

## Day Drunk on Love Mantras

...During fall, the leaves make beautiful exits.

Nature and wind clarinet a color change to brown

Dead muckness to the ears of some autumn rush

Of the human race.

From the tunnel frame of my bedroom veranda

The storm strolls in from the north

Sunshined workers pulse about, a collective

Understanding to stray from the rain.

Beauty as beautiful as brandy mocking ice

in a rocks glass

...Time for another

Its during these pauses between the frame

That I always seem to find you, the mother of my children

Between sand and pond stone, filtering

Searing into afterthoughts.

Oh how wood burns, Ms. Thomas

Oh how the wood burns

Slow beyond the ease, still time.

And I can see it behind my eyelids

Beauty as beautiful as watching

Life rotate on a spindle

Just beyond reach.