Hot Summer - Scattered Images

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HOT SUMMER—SCATTERED IMAGES

Karol Verson

The smell of you remains on my sheets
While your aura sits on my shoulder (along with the devil)
And your image nestles in my mind.

Who would have thought, when we met
You, a seasoned guru in your field, a survivor
Me, a novice, just beginning a new life, a fledgling,
That we would make this unlikely pairing
And yet,
It feels spring-right.

At night, when the purring silence befriends me
I think of you and I am at peace.
You have been my teacher
Instructing me in the myriad possibilities
Of requited joy and passion.

At sunrise, when the day is summer-glowing and live with promise
I think of you and I am charged
With electric desire to couple and be fulfilled
By your generous spirit and insistent driving power.

And so, when you are absent from me
You remain on my sheets and in my mind
As a presence and a question?

At this moment, crisp and tentative
A vibrant fall landscape shimmers on the wall
Chicken soup asserts its odor of nurturing comfort from the cold
My muse winks at me in mocking admiration
And I hope that winter never comes.

Jim Ketchum