

At dusk
songbirds
sing
Puccini.

Rest your eyes on these tired roses.
The yellow/red bloom curls
like parchment in the June sun.

A lizard
climbs
to the peak
of the mustard-colored shed.

Afternoon doves
cool -
while
the breeze
takes
a nap.

Please recycle to a friend!

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by Brian Murphy

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TUSCAN IDYLL
by Mary Mueller © 2012

TUSCAN IDYLL



Mary Mueller

In the morning
one sentence
appears -
like mist
from the hills.

The breeze is as it was yesterday.

Waft
in the pool
with scent
of French
lavender.