

Green Cherries, Green Door

It is paradise this year
right in my own backyard
Under the sprawling cherry tree
where a pile of half-read books
lie in the greenest of grass,
I waste a whole afternoon
in a faded butterfly chair
examining clouds, staring
into the uppermost branches
looking for unripe cherries
It's only June, they're still forming
themselves into perfect crimson
sweetness
Now they cling to their perches
like dozens of pale green olives
dancing

I'm in a mood to paint...
something old like the front door ,
it's weathered oak boards still stained
with last year's Halloween egg yokes
The wood is wanting to be reborn,
it's calling out colors to me
Bridgeport Blue
Indigo
Forest Path
Perennial Green
Lush, verdant spring
who questions the Divine on such a day?
When this paradise enfolds me in its lap
of perennial green,
I close the door on further doubts
Like the cherries,
they can wait