

Felling the Ash

By Willi Scharrer

Bloodless and truncated, wooden limbs lay askew
and akimbo, as if human
treated by the snicker of mortality;
victim of a bomb, for example.

The scene was clean, but for the multiple amputee bowed
and wobbling, in fresh light

Awaiting the screeching Aria of the saw

A cardinal officiated:

"Not quite yet, not quite yet," he trilled,
perched, a droplet of defiant Red
against the plush blue sky.

"You will be my altar and crush my Scarlet Breast
against the Yellow Sun.

I will be your chorus and send my song Beyond
where your branches pricked the Heavens
And tickled the fancy of a cloud.

Our song will float forever, I promise
like the windblown tissue
Of the butterfly's wings."

Galileo's Kiss

By Willi Scharrer

Watch that Sun!

Burning its way to Elsewhere

Streaking its chemical clues across our sky...

Promising an encore.

See ya 'round!

Pinky Swear

By Willi Scharrer

Satin Blue Gowned, the Lake

(you know which one)

Promised to behave today, like a child

When company is coming.