

Oil and Essence

Like Cleopatra's perfume, your scent lingers;
I yearn to capture, sequester, eternalize
Obsession in a holy vessel—the vial's contents
As precious as clear liquid diamonds, as
Fragrant as rare rain forest orchids.

Early morning hours unmasked all make-up;
Sunrays peeked puckishly through dusty blinds,
Entered the room, rested on your face
Saintly sleeping upon a feather pillow
Lips slightly parted, create a crescent smile;
Slight traces of eyeliner accentuating shut lids,
Frame natural long lashes, quaintly curled;
Rouge that powdered your face alone
Became a dry baptism of talc and blush,
Blended into both our cheeks
dusted our necks and bodies—
celebrated a most singular beginning.

Transforming into shadows—practically invisible—
I watch you apply artifice in front of me
As if I were a long time acquaintance,
A husband, a lover—anyone known for years
Rather than a single night's bliss.

Onus

Coerced by delirious desire, piercing ice packed peaks of
Mountains ravaged by a blizzard's furious bombardment,

Induced by a firestorm of perfect passion where purpose plays me
Like a violin, draws its bow across my body tuned in perfect fifths,

Obliged as any apostle to spread the saintly word of love's
Spiritual transcendence intermingled with physical lust,

Compelled by beauty's wintery commitment to smoother
Naked promises with kisses, avert dissembling romance,

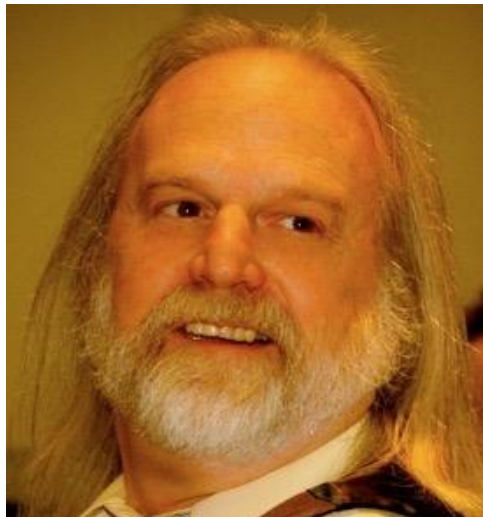
Required to honor amour, traverse submission's maze, trace

Devotion's future footsteps through snow tracks from the past.

Musical Maestro

full
moon
waxing
evening star 's
nightingale songstress
ribaldly sings sacred refrains
nocturnal notes float through tall trees and grassy meadows
conserving its rarified voice to herald dawn's light
raise intercity decibels
reach eager ears of
commoners
to hear
its
tune

roll
car
windows—
commuters
do appreciate
the feathered diva's arias
while wild wheels jam in traffic and patience becomes nil
As soon as sunrays blister night's skies radiating
bright beams that warm, dry, shrivel, they
mute mellifluous
melodies
silence
bird
songs



*An award winning author/poet, **Sterling Warner**'s poems have appeared in dozens of literary magazines, journals, and anthologies, including In The Grove, The Flatbush Review, American Mustard, The Chaffey Review, Leaf By Leaf, The Monterey Poetry Review, Visual Verse, The Atherton Review, and Metamorphoses. Additionally, he also has published four collections of poetry as well as a chapbook. He currently lives in Union, WA and is working on a collection of fiction.*

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