

poetry by *Bobbi Sinha-Morey*

The Last Time I Saw You

Echoing quietly across
the moonlit shadows
I hear you before we
meet again and the softly
falling rain like a memory
of music is a tiny remem-
brance of the last time I
saw you and we held onto
time before it started
slipping away again. With
a sweaty finger you dial
time slowly, saying hello
when it s no longer busy.
Do you know how long
I must wait? The voice
of intuition tells me when
you are here and your
smile always welcomes
me when you're near,
your face still so familiar
over the years. Yet when
you are gone I wear
loneliness like a thick
layer of dust.

The Sound Of Heaven

When the dark edges
of the sky acquiesce
to the dawn you waken
to the coldness of the
winter sun as if you're
waiting for the mirror
to reflect its light and
it doesn't come, nor
do the leaves fall when
you think autumn should be.
Slowly you
take your shadow by
the hand, leading it
to the window where
patches of light warm
the carpet and you
look brightly toward
the watercolor horizon.
It's all in your smile
and the song in the
wind, knowing a new
day has begun again,
knowing the tranquil
sound of heaven has
you dreaming within.

Oleander

It's not the bay
laurel that has me
thinking of you, or
the big leaf maple
whose leaves turned
brown yesterday, but
the red and white petals
of oleander that lazily
shake in the breeze, for
you are so thin it s a
wonder you don't
break or get blown
away in a gust of wind.
Your skin, dry as sage-
brush, is so cool and
pale you need the
warmth of the morning
light. Step out of the
shade before the sun
drops slowly behind
you and find your way
along heaven's road
where the sun shines
the most, knowing it
will grow inside your
heart even when it's
hidden in the evening's
glow.