

Morning Thoughts (2)

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

When the tree loses its leaves, it loses its children.

One day, I know, my feet will disappear around the corner.

The pain of not living.

The waves ... emotions of the ocean.

My cat parades her gems in the night.

A flower in a bouquet, a word in a sonnet.

Often words remain in buds.

Tonight, I will follow the moon.

To feel, to smell the word before writing it.

Last night I picked two stars, curved them and put them on my eyes.

How lean and bare is my poem in the cool foggy morning.

The bowl of rice is empty, the belly almost empty.

