

Shirley Jones-Luke

Kimono in the Closet (Kurōzetto no naka ni kimono)

Purple, *papuru*
floral linen, *Kahei no rinen*, glorious
silken life, *Kinu no jinsei*, cherished
for its natural essence, *essensu*
an angel's touch upon the skin, *hifu*

Organic

Nature knows no shadows
Light has abandoned us,
Heat of the earth punishing doubters,
Air is moist a jungle brush of growth
Provides no shade
Tall grass wet soil huddle together
Nests in the eaves of houses path of a cool breeze,
saves us a warm wind slaps away the dew
our skin sweats a fly on a flower near a windowsill,
its beaten wings create ripples in the air
a natural rhythm clouds gather cluster in the atmosphere
rain comes
starting the process again

Simple Pleasures elude me like Fireflies

Joy flits away in the moonlight,
solitude is the crystal tears of stars
dropping in clouds that shift restlessly
above a dark world, I feel the wind
numbing my spirit, freezing my being.
hardening the center of me, this core of emotions
I reach up, moonlight slips between my fingers, the stars
are beyond my grasp like fireflies, glow
about me, in constant motion.