

THERE ARE DAYS WHEN

by

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everything is a poem. Reading a newspaper sent
from my hometown, three thousand miles away,
that floods me with long ago forgotten memories.

Watching a movie on the A & E channel, Casablanca,
Humphrey Bogart:

Here's looking at you kid.

Soft as velvet Ingrid Bergman's eyes. And you,
my beloved, beckon to me and
blow me a kiss from the bed we'll soon share.

The Taco Bell commercial on TV, that instead
of taquitos and burritos shows some
characters in silver armor. A sign comes on:
WITH US YOU ARE ALWAYS A WINNER
Ah! music to our ears. We need to know that.

Also the fog, the rain coming through a
silver lining, transparent, shiny.

Your eyes, your lips, you and I.

The silk flowers in the ceramic pot
our synchronized moans, your Calvin Kleins and
all the Secrets I've learned from Victoria.

There are days when everything is a poem.