

Poetry Porch: Poetry

It's hard to explain

By Marge Piercy

Sometimes my senses overwhelm
me. I can get lost in a peony
in a rose with old fashioned scent.

I bathe in colors, the red, the purple
the yellow covering my brain
in a rushing stream of bright pleasure.

Music can suck me into a trance.
I used to dance to ecstasy.
The ocean fills my eyes, grandeur

far greater than any human work
and I stare and stare caught
in it. I'm a passenger carried

along by the strength of sight,
sound, scent, chord and score,
stronger than any rational thought.

My body has grown weaker in age,
my strength has diminished, memory
dotted with holes, but my senses

remain keen and overemphatic.
The green of spring still excites.
and my cats' purr comforts me.