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Errol Miller

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Poem for the 7th Decade

by Errol Miller

You could ask me where I've been.
A song for the evaporation of the old folks at home?
Coming back around, across the Blue Mountains,
to Higher Ground, I sense a sense
of place...

So why not write it out.
The coastal waters here are pretty.
Sasha, My Lovely One, assists me
on the Inland Sea of Change.

Listen, there are dark roads ahead,
beautiful adobe houses, Southwestern ladders.
Of course my ballroom words will endure, spinning,
spinning, spinning, for it is a long way home
& I will need company for comfort.

But what about springtime, the dancing there?
I know it is a sacred song, given away in ceremony.
Meanwhile, coffee simmers on wood cookstoves, I hold
in common all creation with mankind, I have
a long list of hopes & dreams, a
cryptic compass acting up.

