

Morning Thoughts (6)

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

Friendship often comes with invisible tentacles.

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The full moon ... a solitary flower no-one picks.

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When melancholy takes hold of your pillow ...

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Life is like knitwear, with stitches both simple and complex.

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Colours have an innocent way of infiltrating into one's poem.

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Flower buds ... little cases holding life and death.

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There is no-one as haughty as a mountain.

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Jewels in the night ... my cat wanders.

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Swallows know better than us when to leave.

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We have to put magic into silence, into absence.

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Heartache, that pain that lasts more than a day.

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The sky, the sea ... two blue eyes gazing at, but not seeing, each other.

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The autumn wind slaps a frozen kiss on her lips.

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Last night I heard a star's footsteps.

