

Twin Light

The windy musical notes of a street festival
swept you close, then closer.
My world jolted under the quick
curve of your smile.

Your lighthearted "Hello" floated over
the chatter of the crowd and was new to my
ear. Yet, your unspoken ways talked in its
strong voice and my soul heard the tone and
belted the harmony.

The spark within me spun and marveled
its reflection as joyously as a girl at her
mirror on prom night.

My core knew a shift had taken hold
Just as the eye of the stove knows the
strike of the match can and will...

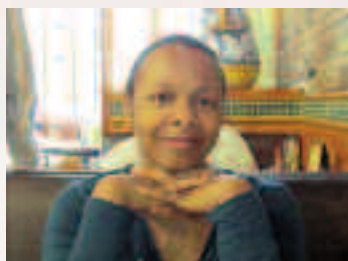
Slowly, my palm found a new home against
yours. My cheek landed a warm resting
spot on the strong swell of your shoulder.

Gone! Iced tea (for one) on a lazy Sunday
evening while I haunt a favorite patio chair.

No more TV that plays in a room like a best
friend recounting the events of the day.
The street lamps, the city (and planet earth)
melted.

And, left me to sparkle in your eyes
And you, the Glow-that-calls.

Beverly M. Collins



Originally from New Jersey, Bev is one of the 2012 prize winners for California State Poetry Society. Her work has appeared in California Quarterly, Poetry letter and Literary Review, Bits & Pieces magazine and is listed in (Sourcebooks) Poetry Speaks! Year of great poems and poets calendar. She is the author of the book, Quiet Observations and appears in four anthologies by "Poets on Site" including, On Awakening.