But, each turn has a point

When a decision occurs in the dervish

To continue to repeat the cycle

Or to move into a new step,

A fresh pattern,

A solo exhibition,

A cling or clash with a partner,

A fusion with the corps,

Or to just stop.

Turning Point A time, a point when a decisive change, a significant change, occurs, especially with beneficial results.

By Susan BCP

