

GORDON PRESTON

Something True

In my heart a pillow waits
and somewhere outside the soft truth
of a feather drops onto the landscape.

It is the aging brown leaves blowing across
the field that you notice scattering so true,
lost as paper coins, a pencil note, a first love

free as an open window from a time true
floating on its rigid schedule, day and night,
you and me, from the heart to the heart.

Too Many Nights

Too many nights leaving the touch of the sun
A pink kiss on the horizon as if something you said
That the leaf is sad, and so it is.

There was no leisure in sleep last night
The window panes turned inward, and
Penciled into our calendar an education to be.

What would entice more clouds just now
Passing overhead as if we were rocks, quietly
reciting verse in the shadows of the garden?

Farm Shed

When the hunter brought
down the animal, the
crack of the rifle
was much like a hammer
upon a walnut, what
of the brown brain
can't I shake of memory
of the wooden work bench
and the tools never to be
touched again.

**Almonds
in February**

The dome
of these trees
deciduous hearts
across the river
like soldiers neat
in their duplicate
and uniformed
rows muscling
branches up
eye shadow
blossoming
pink parade
confetti
locking out
the last of
winter
a bell
for the wind
a churchless
umbrella
springing open
a mouth
first with
another so
blue the sky
is hurting
all afternoon

As a recently retired elementary school teacher, **Gordon Preston** attended the Napa Valley Writers' Conference 2013 (Jane Hirshfield), then became a founding member of the Modesto-Stanislaus Poetry Center (central California), and had another fine chapbook, *Pieces of Monterey Bay*, published by Finishing Line Press. gordonbp@sbcglobal.net