Dust to Dust

Apple pie mornings, childhood scraped knee, take me away again.

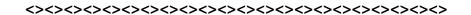
Words spoken in secret to ears that won't hear rattle around in the wind.

Once upon a times
don't exist anymore,
the universe swallowed them whole.

Hand held friendships hopscotch off, chalk washed clean with tears.

Distant moves,
letters few, then none.
Woeful news arrives.

Missed laughter,
tucked beneath the earth.
Another venerable sidekick
dances with the dust.



Turncoat September

September is when we met.
Four years romanced.
September we were wed.
September was ours,
as leaves turned
and flowers faded,
love continued to grow.

September's resplendent sunsets.

Twenty three years of
autumn vacations
filled our pockets with
seashells and laughter.

Warm currents, cool breezes
called to us from grassed dunes.

Small shore birds
gamboling with the tide,
warm sun on bare shoulders,
sparkling light dancing
on waves, beckon no more.
Traitorous September storms
now besiege, ravaging paradise.

September took her from me.

Now motherless I mourn.

Her tender touch and wisdom gone.

Ages passed in minutes.

Tears no longer flow,

pain ceased, hers, not mine.

Life follows loss behind a closed door.

September a turncoat
brings sadness
where once joy stood.
Memories now ebb
Into a distant mirage.
Shifting tides and changing times,
I say goodbye to September.



Ann Christine Tabaka was nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize in Poetry, has been internationally published, and won poetry awards from numerous publications. She lives in Delaware, USA. She loves gardening and cooking. Chris lives with her husband and three cats. Her most recent credits are: Ethos Literary Journal, North of Oxford, Pomona Valley Review, Page & Spine, West Texas Literary Review, The Hungry Chimera, Sheila-Na-Gig, Synchronized Chaos, The Pangolin Review, Foliate Oak Review, Better Than Starbucks!, The Write Launch, The Stray Branch, The McKinley Review, Fourth & Sycamore.

