

Triptych in Miniature

I.

Rolling, rolling along
while the wind styles her hair,
the car sings in the desert.

(Ah! It sounds like heaven.)

Searing cloudless skies,
perfect and clear;
A glass of water...
She can drink them both!

II.

The night sky is prurient and wise,
casting its winking glances
toward the day-baked car and
the girl, who's only half-awake,
sleepily winks back
at the people-less sky.

(Ah! This must be heaven.)

Soft velvet blanket... the
humming earth all around her....
she sleeps, loved by the stars....

III.

The peach lavender morning opens its eyes
and begins to bake the day.
The girl awakens, brand-new,
in a gesture of stretching and inhaling,
inhaling the freedom of the Big Sky.
Off she goes, into the sunrise,
divining the next piece of heaven.

Catherine Verrilli

St. Cloud State University Department of Music
247 Performing Arts Center
cverrilli@stcloudstate.edu / (320) 308-2259