

Afternoon Streams

By Ron Koppelberger

Mystified by the call of overgrown roses and sashes
In diverse arrays of color, a chance in song and suffrage,
In shallow obsessions, the melee in cries
Of entrance and tears of childhood wild,
The seasons in nascent tides
And ancient worn metamorphosis, a delicate dream in
Afternoon streams
And youthful passage.

Cozy Eyes

By Ron Koppelberger

Clutches of dandelion breath and warm seas of sand,
The parcel, each by each and gone unto the resolve
Of gullies full by the flow of tears in baptismal blessing,
Gulps in the warm sated shadow of cozy eyes and sweet kisses
In sinful delight of bidden seduction and
Salvation, a sensation in echoes of wild
Tongue and tangled witness, a time in
Undeclared pleasure.

The Way of the Raven

By Ron Koppelberger

Looking to the last lane, the passable journey unto
The wood, into the copse of wavering
Secret and what's given magic by the need
For mystery and secret dreams, well-borne by
Ancestry and divisions of
Ghostly pale spectators, a destiny gone to the wolves
And the way of the raven.

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