

*Café Aroma*

Pietro Grieco © 2006

Sweet born the tremolo  
from a wooden guitar  
Flying with the birds  
among faithful tall pines  
a Saturday morning  
filtered rays of light  
marauded over sleepy eyes.

Frank and his girls danced  
around smiling cappuccinos  
and fragrance of warm scones  
Even with other daily delights  
Didn't break the moment  
When suppressed were our hearts  
By melodies sweet so sweet  
We could let silence  
Cry  
On the amethyst air  
of a joyful Idyllwild.

Lost in the moment  
probably I missed Lao Tzu  
and many Buddhas passing by.

Was it a moonlight ray  
striking the kitchen one night  
why dishes coming out to have had  
an alchemy of madness and delight?

The arpeggiator closed his eyes  
and when we closed ours  
the world's rhyme vanished  
in ascending notes blending  
with the scent of the pines.

What Could I do? Life  
life was happening there  
while Blanchette's hand  
was caressing mine.

This is the danger to be lost in  
an amethyst morning in Idyllwild  
you can miss Lao Tzu

and many Buddhas passing by.

Ah, but they wouldn't mind!