

Cyclamens and Swords Publishing
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Michael E. Stone

Links and Letters

Land links, mobile links,
satellite links, email links,
internet links, fax links.

fast, yes.
round the world now, now, now!
here to there at once, once, once!
wonder upon digital wonder.

not ink on paper,
this modern writing,
monitor glowing and
pixel on pixel off.

Not actually seeing people
in the flesh,
even on Skype links there's
no breath, no touch,
no real eyes to see,
no smell and no taste.
By the senses we learn other people.

The new links are so swift
there's no time for imagination

which used to envelope a letter
(the scented note, the dried flower)
the very handwriting that spoke
by its slant and shape,
form and care.

No reading a hundred times,
no writing with pounding heart
word squeezed out after word,
and no waiting an eternity,
for the postman tomorrow.

Quicker, not necessarily better or richer.

Golden Grains

Wood's grain shows nature's growth,
layers of rings mark years past.
Their lines, colours, whirls and patterns,
hide modest beneath bark's bumps.

Lustrous smooth polished wood,
is velvet beneath eye's caress. If you
plane heedless across the grain
you deface its deep hiddenness.

Live life's line along the grain,
warming and smooth and deep.
Chase not gold against life's flow
down the path to the land of death.

Clear and Cut

The morning was clear and cut,
Cold, and the air chimed,
Tingling, quite clear to the ear,
The crystal sun in the blue.

Sharp winter chill,
Buildings cut out with razor blades,
Pop-up silhouettes,
Straight edges, sharp.

Each tree separate,
Cypress and pine stand.
My eyes dazzled
by the eastern sun.

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