

Window

Trinity Funk

I see you

standing there, your hazel gaze focused on the flow of traffic, contemplating future possibilities. The world moves on while your life remains at a temporary stand still. What exactly is the purpose of this momentary halt? You tilt your head slightly left momentarily intrigued by the background noise. Its simple hum intensifies to a murmur, but the topic's irrelevant to your current situation, so once again it fades back to a hum as your attention shifts back to the passing world.

another object in your life with a physical presence that is easy to overlook. It is only if you are willing to focus that you realize my presence and even then you only see yourself. You move from your spot, but still I watch as the reflection fades. You leave faster than you appear. Sadly I am permanent while you are temporary. A memory that will soon fade. If you return I will once again accept you into my embrace. Until that point I will simply wait for your return.

I see you

your light caramel hair softly molded to its permanent shape. Arms folded, as you lean against the counter behind you. Quietly you watch, while the world moves on. What is it that holds you to this moment? I can only see you physically, tall, lean, large frame glasses, the squares perfectly framing your beautiful hazel eyes. Oh but your eyes, marvellous. Distant. They say eyes provide a glimpse into the soul. But yours are empty, just like a mirror they reflect what others want to see, but do not truly express who you are. Your eyes don't wrinkle when you smile, instead they remain flat. A closed book that has yet to be discovered.

I see you,

but you will forever look past me, and I have come to accept that.

I see you

you are a blank slate. Waiting for someone to come and write your story. However, you are too afraid to truly open up, so you push away those with an adventure to share. I have been told I am you. A reflection of you, just in a different light. I am the reflection of the emotions you try to suppress, but you look straight through me. I am just

NATURE'S GIFTS

Jean Kay

How intricate and delicate is the makeup of a rose, some beautifully scented in gardens where they grow.

With care, they'll bloom all summer fed by sunshine, light and rain. Deadheading is necessary so new buds will form again.

Tending them is a labor of love because they respond so well. Special moments in a garden are healing for us, as well.

Some roses are very thorny demanding handling with care. We train climbers where to grow and help them to get there.

How does each rose know, (do they have a brain?) how they are to grow into their unique strain?

Miraculous, is what I think, I'm totally in awe, of everything that's growing just outside my door. Thank you, Mother Nature, for all that you create. I take time to smell my roses that I, so much, appreciate.

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