

Peace

Such peace floods me
not only with those who are terminal
but alone, mornings.

Something like the garden, its mucking-about calm
but a hush like December.

There have been demons.
This is to admit there have been demons:
a poorness & thinness the scalpel couldn't heal.
An end to gentleness.
This is to give in
to the power of the spade.

But still, women in flocks flood my dreams
thick as swans
concerned
only that they play their parts keen,
live their lives deep down:
to heal up the waiting
to open up the heart
bright & sound.