

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?