Today, nothing is what it seems:
Lightning bugs set the night ablaze,
and starlings clothe bare winter’s tree.
Seagulls sever shoreline’s surf
with beaks adorned with sequins, glass.
A small squirrel sows a row of pines,
and stray cats with their lovelorn chants
make domesticated felines pine.

Sunrays split the road in fire, shade,
and the sky is as blue as a flock jays.
Someone wails as if a thousand mothers died,
and clouds of dust confuse the heavens, earth.
Trapped angels sing from endless wells.
Wrapped rainbows dress the darkness, chase the night.
An ocean sleeps upon the tireless sand
as whales sing Homer’s epics lost, now found.
The blind lead blind in orchestrated play;
today, the sun will burn another day.