

One anointed morning

*I am my own tidal current
expanding and contracting
with ideas on the wave
exploding inside
playing catch with grains of sand*

*I am the green herb
swirling merrily
in transparent honey-gold
sprinkled festively
with a touch of cinnamon*

*I am peaches and rumba
delectable mouthful
in the morning
escaped from secret and celestial
unsuspected realms of verse*

*I am the tinkling holly
of breathing with Bach
a Spring-burst of Christmas
the splendid promise in the flower bud
of plenty a glowing hail*