Poems by Julia

Spring
Under a shady tree
where the shadows
 drape
themselves
over my face,
where the wind dances
with my hair,
I listen.

Listen to
the treetops
rustle,
and sway,
listen to the sun
tell me where its rays have touched,
listen to
the butterfly’s wings
whisper their secrets.

Now it is Winter,
The seasons have changed.
It is a time to talk.

On My Summer
Everyone’s outside
on this hot summer day.
The grown-ups
chit-chat
while the bees
buzz.
Daddy is talking
with Uncle Fred,
as the barbecue
smokes.

I sit by myself
having my own party
reading my summer book
as their party goes on.
And in the midst of the smoldering heat,
a butterfly,
a flash of color
in the smoky-blue sky,
lands on my finger.
Her tiny feet tickle my big hand.

I want to run over to the party
and tell everyone
that a butterfly has just come to rest on my
finger.
But I know they are busy
with what their summer holds
as my summer holds
this special moment;
and I tell myself
“Look! A butterfly has just landed on your
finger!”

A Wise Artist Paints Nature’s Freedom
A wise artist
paints his scenes
trying to capture
the freedom
of a
dug-out canyon,
the freedom of the twisting,
turning,
river running through it.

The freedom of the artist using colors,
colors that matches
the sun touching the walls of the canyon,
and that of nature.

Julia’s published poems.