

Morning Thoughts (4)

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

I like inserting cherries and daisies in my poetry.

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Each drop of water has its own pearl.

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I like a poem for what it doesn't say.

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We don't see birds die. They do it discreetly.

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I should have listened to things when they spoke to me.

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When I wake up, my dream dies.

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The tail of the white vixen drags behind the bride.

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To say it in another language may change the feeling.

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I saw the wing of the raven touch the rainbow.

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Parrots smile more easily than humans.

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Like flies, misspellings fall on my keyboard.

* * *

In the land of the roses, I bought a dream.

