

**Half-full for Sure  
(Genius Doesn't Happen on Decaf)**

Hello: isn't that joy  
balanced there on the edge  
of your coffee

cup? Sing the blues  
in tones beautiful and big  
and full. Banish any and all thoughts  
of shame and misfortune.

Half-full for sure. Your  
cup deep enough to dive  
down. Touch bottom  
and come back up with  
the dark polished bright

enough to give away  
for free. Hold it up to  
the light and you will see  
music pour itself out  
over morning.

One finger to test  
the wind and the coast  
sliding by close enough for love  
to be seen with the naked

eye. Tell everyone you  
can: drink from this cup.

And if just a glimpse of Gaspé  
fully drunk on beauty is a place you've  
never been: go there now.

Espresso is a page-turner  
walking history forward.  
Glacier deep. The light  
so forgiving now that  
thoughts pass through.

Lost words return  
themselves to their rightful  
places then scatter for beauty.

So far beyond metaphor that language

need not apply. Everything  
is being given away. Some say

paint will do the trick on a day  
like today with the waves  
in groups of seven. Others  
insist on writing the light

just so. The canvas colourful  
enough to sail where  
ever.

An ancient lighthouse so  
there must be jagged rocks  
and safe harbour. Go there  
now. Half-full for sure.  
Isn't that joy  
there?