



SUMMER'S KISS

Gazing skyward,
billowing kites
in the shape
of lobsters
and Labradors
paint
the heavens,
while
five brown
pelicans
soar
in F-15 formation
riding a gust
of wind
north
to
south.

Sea sprays
splash wet kisses
on my tawny,
copper cheeks
and wind-burned
lips.



RHYTHMS ∞

In a close embrace,
they dance the tango
gliding across
heliotrope
and pumpkin-hued
shores.

Swaying
counterclockwise.
Sashaying
figure eights.
Twisting,
courting,
as legs pass
each other.

Her feet keep measure
with his.
Slim bodies
form
fluid rhythms
enraptured
by the sea's harmony.

The separation
of space between
thighs and calves
form diamond shapes
in moist
reflections,
and smoldering
architecture
encouraged by grace.

Toes point.
Ankles arch.
Forelimbs lift,
kick . . .
flirt
like flamingos.
Leaning
Into her heart.

A close embrace –
they dance
the Argentine Tango.



LIQUID DANCING

The glistening water
Reflects from the sun
Hints of golden maize and beige gray
In this late morning swelter,
With ripples
That form parallel
To the sand
Similar to
An Escher drawing.



SABRINA 

She smiles at me
with undying affection.

Those glacier-blue eyes
entangle my heart
and steal
my
life . . .

Westerly
breezes
lift a tuft
of lustrous
sable fur upward,
lightly touching
my tawny cheek.