

FOR BONNIE

Stroll, over your fresh mown lawn
Until your lovely naked feet
Are cool and wet and stained lime green.

Flop, into your comfy rope hammock
Rock it gently to and fro
Swaying just fast enough to cool your sweaty skin.

Listen, as a steady stream cascades
Down each finely formed stone step
of last years beautiful birthday fountain.

Stare, deeply into that hazy blue above;
Clear your mind of all save the most
Gently time shorn thought.

Gulp the contents of your icy tonic tumbler.

Sighing while a simple smile fills your face.

Come that Sunday late in January
You stare into a slate gray afternoon.
Watching wind mercilessly drive
Snow and sleet in cold, wet piles,

covering that certain spot
where, for one short point
in your every day life
True contentment filled your entire being

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