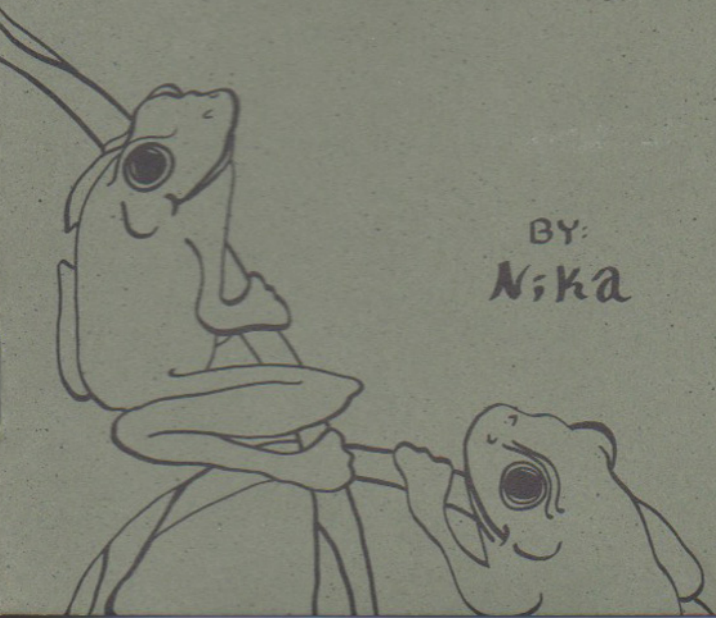


Frogs Singing

BY:
Nika





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Frogs Singing



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to Margaret
mother, grandmother

dawn-lit mist -
in and out of dreams
drifting...

after the rain -
from puddle to puddle
red rubber boots

ah, the joy
of walking naked
summer rain

strange
this house
not one nail mine

easter morning -
christmas gifts unopened
pondering his absence

blended family -
whose child
names the dog?

wild roses
on porcelain -
her summer breasts

lingering mist -
on my tongue
her sweetness

her lips
upon mine...
the gentle rain

drop after drop
the taste of rain -
frogs singing

deep
within the pond -
the forest

rainforest rain

autumn leaves -
passing through the sunset
an owl calls her name

(in memory of Trish Walls)

driftwood knot staring back

the eagle
missing the salmon
glides on...

Village Island -
a row of totems
buried in moss

dusk
the lantern lit
waiting

darkness
everywhere
one mosquito

cityscape:
a million lights
a single star

afternoon affair -
the distant sound of traffic
searching for my socks

too ashamed
to say i lied -
another lie

summer squall -
her distant voice
runs down the window

summer rain
on & on & on

after lovemaking...
the silence of heartbeats

tumbleweed -
only its shadow
for company

full moon
on a thousand waves -
the ebbing tide

summer dawn...
waking from a dream
morning doves

100%



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