

Dennis Herrell

Love

Love is dying in our gray fields,
where birdsong is no overture,
nor do flowers bloom their gold.

Poets can deliver poetic flowers
and write sonnets with formal grace,
but we still not drink from love's cup.

Wine would be better left in the bottle
than served in a single glass
for a solitary figure at the kitchen table.

The caress of a bow
across the chamber of a violin
echoes feelings unheard in multitude.

One artist's stroke of brush on canvas
shows more love
than our present hearts can hold.

What good to purchase wine,
hear the words and music,
walk the fields with every artist born,
if there is no soft touch at the end of day?

Revenge

You should smile
at the least offense
and the large
equally,
for offenses committed
differ only in degree,
and a smile negates
in fair fashion,
for it hurts most
those who most
grievously offend.

“Revenge is a dish best served cold.” - origin uncertain

To the Progeny

Honor thy father,
even if in all ways
he did not honor you.

There is more than one father.

Give credit to his seed,
his unspoken need to create,
for you are creation.

The honor you give out
will return
to a new-found place in your heart.

Today

You find yourself
in the dark hole of a jaded promise
with your juices

bodiless
and cold

unable to secrete one frenzied moment
provoke that sometime need
for midnight air

or know the magic
of a circle half complete
and be the other half.

Dennis Herrell lives in a 1920's bungalow in the old historic Heights of Houston, Texas. He writes both serious and humorous poems about his life in this civilized society, with about 500 poems in various magazines. His publications include: *Ascent Aspiration Magazine* (CA), *Current Accounts* (UK), *Ink, Sweat, & Tears* (UK), *Ottawa Arts Review* (CA), *Pennine Ink* (UK), *Poetry Salzburg Review* (AT). Poetry books – *About Women*, 2016, *Hanging Out the Wash*, Summer, 2017. Chapbook – *Writing My Dictionary*, February, 2017