

Ode to Cecil Bruner

Tangles of cobwebs woody thicket
Catches sweaters, scratches hands.
Dull bundle invites spiders, small birds.
Winter weary.

April warmth coaxes tiny buds
From dry joints. Pale pink brightens limbs
Like little Christmas lights
Or the silk rosebuds ringing the collar
Of a child's pink leotard.

Cecil Bruner, that rosy harbinger
Promises nothing less than weddings, romance;
A change of heart.

Come May, the sun close and warmer still,
Little lights bloom.
Paper-thin petals open as flamboyantly
As a bon vivant
Strolling down Rue St. Louis
A handful of girls swooning.

In May, gray branches disappear,
Covered by a riot of blossoms,
A bouquet of happiness.

Under Bruner's profusion you fell in love,
Warmth returned, as your heart, that pink bud, opened.
Under perfumed scent of hope
You bloomed to begin love anew
Again and again, and again.