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The Echoes of Pisa

Jeanne Pachaly

College of DuPage

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Guarded Secret

She was like a hummingbird.
When her breezy love
caught her wild flame in flight,
frozen and glowing
with ascent of desire,
he dropped to his knees in petition.
Her green eyes flashed gold
in singeing reply.
Then the lilacs whispered her taking
and the bed of sweet dew held their trace.
Under the purple streaked hue of the sky
the night guarded their secret in silence.

By: Jeanne Pachaly

Between Two Worlds

Monotone of days
creeping through her waning senses
human shadows
seeping through the fog
a part of two worlds
yet hardly part of either
waiting for release
and promise of reward.

Life goes on
only through a veil
sleep pulls her closer
as the voices dim
and without a breath of warning
she slips through the doorway
slowly and softly
over heaven's rim.

By: Jeanne Pachaly

Sparkles

Spots of sunlight
spangle the carpet
and quiver
as the leaves on the trees
that filter the rays
shake in the breeze

Is my life like that
with spots of sunlight
standing out
from the shadows—
and even those spots
not evenly lighted
but splayed with gray?

If so—
it's the sunlight
that sparkles
and let's me know
life glows

By: Serena Niensted