
The Forgotten Guitar

Elegant curves distraught
By expectations of uselessness,
Remaining strong yet melancholy,
Hollow hopes of hidden hands
Sliding over silken strings.

PHILIP NORDSTROM

Midnight Beach

The softest curls of salty seas are breaking
In vain attempts to conquer the dry shore.
Shadow clouds flitting cross the pale horizon,
Each tuft of sandy grass drenched ever more
In silver light, as heaven's goddess of the night
Pours a river of diamonds on her floor.
The balmy, briny breeze seduces my resolve;
My helpless hand is stayed outside my seaside door.
Compelled beyond desire, lured by sight,
My weary soul is cheered straight to its core.

PHILIP NORDSTROM