

Exquisite Now

by Deborah Oster Pannell

In the exquisite now,

I feel everything around me, in me, before and after, I think, I should

call you, say goodnight, but I do not, choose instead to write this poem,

as though I can capture the magic of what is happening between us

in words,

A song might do better, a jazz tune, maybe something by Thelonius

Monk, where every measure leads inevitably

to the next, a pick up note ready to carry me willingly forward on the

three and a half,

Sometimes I am propelled into your arms that way, by a breath that happens so quickly, I am already

onto the next thought before I have a chance to realize what has transpired in the last...

Balanced precariously between sorrow and joy,

I go through my days weary from the

effort it takes to go through my days, and then

all of a sudden, happiness strikes like lightning, and I am

lit up like an instantly bright night sky, only to be left in

darkness as quickly, rain showering over me, collecting in rushing pools on my surface,

flooding through my streets, and I am

Clean