

Literary House Review

TIDES OF WONDER

Diana Raab

Sometimes when I sit
alone before the ocean,
crocheted mittens
peeking through warm
wrappings of winter wools
sandwiched between
daily responsibilities,
my mind stretches
across the horizon,

sprinkled with flecks of blue skies,
as my dog's ears
perk to my internal whispers
for a hopeful tomorrow.

We sit nestled beside splintered
driftwood of yesterday,
stretching ten birds wing span

and dream of spreading
our own wings, as poets
try to decipher which
word to pluck

from their succulent buckets
to sprinkle into a medley which
one day in their dreams
or in some reality
will blossom into famous verse.