

Two Poems by A.D. Winans

Wind On His Wings

sitting here
at Martha's Coffee Shop
my eyes lock in on
a petite young woman
with a body only
the young possess
my mind on fire
with lost Adonis visions
my body bartering for time
she seemingly unaware
of my eyes undressing her

me an aging man with groaning limbs
a once proud hawk turned
into a buzzard groveling
for road kill

she with near perfection
picks up her cell phone
speaks in an angel's voice
a smile on her lips

my imagination undressing her
tasting the rose between her legs
the warmth of flesh
the warmth of youth surrenders
to this old man
who becomes young in mind
the rhythm in my blood

strong as a young hawk tasting
the wind on his wings

Reflections

approaching seventy
I feel like a Samurai
with a dull-bladed sword
singing into the teeth of night
somewhere beyond the horizon
sailors buried at sea
rise in ghostly procession
skeletons sharing their secrets
with withered old men lined-up
like bowling pins
measuring them limb to limb
like a tailor sizing you up
for a perfect fit

A.D. Winans is an award winning native San Francisco poet. He edited and published *Second Coming* for seventeen years. His work has been published internationally and translated into nine languages. In 2002 a song poem of his was performed at Alice Tully Hall, NYC. In 2006 he won a PEN National Award for excellence in literature. In 2009 he was presented with a PEN Oakland Lifetime Achievement Award. BOS Press just released his newest book of poems, *In the Dead Hours of Dawn*. For more information see <http://www.adwinans.mysite.com>