

Patio

Ken Lundquist, Jr.

18 bricks free of mud,
We sit, pineing; to our right a thud.
A bird black has pounced on,
A ripped piece of bread to don,
As an ornament to his beak.
His feathers shine, his body sleek.
His wings no air can leak,
For their structure so tight,
And his color so black- as to absorb all the light.

18 bricks free of mud,
We sit, pineing; to our left a thud.
A bee bumble has buzzed to,
A young violet to drink the dew.
All that tumble causes his thirst,
His legs pollen pursed-
His dance with the delicate petals well rehearsed.
The stripes of black and yellow,
Meld as we sip on nectar to mellow.

18 bricks free of mud,
We sit, pineing; to our fore a thud.
A chestnut fallen from its branch,
A sapling soon it becomes in the thatch.
As spiked skin nestles into the earth,
Its hard shell contains its mighty birth-
Its future destined to shade with Wordsworth.
The catkins extend a warm glance,
To the wind for carrying it pungent fragrance.

18 bricks free of mud,
We sit, pineing; to our rear a thud.
A house cat tosses a June bug,
On its tail the bug does tug.
Scampering, the cat retreats to a bush,
The June bug waddles away in a rush-
Our feline friend waits, amused within a hush.
With mew and bound the cat exclaims,
Like a horse, it bucks when pulled by the reins.

18 bricks free of mud,
We sit, pineing; to the sky floats a bud.
The sun streams down upon our faces,
The beams filter through to stir our graces.
Sailing atop the winds gestures,
Crowds of clouds gather among the blue acres-
Shapes, depths, roundabouts and textures.
Like thought, formation tends to befall,
Awakened by a distant call, designed to enthrall.

18 bricks free of mud,

We sit, pineing; and realize our Love.
A stone slab lay over a firm base,
A foundation made to showcase.
As our hearts soar in swiftness,
Our minds in bloom with the fondness-
Our essence mingles in togetherness.
To those jealous we seem voyeurs,
Sighted, our soul perched within our mobile alters.