

Edward W Cousins

Dirt Road

Meadows and fields,
along dirt roads
with wild flowers
in bloom
and fat toads.
Meadows and streams
and dragonflies.
oh, the honey dew too.
A dogwood makes friends
with the breeze.
Sings a lovely
song indeed.
Sing along with barefeet,
shade trees and
shiny afternoons.
Holding hands along
the stonewall to where
the creek meets us too.
Tall grass calling our names.
Crickets hollering
playing that summer tune.
The birds you and me
forever free, walking
a carolina dirt road.

CRASHING AMID THE LEAVES

There is a red roof
sittin on top a home,
on the corner,
down a winding
narrow block.
walk the path within,
to undo a lock.
to see a friend
or a lover then.

Beautiful eye`s i see.
i believe i know
adore me.
slight smoky room i love.
wood stacked high as
the black stove so rough.
so tough and so much
a place to warm my skin.

To a child perched at
a table with head low.
sunbeam`s shine on her face
formidable through the window.

Pencil and paper in hand.
curiously eager to learn.
and just as fast to turn,
and break for the door,
crashing amid the leaves
on the brisk winter floor.

DIVINE

The allure of dogs at war exists
no more upon this exodus.

As woven ravens and the sparrow
greet the morning.
And the wolves call to arms.
Let thy faith be strong
this early dawn. for my day
be so long, so long.

And the sun breaks the
mountains ridge.
It has come to warm our skin.
Instead like satans breath
it will burn this putrid land.

As i walk amongst the gathering
crowds of crying clowns.
This your ensemble of unrelenting frowns.
it beckons me down, down .
I am alone with stone shoes
stomping rats with skinny bones.

Acid rain bathes my brain
and black skies undermine
my ability to think alive.

And i find comfort in your sorrow.
I find sorrow in the end.

Divine judgement upon my escape