


Cyndi



Balcony morning, book in hand,
Summer travel to another land –
Could hardly believe the last chapter,
No telling what might be coming after.

There's Truth, there's lies / right and wrong,
Decisions and episodes all along –
Could a dream materialize in an afternoon,
For that to happen would have to be soon.

Arranging the table, adjusting the shade,
Pulling up a chair, sip of lemonade,
What now this zen – or postmodern prank,
The remaining pages straight-out blank.

Two taps on a phone, not leaving the dream,
Suggesting the end, Love the means –
Pearled words, opal heart,
In the larger picture, what a great part.