



Shinshin in the Air

Darrell Petska

Can you hear it?
Falling snow halting traffic,
muffling yappy dogs?

"Shinshin", from the Japanese:
to hear snow's silence
as other sounds recede—

that sublime hush
your invitation
to a snow globe world

time-locked and magical,
its reprieve from clamor
free to us all.

Shhh! Can you hear it
filling all the crevices
with its sound?



For a Good Night's Sleep

Darrell Petska

Forget sleeping pills and noisy apps.
If only I could lie again
in Grandma's feather bed,

I'd surrender to its billows, hovering
weightless within warm folds,
and drift in downy arms to sleep

uplifted by a breeze—
my dreams setting sail
to navigate the skies.

I tried numbering my sleep,
blunting my memory with foam,
even floating on a bilious sea—

but 70 years have come and fled:
there's no sleep since I've found as deep
as in Grandma's feather bed.

Logga Wiggler—Pixabay.com



Oranges at Christmas

Darrell Petska

You'd think that old-time Christmas orange we found bulging in our stockings wouldn't last beyond the day, but like Santa, oranges came just once a year, those tangy suns from exotic climes bespeaking luscious plenty.

Santa's toys quickly consigned to bedrooms and toy chests, we treasured our Christmas oranges, sniffing, fondling and comparing at least till Epiphany, when finally our tongues thrilled to their goodness.

Grins as wide as on Christmas morn, we savored each plump segment, exquisite juices dripping from our lips, then used their fragrant peels to sweeten closets and soften brown sugar— Now, grocers stock oranges year-round.

mikhail_kayl—stock.adobe.com