

air hugs

by Kitty Boots

so sweet to embrace the air at 70 degrees
my toes don't turn blue
when they hit the hardwood floor in the morning

a small sparrow hawk in the viciously pruned vitex
my goldfish are bumping
male goldfinches display the ever faint yellow
of summer plumage

the sun stays up longer and I feel more alive
I want to share with my friends, but all I can give them now are air
hugs

we walk the beach
separate, but sneak in a hug
faces turned, and the tide rolls in, as always

