

Reflection

Time for reflection
No flowers to dream
Or commercials for interruption
No sun to scorch
Just a quietness for reflection
Moments when themes become
scent
It's a time to ponder sunsets
Holding tender moments —
With you as an anchor
My hands on my face
I hold this gaze for you
A moment in a place —
Where I want to be

— James Collins

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Upon the crystal blue
A Surfer jumps waves
Then another until
A whole pod – moving
rhythmically
No distinguishable leader –
Just silent echoes of pleasure
They tail a boat
As it offers an effortless ride
Perhaps to their feeding
ground
Or to birth a few new hump
backs

— James W. Collins

What says love
Hidden within flowers
Or chocolates in wee hour
Perhaps it's words of attachment
Notice a baby's constant cry
And a mother's ready feet
Her war is compassion
Up at odd hours
Attending to soothe

— James W. Collins
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