

R. Flowers Rivera

A TOAST TO EACH KISS

Live gloriously without fear
Do not worry the names of flowers
You shall never know. Refuse those
Who say you must
Meet each new day unsatisfied --
What do they understand of
The life well-lived?

Dance till your soul aches
With lust unfulfilled. Drink
A toast to each kiss
You've been denied. Feel
The sadness of looking
By-gone lovers in the eye,
Then wish them well

Based upon some moment shared
Five lifetimes ago.
Pluck out any splinters of malice
You may have saved. Bid them
Godspeed, simply because. They are
What you are, an old long since
Long since gone by.

TRELLIS LACED WITH MORNING GLORIES

I don't cry
Half as much as I used to.

You don't pretend. Even your apathy
Lacks a certain conviction.

Together, we sit and watch the delicate morning
Glories mottle to brown in the noonday sun.

Where I blame a season of drought, you point out
My unwillingness to accept the inevitable.

VIVID

Fireflies adorn
A bank of wild bergamot
To fill a starless indigo sky.

Your touch awakens
The same magic
And light and clarity.