

Randi Laubek

"Still Have A Crush"

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May gifts,
Mood shifts
Trees bloom
Buds burst soon.

Dry wood
burning
The smell of spring.

My own
unknown
something in the wind.

The moon rolling down the roof,
a bit aloof.
The spell of spring.
I still have a crush on him.

It's not making any sense.
April lost her audience.
What became of poetry, you and me in harmony.
It's not making any sense.
May's delayed when you're away.
What became of our punctual, sensual everyday.

This town
awakes.
Clear blue morning dew.

Rise sun
white swan.
My heart's white guard.

The moon rolling down the roof...

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