

AFTER THE STORM AND OTHER POEMS

“After The Storm”

After the storm, I listen—

To the last whisper of rain spreading stories
Of why people walk and don't fly;

To the final game of lightning sticks
The earth plays with the sky;

To the frogs and the crickets
And the mosquitoes and the dragonflies
Singing in the shadows;

To the ruffle of my blanket as I climb out of bed,
Into the new outside.

“The Sun”

The sun is a funny thing—

How quickly does she bend
From enemy to friend
And back again;

How quickly does she paint the sky
From blue to orange
To dusky night;

And how quickly does she hide
When the yellow
Moon arrives;

The sun is a funny thing.

“The Cloud”

One day, as I lay on the grass,
I tried to grab a passing cloud—
But from my fingers
The cloud slipped past,

And laughed,
“You’re on the ground!”

“The Leaf, Part 1”

A very small leaf
Falls down from a tree—
Slowly, so slowly,
Like tides in the sea,

Or time from a clock,
Or bronze off a key,
Or dust off a rock,
Or green from a pea—

The flight of a hawk,
The boiling of tea,
The steps of my walk,
The dance of a bee,

The boat from a dock,
The dreams of a flea—
 Or a very small leaf,
 Falling down from a tree.

“The Shadow”

Black for his eyes,
Black for his nose,
Black for his hands,
Black for his toes;

Jumps when I jump,
Goes where I go,
And when the sun’s brighter,
He grows and he grows;

My shadow and I,
We play and we play,
But when the sun leaves—
He just fades away.

“The Leaf, Part 2”

The new-fallen leaf
Looked up to the tree
And asked if they were still friends;

The tree then replied
That the leaf left in pride,
And such things are difficult to mend;

So away with the breeze
Went the brave little leaf,
Into all that was different and new;

As another lone leaf
Falls down from the tree
To start this whole poem anew.

“The Moon”

A summer evening—
I look at the moon and hear
The munching of cheese.

“The Stars”

The stars are so far from our sphere
That it can take a million years
For their light to reach us here;

And so, I wonder
If the wish I sent up there
 Will come true
 When I’ve gray hair?

“The Sky and the Sea”

I came to see the sky and sea,
It was the middle of the day—
The fish were playing all along
The jagged, rocky bay;
The birds were flying high above,
In their swooping way.

“Hello!” I called out to the sky,
“Hello!” replied the sea;
I found it weird the sea replied,
When it seems clear to me,
That the sea can’t be the sky
And the sky can’t be the sea.

“Hello!” I called out to the sea,
“Hello!” replied the sky;
This can’t be, I told myself
How could the sky reply?
The sky is up, the sea is down,
Hard as you may try.

I then looked up and was amazed
That fish were swimming round;
And below, to my surprise,
Birds were flying down;
It looked as if the world had turned
Completely upside down.

So now I know the sea’s the sky,
And that the sky’s the sea;
Although when I stand on my head,
The view is switched for me;
So then the sea becomes the sky,
And the sky becomes the sea.

“The Coconut Tree”

The leaves of the coconut tree
Cover the violet sunset like a curtain—
What is she trying to hide?
And as she waves with the wind,
I'm never really certain
If she's saying hello or goodbye.

“The Beach”

The ocean shimmers—

I see the tide enfold the coast
And foam up on the shore;

The sand is burning—

A blazing blanket stings my feet
By spreading fire on the floor;

Sunset now—

The ocean slowly hides from sight,
Then shimmers no more.

“The Winds”

I went *ah-choo!*
Then the winds blew,
 And blew,
 And blew—

Throwing and tossing
Things all around;

Blowing them up
And blowing them down—

Oh, what a sneeze can do!

“The Rice Fields”

I don't want summer to end—
I want it to go on like the rice fields
That yawn at each morning's sight,
Stretching into the distant hills;

But when summer does end—
Like the final harvest of those fields,
I will gather all I remember—
And to the coming rains, yield.