

To My Lady of the Cloudfall

Sitting near the window
painting to the sounds
of the angels in their sorrows
dancing in the clouds.

A dab of blue in fire red
for the ones who won't forgive
an evergreen of ever green
to mark a jester's wish.

A watercolor wash of instinct
to separate the hues
of what once was and what will be
and yellow for the truth.

A touch upon the shoulder
framed by silken strap
concrete rainbow smiling
guarding children in the path.

Tea with bodhisattvas
we knew and dreamed to see
invisible visions and mantra'd strokes
indecipherable tapestry.

To sleep til noon with coffee smells
to paint until it's dark
to light a fire in a faroff tower
with nary a match nor spark.

To my lady of the cloudfall
a whispered kiss and thought
that precious is the dreaming
our palettes dearly bought

A painting of a cloudfall
beyond the touch of faults.

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