Anthology of Lorna

Presented by

My poetic Side

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All of Us - No Matter How Humble

Consider a flower
It sits soft and moist
For a time
Brilliantly colored,
New, as if the first of its kind.

And whether you pluck it
And lovingly place it in water
Or leave it to stand naturally
Where it was born

It will give back its assets
To the earth
Water to rain clouds
Color to sunsets.

Home in My Dreams

I dream of a place
Where I belong
Where I don't belong.
And sometimes
Stretch out my arms
To reach for the place
Where I don't live.

My soul is English
The flowers in my garden
Ring with
The boxwood and daisies
And glory of
My love
For the little island
Set in the sea
That's home for me
In my dreams.

In the Company of Strangers

You can't get me
No one can
I can hide lower
Than creeping thyme
Within myself
I've stashed away
A million things to think about
I'm ready for the next winter
Long before it comes

Beavers

The beavers are gone
Perhaps the powers that be
Crushed their house
(It's just a pile of loose sticks now)
Beavers being a nuisance to manmade culverts
And civilization as we know it
They block them, the culverts, you see
In their eagerness to build
But all I know is that the beavers are gone
And the rushes blow alone in the wind.

Birds

I remember when I visited
You were gone all winter
In Florida - for work
And Florida not being my cup of tea
Surprised me
It was a long time ago
You are now old
Not well
Sad longings
I remember the birds
Such a song they sang
Like a posy of flowers
In the air
You were running around
Busy
But you were there
What will I do
When the birds sing like that
Without you being somewhere?

The Horseshows

Early those mornings, when the sun rose
We were up with the daybreak and out on the road
Flying down highways to the roar of the truck
Animals loaded and stalls were all mucked.

Horses stamped in their boxes, their heads were well tied
Steam from their nostrils now rose to the skies
As the roads turned to country, the fields blue and green
Lay shrouded in mist as we drove down the lanes.

Then, when arriving, the grounds filled with dew
We unloaded the horses and unpacked the gear
The saddles and bridles and leathery smells
Were all propped around us, each one had a place.

Curried and bridled, the horses performed
With a young man, a horseman, they set off to win
And around the great hurdles he and they jumped
Boldness and courage in every great leap

Monumentally brave as they heaved with the effort
Great strength was required and partnership tested
The crowds would now cheer or ignore as they chose
But the horse and young man rode the course for themselves

And no shouts or distractions would enter their heads
As they focused on hurdling the next set of jumps
If the timing was perfect, horse and rider in stride
Then good marks for the last one and on to the next

With most accurate timing and infinite care
They did cover ground quickly and fly through through the air
Setting down, turning sharply, leaping forward as one

Regroupng, repeating till the whole course was done.

Now steaming and lathered, horses walked heads bent down
They were showered and patted and given rubdowns
The sun slowly sinking, the shadows grown long
The crickets were chirping, the grass heated brown.

And coffee was downed for the long journey home
And water for horses now that they had cooled down
The horses were loaded, the truck was repacked
The tires were checked and clean shirts on our backs.

The breezes that blew brushed the ribbons from winning
They hung and they fluttered, like war medals gleaming
Back through the night we did pull the great load
Sweet hay in the hay nets, the horses were towed.

Such was the song of a day on the road
Most don't see the like and we wish that they could.

What Might Have Been

If I were a younger version of me
And you the same of you
Perhaps we'd have met on a rainy street
I'd have shared an umbrella with you
And we'd have spent the day
Arranged that way
Deciphering all our emotions
Looking back on those moments
That never were
I thank you for your sweet devotion.

Dancing with the Dead (RK)

How much can wishing
Make it so
When dealing with the impossible, I mean
You are dead and I alive
Can we still dance?
You a light and me an object
With the music something in between?
It is there enough to move us
But not enough to catch and hold onto
Johnny Rivers "Swaying to the Music"
One more time.

Silver Bullet (Uma)

My car is not just a car
It is a Japanese pony
And together we race the wind
Hardly mindful of legalities
At least, in our imaginations

If we were caught and put in jail
I think I would do well
Sitting by a window thinking of things
But my silver pony would forget
Its metal framework
And think instead of its
Bold heart, now chained.

Goodnight Moon, Goodnight RK

You were very big
And beside you I felt small
I liked that
Your hugs were huge,
Enveloping
I liked that.

"Let's look at that old moon"
You said
So long ago
Now you are dead.

Yet
The moon is still here
To remind me
Throwing its yellow light
On the spot
Where you would have been.

The Gents and Me

The way the day really starts
After waking, washing, eating
All that stuff

Is at the train station
Where I park the car facing east
And watch the gulls
Soaring on the golden sea
Of the rising sun
Garbage pickers all, but gentlemen
Who wink at me.

Psychosis

I settle me down
Just to relax
But then damn and blast
There's a hole in my slacks.

My favorite sweater
Is getting old
It's hard to stay warm
Because of the holes.

The mats on the table
Were lovely and new
Stains appeared so it's off
To the garbage with you.

I'm patching and fixing
All over the place
I want to be perfect
It's some kind of race

It's worse with the glasses on
Awful to witness
The dust tries to fly
And it's making me witless

Oh for the day
When my eyesight is going
Then it all can take place
With me never knowing.

May We Always Fly Free

Delicious, the first movements of the train
Through the secret back passages
Of the small town
Men drinking coffee behind buildings
Watch us go by
Before they return to the jail of their day
Oh to be with us and away!

Death by Hibachi

It's the rage
Make a note
It's very new age

Park the car
Under stars
And get the coals lit

Let them smolder
Watch the stars
While the embers sit

Rest your head
Take a breath
Sleep the best
You have yet

Endings

"I did that," I cried, as the horses thundered
And the riders intense with effort and wind-blown
Like mad Valkyrie, galloped by
"I did that," I cried to no one in particular
No one was there to listen, no one to care
But wistfully I repeated to the air "I did that"

The Train Station Wheelchair-bound Philosopher

Who are you
Man with the smile of one thousand moons
And voice of thunder subdued
The thunder that rumbles quietly after the storm
To settle things down

Who are you
Philosopher on wheels
Who loves the things one can see
Behind the houses, in the woods
While riding the train

Who are you
Who seems to know so clearly
That the important things in life
Are flashing by in those woods
And stay waiting for us
As we leave

Under the Sturgeon Moon (August)

Under the Sturgeon moon
One hot August night
It was going to rain soon
Had to bring the hay in
Had to bring the hay in

The bailer rode the field
One hot August night
We followed close behind
Had to bring the hay in
Had to bring the hay in

We walked and lifted bales
One hot August night
We worked under the moon
Had to bring the hay in
Had to bring the hay in

Dust settled on our arms then
One hot August night
Soon we counted ten times ten
We got all the hay in
We got all the hay in

Under the Sturgeon moon

Friends

Brave little cattail
Growing in a crack
In the curb by my bench
By the railroad track

Your fur is catching the morning light
Your head is bobbing in sheer delight
You dance and I smile and I dance with you
We are friends and I'll see you tomorrow

Hide and Seek

I left me in another room
Told me that I'd be back soon
But now I've lost me more or less
God I'm in an awful mess

If I could think where I was bound
Perhaps that's where I could be found
I'll have to try again today
Before me tries to run away

Call of the Sitar

Sit still and hear the sitar of the past
Its honeyed fingers sweetening the brain
Rousing dusty senses as we dance
It lit our fire. Now relight our fire!

Bright clothes and dancing in the dark
And swaying to the Stones and Mama Cass
The ghostly arms of marijuana smoke
Reach out to tempt the present to fall back

Stony Now is losing to the past
Its present day is seen to put to waste
Our senses and the midnight mysteries
Of love and madnesses that we embraced

The barren Present has not proved itself
The promises it held did not take place
Our shriveled senses swell to recognize
The sitar's call back to the Garden's grace

Floating

Well, there is no way in the world that all this living and experience and sadness and joy is meaningless, is there, but life seems just a ribbon or a tube floating on a river past the kaleidoscope of life's shrapnel on the banks as we drift by watching it explode into different shapes and sizes and colors and wonder at it all and whether we struggle or not the boat keeps floating by and our head is - so far - above water and whether we struggle or not it's the same so we learn not to and that is much better as we realize with relief that we cannot make or not make most things happen, all we can do is just float or paddle a bit or even thrash but the rhythm is the same no matter what we just keep floating through the good and the bad and it is all good.....

The Cold Moon (February)

Month of the Cold Moon
That comes to settle
That puts its keys
On the table in the hall
As soon as the door is opened

It hides even from itself
It watches from the windows
Inside and out
Has its doubts
We sit and wait it out

Paint Your Wagon

At one time I had two men
And I did love them both
But sadly I had to decide
Which one did I love most

One held out adventurous times
The other perfect kisses
Together they completed all
My perfect bucket wishes

I could have been there for them both
Of that I had no doubt
But men's egos what they are
It wouldn't have worked out

Of All the Hearts in All the Towns in All the World

Of all the hearts in all the towns
You walked into mine
"We'll always have yesterday"
As you leave me behind

I'm watching as you disappear
Out the dark back door
You wave and say "here's to you kid"
I cannot ask for more

I'm turning round to face the front
Since I can't follow you
Your younger self in front of me
The old one fades from view

I think that you would like it that
I'll sometimes stop and pause
To see you young and strong again
Holding my hand in yours

The Horse in the Lilac Bushes

When I was ten it occurred to me
What the lilac bushes were meant to be
A stall for my trusty bike (my horse)
It was just between me and him of course

And so I cleared a lovely spot
Beneath the branches hung a pot
For water that my bike could reach
To quench his thirst when he was hot

Sturmey Archer was his name
(Printed on the gears it was)
I tended to him night and day
I fed him carrots, grass and hay

It wasn't till the winter came
That parents spoiled this lovely game
It's not a horse its only iron
It lives inside not in a barn

So I would bide my time from then
Till horses (real) became my friends
There's nothing like a horse you see
For non-judgmental company

Damn Why Can't I Forget

Damn why can't I forget
The way you'd nudge me gently to get me up
The way we'd be off in your old truck
Highways rolling and later
The countryside waiting
The sun always shining even when raining
The feeling of safety even in danger

The way it never changed for so long
Damn why can't I forget
So on the day I die don't you forget
To swing by in that old truck
You've got to pick me up so
Down the highways we'll roll again
Home again home again

The Rain Wants Me

The rain wants me
He is throwing what sound like pebbles at my window
He is strumming his fingers loudly on the roof
And whistles softly for me down the chimney
He is very much alone
And wants my company
And I am responding with a longing
That has no name

Sliding Through the Intersection With You

All six horses
Loaded in the gooseneck
Driving in the rain

Your intensity
Tight hands on the steering wheel
Heading toward the day

Red light coming
Foot rests on the brake pedal
Nothing seems to work

Your face showing
All the possibilities
How will this play out

Your third arm goes out
Throwing it in front of me
Trying to keep me safe

So we slipped on through
Quietly disaster free
Protective arm in front of me

Angels at the Diner

If you are feeling a little bit low
Home is too lonely
You've things to work through
You want to be tended
But nobody's there
There's a place for this moment
A place where they care

The diner is waiting grab a chair to sit on
She'll come by your table
And she'll call you "Hon"
Whether man, woman, child
She will care the whole time
You're all of the world to her
Thinks you're just fine

You'll leave feeling loved
For just loose change and dimes

Achtung Spitfire!

Here she comes in that little red dress
Take evasive action
Head for the clouds
Try to feint, dive real low
She's got control
Doubt she's someone you'll escape
Her aim is deadly
She's an ace
There's room on her wing
For another "X"
Achtung Spitfire!

Bird in the Cold Against a Warm Stone Wall

Life is a lot of floating around
If you ask me
In chilly winds
Buffeted by
Cold glares and storms
From the world of mankind

Thank goodness for a peek
Of blue skies
And warmth of sunshine
Just once in a while
And the soul riding thermals
Into people-free clouds

There is Only Love

Some of us are made to be out in the world
And some of us.... not
But then which world?
The world of silver, all glitter and light
Always in the sun?

Not for me
My little world is green
Sometimes damp with rain
Has clouds and pink and blue sunsets
And is a place where all things quiet are possible

Sometimes even love

No Way to Kiss a Country Man

E.O. you old rascal you
When I was nineteen
Jamie took me to see you
Way up on your mountain

Still mean and still lean
And though no longer young
You were sinew and oak
You were salt of the earth

We sat as you told us
How it had been
How you'd fed your family
When times had been thin

The afternoon passed
And I reached for your cheek
To give it a peck
Till next time we'd meet

That's no way to kiss
Was all that you said
And you kissed with such vigor
I'll never forget!

Such a surprise
And such nervous laughter
Jamie stepped in, said shame
"She could be your daughter!"

But my forever nineteen self
Has wondered aplenty
What must you have been like

As a young buck of twenty!

Too Bad She Died - She Made Lovely Pickles

She could dress a deer
She could flip a pancake
Her baking brought tears
Her meatloaf was heartbreak

She shuffled the kitchen
She never looked good
She was just trying to give them
Some good hearty grub

She grew fine cucumbers
Out in the garden
The farmhands remembered her
Out there quite often

They picked her some flowers
They never were fickle
They would give their right arms
For her and her pickles

My Red Arrow

My red arrow whistles past the trees
Fresh from the bow pulled and sprung
And just for you it aims
All my good intentions

Soaring through the air
A safe whoosh as it flies just by
You may never know it is me
Who passes so close ruffling your hair

Perhaps you'll feel nothing
But the spent breath

Just for You

You should feel pretty every day
That's what I heard you say
Sitting in your wheelchair
While visiting today
Didn't feel like that at all
I felt rather askew
But laughed in answer to your words
I'll try then Jamie
Just for you

Self Torment - Specialite de la Maison

Did I do this
Did I do that
When in the cafe
We both sat

I didn't smile
I smiled too much
Looked serious
Seemed too stuck up

Too anxious
For your company
Or too much talking
About me

I laughed out loud
Was that too much
No gravitas
Perhaps in such

You wish me ill
You wish me well
In truth I honestly
Can't tell

It's easier by far I feel
To stay at home and cook a meal

Old Love - No Regrets (RK)

You were so splendid standing in the sun
Your sailor's peacoat open at the neck
You stood as if you held a warrior's pose
But all unconsciously, without conceit

My eyes transformed you into a Hussar
With coat of blue and ropes of golden braid
And flashing in the sun a sword of steel
Hung round your waist to polished boots of black

Why you caught my attention so I cannot say
Others have tried while I was young and lithe
But when you called I lost my very will
I did not think, I simply walked your way

Dreamlike we met for months on end
And still, those days' reality is dim
I only knew I could not break the spell
By putting thoughts to dreamlike actions then

Did I love you, did you love me, I hope
For some small time and more we did I think
It was a fragile thing, a lovely dream
That fills to brim a box of memories

Perhaps the box would have outlived the dream
Perhaps the dream was just a song of life

God's Mistake

Man is a vicious little virus
With a big ego
Who eats green things
And spews dark things
And will keep on keeping on
Until the bees and birds
Are gone

The Last Rail Ticket

I sat in the sun today
Coated against the cold
Facing south and the garden I tend
Sleeping under its bed of snow

And snow melted in patches
In the boxwood
Dripping like the small birds
That hide in their branches

The birds, the sun, the melt, the snow
The beauty
Had me asking
When can I go?

I'll Read the Clouds

Write me messages
Won't you?
To the clouds is where I'll look

Scrawl with the puffs of wind
You use as your pen
Shape your initials in the sky

Text me as I walk by looking up
Code me your advice
In the form of dotted lines

Wake me with mackerel scales
And send the weeping rain
With nimbus

Send me a cumulus of your thoughts
And a mare's tail
As a day's goodbye

Dispatcher - Table Down!

I used to ride horses
Legs stuck tighter than glue
I could run like the wind
And dance the night through

Time catches up
Now pounding won't do
Try yoga they said
It will sooth and renew

So here I am standing
On my right leg
With the toes of my left foot
Hanging over my head

On the back of those toes
I must now put my focus
While my leotard top
Is threatening to choke us

I'm watching the grass grow
Contemplating my navel
And all the while "ommmmmming"
As best as I'm able

I'll never untangle
I stand like a pretzel
I'm fated to crash
And take down a table

I wonder exactly
How long can I last
I sweat every minute

Wow this is a blast!

Aye! That's Us Away!

I set sail last early eve
Over the bounding main
And the sea was a sea of sleeping grass
Seen from my windowpane

At the kitchen window over the sink
With its one hundred eighty view
I took the wheel with a firm grip
And sailed over the grass of blue

We piloted through the piney masts
Of other ships in sight
And narrowly avoid rocks
That threatened our peaceful flight

The night moon hung over Madagascar
The sea swelled to take us there
We soared around horns and deadly ice
And through the Pacific air

Must we come back the ship and I
To the land of kitchen sinks
Must we come back to reality
Where I've only a tenuous link

The Sailor's Farewell

Hoist the sail, slip the mooring, swiftly sail away
There's nothing left to do here
There's nothing left to say
The seas were smooth, the seas were rough
The gales blew weak and strong
But many the days of sunshine
And many the friendly throng
The crowd on the bank is shrinking
As I turn with some remorse
But the vast horizon looming
Sets me on another course
So with a smile and a last wave
I turn to take the wheel
I leave my heart behind me
As I tack into the wind

Having To Let You Go

I'm learning to say goodbye to you
The sort of goodbye we say
To a flower we pass but can't take away
Or a smile that belongs to someone else
Or the glint of frost that will not stay
Or the sun that won't linger past the day
Or a beautiful moon that goes its way
Leaving us to walk along
Hands free and alone

The Renaissance Lover

Sing us a song that love would choose
Dance us a dance as love would move
Play us a lute a soul to woo
Write us a book of staying true
Paint us a portrait of love renewed
Compose us a poem of loving mood
Fashion a garment of many threads
Tie us the ribbons twixt hearts and heads

In Defense of the Realm

I've watched the world parading by
Through ramparts built around me
I only let the drawbridge down
When I am sure of safety

I smile and wave concealed above
Though wary of your presence
I would not wish you go away
But will not grant you access

Still I Am Walking

You must be afraid to be brave, the old sage said walking
Then I am a brave warrior said the young man
For I am very much afraid of battle and yet I fight

You must be afraid to be brave the old sage repeated, walking on
Then I am very brave to be in love said the young wife
For I am very much afraid to trust and yet I married

You must be afraid to be brave, the old sage said still walking
Then I am very brave to be living said the little man
For I am very much afraid of life

And you old sage, are you brave asked the child, holding his hand
I am bravest of you all said old sage
For death is waiting at the corner
And still I am walking

Dancing in the Kitchen With the Day

There's a rhythm as the kettle boils
A chorus in the toaster
I live alone for good or bad
So have to make the most of

Most times I can forget the past
And see the time before me
It sometimes even looks all right
Especially in sunlight

And when the dawn creeps cross the floor
To offer daylight romance
We set the rhythms to the chords
And sweep the floor with dances

We cook our breakfast to a waltz
And scramble eggs to lindys
Sometimes we get up on our toes
And pirouette the windows

The Day and me...

The Worm Moon (March)

Worm trails on the ground
Signal the Cold Moon's flight
The earth has softened up a bit
The Worm Moon rides the night
We stir
But fires are still lit
We sit
Still waiting by the hearth
Ears pricked

The Last Honourable Man

Bless us all our Robert Mueller
Keeper of our sanity
Give him all his heart's desires
Freedom from anxiety
Keep his hand firm on the wheel
Deflect the arrows aimed his way
Help him in his great ordeal
Hold his banner, save our day

Phoenix from the Ashes

Where have the sinews and muscles in your arms
And the ruddy color in your cheeks
From days outdoors
Gone

Why are your arms once so strong
And legs that stood so firm against the world
Shriveled to the state I see before me
Now

When did the hands that could craft and gesture
And the eyes that could see and show your soul
Weaken and go slow and
Dim

Would that I could refashion
Those sinews and muscles and arms and legs, hands and eyes
Make them whole again to renew
You

If They Dare!

Goin' down to the machete store
They ain't gonna bother me any more
Let them come at me
From the jungle night
My new bought blade
Packs a lot of might
If that don't work
I'll smile real slow
One way or another
They're gonna go

A Touch of Frost

This visiting the past is disturbing
Because the familiar landscape
Which seems so much the same
As before, long ago
Now shimmers with ghosts
And hosts insubstantial moments
Instead of Life

Too Cold For Anything

Why is March so horribly cold
The thermometer tells me
It's warmer than January
By 20 degrees
And the bird bath water
Refuses to freeze
But the tips of my fingers
Are chilled to the bone
And I want to stay home
The furnace is going full blast
But I'm past
Believing the numbers
They're lying
It's a conspiracy
To keep me sitting
In front of the fire
Or the last breath of Winter
Who is feeling bitter
Since he is dying
It's terminal
Only a few weeks to live
I'll help with that
In any way I can
Murder she wrote
Let's choke
The seasonal visiting villain

The Five Senses

Smell the pine in the floorboards
Polished with wear
Smell the oiled tablecloth
And the kerosene in the lamp
Feel the shift in the old chair
As you sit and watch the white curtains
Filter the window light
Hear the pan sputter
As the stove heats the butter
The bacon sizzles
The toast pops
The eggs crackle
Spread the jam
And taste the ham and its fixings
Take it in
So much love in the kitchen

The Sound of You

Your voice is my heart
Do you understand?
I hear it and it pumps my will to live
I hear it and it speaks, not from without
But channels itself from the inside out

Aquarius Lost

The stars aligned and heavens fixed a course
It's madness and its poetry, our happy days of youth
Of flowers, peace and love united us
In that short dawning of Aquarius

That dawning had its little day
And those of us who lived it grew our hair
And braided beads and daisies round our heads
And danced in colored coats in muddy parks
And loved the ones we danced with in the dark

A far cry from the monotone today
It was a time of freedom for the young
Youths whose youth is gone
But not so far as youth of now
All corporate gagged and bound

Their youth is stolen
Never to be found

The Dark That Never Leaves

When cold February came
She woke on dark mornings
Overtaken by black thoughts
And pulses of fear

Then light from a single incandescent bulb brought the day

But looking back into the mist of just waking
There was a clear prehistoric dawn rising
And ancestors vulnerable in the dark
Waiting for the light

Hanging Rock

If a rock fell on me
I would die.... quickly
But bad times are crueler
Because
They stifle us
Slowly

Measurements of Life

Measured in smiles
And bread on the table
And winding our way
Through trials
Hopefully with another
Surveying the miles together
Seeking safe distances
Between sunrise and sunsets
Inches of pain
But yards of contentment

Butter Side Down

Oh life is just a ton of laughs
Despite the dreams that sometimes crash
The highs and lows
The in betweens
Just keep repeating
And our dreams
Are filled with many things gone wrong
And still we try to sing our song
Despite the hopes that fall to ground
Like toast that lands
Butter side down

Handful of Biscuits

The biscuits before you
Are all that I brought
All that might tempt you
All that you want

I often worry
Do you know I'm still here
That you loved me once
That you held me dear

That together we raced
Through life's halcyon lights
And then found the peace of
The soft summer nights

We had it all then
And I can still hear
The echoes of laughter
Adventures and tears

But time gallops swiftly
We rode past the sun
We outraced the wind
And now your race is done

All that you own
At this moment in time
Is that handful of biscuits
And this heart of mine

Bah!

Dogbert says "Bah"
And so do I
Your self love
Is bulging its container
That kind of arrogance
Belongs alone
Not trying to squash us
To the bone
Categorically I say
Let's not waste another day
Hit the road and by the way
"Bah"

Andres Segovia and the Night of Torture

At ten years I was made to attend
A cultural affair
A new dress was bought
And for underneath
A nice stiff petticoat

The hall was small
Each sound rebounded
The coughs and squirms
Were fiercely noted
By the maestro
Deathly silence, strict demeanor demanded

And then
The dreadful petticoat kicked in
It itched and scratched
A thousand demons woven in
Its nylon skin

My parents' glare
At each twitch and itch
Sent me a dare
Don't move if you care
For life as you know it

Two dreadful hours I survived
Immobile and it left me traumatized
A full blown case of PTSD
Now forever haunted me
Segovia and I had made a pact
To hear him only on a CD track

Demons of Stupidity

Here comes the News
To interrupt my lovely cup of tea
To set my teeth on edge
To set me wondering why
The politicians thrive
And stay alive
When all they do
Besides perfecting stealing, cheating, telling lies
Is make us wish
That they would die
And let us digest
The rest
Of our breakfast

Butterfly Mornings

As I walked in deep woods
Off a field
At John Brown's farm
When the days were warm
Feeling very lonely
A butterfly with yellow wings
Adopted me
And crossed my path
To and fro
His flirts and dances
Leading me
Farther into the trees
He stayed as I explored
And found that beauty
That makes us so forlorn
To see alone
He stayed and led the way
As I turned to leave
Weaving his waltz
Until the pine path disappeared
As a goodbye
He sprinkled me
With powder from his wings
That glistened
As it formed a ring
Around my heart
Now he shows himself in dreams
When I'm lonely
So sad the past, it passes
So sweet the butterfly dreams
That dance over our losses

Silence and Me

Silence, my companion, walks with me
Together we watch spring ferns unfold
And moss and the green bloom of apple trees
And smell last autumn's leaves in the spring earth

We step like Indians through the piney place
No twigs are broken, nothing is disturbed
The mossy footpath rolls beneath our feet
And oak leaves brush against our face

Our hearts are full of the expanse of sky
That sends a wind song to invite a dance
The tumult of the world rejects us both
But we can hear the music in the grass

(9/08 - I submitted this to a Prairie Home Companion poetry contest and won it - however they own the poem now - but I've seen it floating around on the internet so I'm hoping they won't put me in a paddy wagon for putting it here with this disclaimer.....)

Showing Off for the Equinox

Spring - the year's imp
Delights in peeking from the ground
And shyly showing us
Its new garments
Their purples and yellows and pinks

Death Blows

You've been dead two months
I didn't know till now
Hearing it, I felt a blow
Right to the middle of me
And felt like sitting down
Sitting down and
Stupidly looking at the floor
Remembering
And feeling strangely happy that
You had hugged me when you did

There's a Kind of Hush

Shhhhhhh.... the ground is sleeping
Pulling up its cover of snow
The squirrels are creeping
The birds are silent
They do not sing
While the garden snoozes
Yet again
Loses its hope of Spring
Retreats under blankets
Winter's last prank
Good for lovers
But a tired game
A little lame
No laughter
Till Spring can prove itself
The Master

The Lesson No One Teaches

Will someone teach me how to die?
I want to see it coming and maintain my wits
Enough to remember sweet smelling mornings
The sweat of horses, full yellow moons
Strong arms and love in the grass
Without being greedy for more

The Thank You Poem

Not good at saying right out loud
But in a poem
Hope it's allowed
Thanks for a nice place to go
Thanks for your words
Just so you know
I love this site
It's a bit of a home
Now that I'm living all alone

Rita Hayworth - Staying Alive!

She was best in black and white
Had them swooning through the night
Sometimes yes and sometimes tease
Promised all her mysteries
Time has passed and now she's gone
Just the screen to sing her song
She gave them all some great romance
But brother, could that lady dance!

Accompanied by Trees

Our escorts to the sky
Stand in brown splendored bark
And lead our eyes upward
To soar the green veils
Of their lacy leaves
Enticing us
To reach to touch
That canopy of blue
That sails the heavens over us
To climb their branches
Like a ladder
For a better view

The Young Soldier

He doesn't boast or swagger
Or hold a forum on his deeds of yore
The perfect gentleman of old
A man of four score he saw the Burma war
That fetid jungle war beset by enemy
And damp and heat and cruel artillery
And young friends died around him
Far away from all they knew
But he was young and strong
And did his bit, expecting no reward
It's just the way it goes is how it's put
By fellow of that ilk
Our Burma hero

The Cold That Cries

The cold that refuses to leave
Means more than refusing to leave
It's about crying for the dying
It's about the hearts it's missing
It's not saying it won't try
To bring back warmth and Summer joy
But for today it begs a rest
From merriness

The Pink Moon (April)

The Pink Moon peeks
Over the worms now underground
And phlox carpets out her lovely blooms
Defiant in a world of yellow daffodils
She is triumphant
In the moon's tribute
To her blush

When the Pine Fell

The chipped dust of the old pine
Fell like snow on the roof
Fell like the tree it had been
Only tiny, scattered
Settling like tears
For the lost beauty of its former self
Once so mighty
Then so maimed
Then slain
Its years of rings giving themselves up
To the cycles of wax and wane
Joy and pain
Sun and rain

Music Waiting Under the Snow

Allium I'm waiting
Salvia you're delaying
Lilies you're trying
Hyssop still lying
Daisies you're lazy
All of you wake now
Start growing
Feed us the music in your souls
Sing to us as well as show
The colors that you know
I'll wait to hear
I'll wait here

Winnie and Roo

I love you Winnie said young Roo
I love you Roo said Winnie
Let's hop off backwards to our childhood
Where there was love and laughter
Let's leave this silly world of woe
And drag a stick behind us
Let's find the honey pots of life
And make a fine new chapter
Let's sit, drink tea and loll about
For happy ever after

Snowdrops in the Morning

Snow drops
Then stops
Then Snowdrops grow
Where they'll pop up
No one knows
They're not so very
Hard to grow
For you they'll put on
Quite a show
Though ice had tried
To keep them down
Determined they broke
Through the ground

Mary and the Little Snake

Mary had a little snake
Her parents worried so
What are we to do with one
Who picks them up for show
No cuddly teddy for this child
But wildlife in her mitts
Where did she come from
They both cried
I think she's lost her wits!

The Warp and the Weft

The wind shifts in the loom of the sky
Propelled back and forth the pick flies
The past present and future
One warp thread
One weft thread
Repeated
Until we poor weavers have completed the cloth
There is no unpicking of time
The finished work stands when we fall
Our lives defined in woven lines

The Laughing Dormouse

Isn't life grand
I'm feeling so fine
It's rare for me
To be up at this time
In fact it's better
That it's said
I'm hardly ever
Out of bed
But for this flower
And the view
I'd probably be
Asleep now too!

Beauty of the Soul

The soul is a book
To be read by the literate
A pretty cover
Won't help you discover
The value of the words
To be read from it

The Shade Garden

A little shade
A little glade
Away from South exposure
Variegated leaves brighten
All the darkest corners
The lilies at the ends will bloom
In contrast to their brothers
A happy family indeed
Including this their gardener

Lamb's Ears in the Garden

Another view I'm waiting for
The lamb's ears and their silver
The silver stays through winter days
And thrills through summer's wonder
Its soft and furry leaves will spread
And send blue flowers soaring
It's cold here now but I can't wait
For warmer silver mornings

Much Ado About Anything

Call them what you will
Grand things are small things
In the scheme of things
Call them what you like
Tears of joy or tears of pain
All run together in the rain

Riding Pegasus

You taught me to fly
To ride the back of a horse
To leap the earthbound fences
As we threw our hearts ahead
And jumped them
The horses and I flew
And like a dance in the sky
Under your care
We lived in the air

The Hungry Shadows

As life goes on
Moves forward
Shadows grow longer
And hungrier for attention
As we step they cling
Our heels dragging them along
The baggage of the past
Weighing them down
They beseech
As they pull at our feet
Calling us to see
To look back
Lest the burden of the past they carry
Should break their grip
Leaving us with lighter steps
But now shallow and empty

The Black Flower

Aren't there days
When you wake
And imagine
The black flower of Death
Its petals and curls
Unlike other flowers
Have the power
To put us to rest
Its beautiful blanket of night
Will cover
The worst and the best
With its soothing perfume
Of rich heath and
Its mattress of the earth

The Cremation Playground

No cold earth for mine and me
Set us free
We'll ride the winds away
Swirl our last atoms
Into the rising day
Jump the sun beams
Finally holding hands fast
Twirl together
In this new form
Rather than leave the earth
We will stay

Sweetie Baby's Invitation (Death)

Sweetie Baby! At my door
You're looking good
Black suits you

Don't kiss too close
Your nose is cold
It's not your warmest feature

You've got an invitation
In your hand
Which I don't feel like opening

I've hurt your feelings?
Oh too bad
You really should have called first

Yakety Yakety Yakety Yak

Jabber jabber
Why on earth
Do people blather
On so much
It's not as if it tends to matter
So and so did such and such
It keeps them feeling
They're in touch
But really through millenia
Repetition yet again
Ad infinitum to the end

Observation About a Train Conductor Who is Always in a Bad Mood

Any man who loves yellow chickens
That lay green eggs
Can't be
All bad.....

Little Tiny White Things

All the flowers of Spring
All the little white things
Some grow here and some far
But wherever they are
They sing to our hearts in the mornings

Artists may flourish
And gardeners may nourish
But they charm as they relish
The sun and they cherish
Their freedom

Their little lives short
They won't come to naught
Sing their songs and their praise
As they cover our graves
When the time comes

Buy By All Means

Buy another tie
Or spaghetti for the table
Or a Jag if you are able
Buy the flagpole then the flag
A microwave and things with cables
Techie stuff galore
Furniture too big to fit the door
Another house to put it in
Live there part time and then
Live in the other house again
Working all the time
To pay for the cruise to unwind
A pricier funeral is best
For one who has more than the rest

The Good Bad Ugly and In Between

Low slung belt
Stomach taut
Muscled slouch
Sexy walk
Guns at the ready
Eyes slit and mean
I've been a gunfighter
In my dreams

The Great Escape

Sleep presents alternative to fill a void
When our ideas have dried
It hungers us once more
For food we tired of the day before
It breaks into manageable pieces our lives
We can put our heads into pillowy sand
And ride camels of the night to foreign lands
It undermines the dawns that over face us
And gives dominion over fears that chase us

The Ostrich Pose

Too shy to look for comfort's arms
Too sad to laugh like yesterday
Too sore from trials of life's alarms
Too glad for no more company
But there is still one thing she seeks
To take her hands and block it out
It can't get her what she can't see
Behind the hands she'll have no doubts

My Sails are Luffing

The sails on my little boat are luffing
You are the wind that always filled them
Yours was the compass I looked to
Yours the direction I steered by

If the wind is dying slowly
The voyage coming to an end
Before you go
Raise the wind again

Fill the sails enough
To keep my little boat afloat

The Flower Moon - May

Showers and showers
And now the flowers
Sitting in the soft moonlight
Of the May nights
Like pearls hung in strands
Like multi colored sea shells
Tossing back
The light into the black

Road Trip Conclusions

We took a trip to see some land
Thought that we might buy some
The price was right
Our purses small
And so we set off hopeful

But our hearts sank
As we drive through
A landscape flat and empty
The day was long I composed this song
As we were driving homeward

We'd rather be home than anywhere
But
We'd rather be anywhere
Than Delaware

Throw Out the Nets for the Wondrous Heart

If someone thinks
You've hung the stars
And made the heavens blue
That you have shaped
The rolling hills
That the moon depends on you
That the horses run
To the paddock gate
Whenever they see you smile
That the lark in the field
Sings a higher note
Because you watch him fly
That dolphins outrace
The stately ships
To show themselves to you
Why then you have captured
A wondrous heart
And a love to hold onto

The Tears of Lean On Pete

Sitting in the room so dark
I truly think I lost my heart
How could a celluloid movie
Destroy me so, do this to me
How could a boy of such young years
Bring an audience to tears
How could we believe it so
We've carried it with us as we go
This sharing of such poignant pain
The summoned tears
That still remain

Cobwebs of the Sun

What light rises over there
As vibrant as a candle flame
That with its cobweb rays of gold
Has caught the virgin day again

Malarkey Blowing in the Wind

You stop to ask me if he's well
If everything is dandy
You're going to visit him as soon
As Christ walks on the Ganges

And when the rainbows turn to gold
You'll go and sit beside him
And in your mind you'll see you there
Although you never have been

While you remind me you're a friend
You hope he will forget you
So of your absences he maybe
Never will remind you

You speak to me so sincerely
I almost could believe you
But I see clearly what you want
You want me to console you

And with no effort on your part
You'll think yourself so noble
But I can see your coward self
And watch you hide from trouble

Sit and stroke your ego'd self
And spout your sad malarkey
You're such a little man at heart
We certainly don't need you

Seine Haul Fishing For Life

We set out with our nets
Our doughty hearts in hand
And cast them out into the winds
Not knowing where they'll land

The fishes of life swim round
We catch them as we're able
Like silver darts before us
As we bring them to the table

Some of us are lucky
We work to make it so
If rocks come up in our nets
We toss them
Let them go

Simply Shakespeare

His words of love and history
From whence did they appear
What muses danced before his eyes
And whispered in his ear
An ordinary man and yet
A master we hold dear

Oh the Joy of Knowing You

Oh what I would not have done
If I had not met you
What would I have known of the stars
Or learned of staying true
Of packing trucks for early rise
And cruising morning miles
Of holding helium equines
Like kites on end of lines
Their muzzles nuzzling our heads
Your life force without pause
Your energy beneath my wings
My dreams holding up yours

Choosing My Chains When We Met

I'm taking you on
That's it for me
A lot of wiggling around
Till I found
The right chains for me
Now what you do or don't do
It's a together thing
That road will be rough
For a footloose fancy free
Girl like me
But I'm taking you on

Elusive Endorphins

If someone can make me feel magic again
Bring it on
But I doubt it
I think it's gone

Time's River

It's done, the fun
It's gone the dawn
The years roll on in monotone

The moon suits me
Much better now
I like its contemplative brow

The river no longer breaks free
But drifts along
With moon and me

Just acceptance
As we float
Together in our little boat

The Inevitability of 3 A.M.

People die at 3 a.m.
It's a popular time
To succumb

People cry at 3 a.m.
The velvet darkness
Is a friend

The past's alive at 3 a.m.
The future clashes
With it then

The future looms at 3 a.m.
Its less optimistic
Than in the sun

Leavings are planned at 3 a.m.
No stopping time
Nowhere to run

Trees in the Breeze of Time

Another new tree I am planting
Another old one coming down
If acid rain will leave it be
It should be here when I am gone

And many years in the hereafter
Another voice will surely say
I saw a crack in that old tree
I think we'll cut it down today

The Strawberry Moon (June)

Let us taste the Strawberry Moon
Wrap us in the light of
The pink dawn-at-night moon
Let's pretend that June's perfection
Never ends
That the strawberries and cream of June
Will serve to mend
And to our troubled thoughts
A peace lend

Indecisive House Wrens

Your little feathers all aflutter
You bring your wife you chirp and mutter
You love the wreath that's on my door
To set up house there you'd adore

While that won't do as clearly seen
By the mess you make with mossy greens
I've hung a house for you nearby
A red one just for you to try

I'm waiting now to see if you
Are smart enough to move into
Through curtained windows watch you both
Contemplating this new birdy house

But so far you are nowhere near
To setting up a family where
We'll both be happy with the spot
Where you will raise your little tots

Who Put Me Here?

Honestly, did they ask?
Don't I have rights?
I was the last
To be consulted
I should be insulted
Set down in perplexity
It's a mystery to me
And dangerous
Things coming at you
From every direction
A great deal of deflection
Needed to survive
Never mind thrive
So much reflection needed
To analyze
Life's bee hive

Wanting To Go With You

Who am I now you're disappearing
Who will I be when you are gone
Will I be a lone survivor
Or a song that has been sung
Searching for the far off portal
You'll hold open once you're gone
Will you call me from the ethers
Will your new voice drift to me
Will I have to spend long years while
Searching for you in my dreams

Coffeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Before coffee
Comatose
Life stinks
I think

Best then to drink
Just enough
So I can blink
And think

Pink Royalty

Peonies' pink petals please
And nod quite prettily to bees
And to the lesser plants and trees
Holding sway over their court
Of stately greenery

Second Best

Old maid turkey
Absurd bird
You've given up
On being loved
You've turned your back
And left the herd
They don't want you
But you don't care
You stay quite close
To the feeder where
The seeds fall most
Upon the ground
You've been shunned
By all the rest
But found a spot
That's second best

The Downs and Pick Yourself Ups of Life

When the blue downs come along
Like a mean streak bearing down
Stand up quickly back upon your feet

Like a tiger bare your teeth
To show them who is boss
And never ever show them that you're weak

Put steel into your backbone
There's no loss here but your own
If you let life knock you to the ground

You may very well be sad
But it's better to get mad
And rouse that fighting spirit deep within

A Honey of a Day

It was a honey of a day
When you first came her way
The kind of day that makes the whippoor wills
The breezes soft and mellow
And your fingers on her cheek
The kind of day that makes a girl go weak

She let herself believe
From that morning to that eve
That all your pretty words were honeyed wine
But she could not kid herself
That those words were from the heart
Or that time would prove that you would never part

So when next day clouds blew by
Which you saddled up to ride
She watched with knowing eyes as off you flew
And she kept that honeyed day
In a box with ribbons blue
As a way of holding onto it and you

A Flirtatious Understanding with Death

I dreamed I was Titania
And you were Oberon
And in our green lace bower
We would stay both safe and warm

Your arms were strong and constant
Your eyes were clear and wise
It never dawned on me that this
Would change as time went by

That woodbine boughs would weaken
That nodding violets die
That musk roses and eglantine
Would wither on the vine

Our bower now is skeletal
The dew drops have grown dry
And death is reaching out to you
Before my very eyes

But more fool he if he believes
That this could ever be
For I will wheedle him until
He take both you and me

The Freedom of Wolves

In a cubicle in an office
In a concrete box
On a chair that swivels
Round the cage
The one window they eye
Shows the sun
From noon till one
Then shadows fall again
Sometimes they can imagine far off
The call of the wolf
Running in the wild under the moon
His fur smells of snow
His longitude and latitude
Define a place
Where they can never go

Welcome the Nights

Have you ever looked at someone
Who says Have a Nice Day
And thought with quiet irony
Easy for you to say
However looked at
In quite another way
The best trajectory for daylight hours
Is for them to go away

The Buck Moon (July)

The Buck Moon struts his way across the sky
And plants his feet in the heat
Of summer clouds
Lifts his nose to ionic lightening
Bathes in thunderous rains
And grazes on the stars

Charles Trenet - La Mer

When you sing
You close my eyes
My soul grows wings
My heartbeats sigh
I've left the earth
To find you where
We both are sailing
On La Mer

Mourn Not

Mourn not for the days of old
Nor cry for them your tears of gold
Nor set them jewel-like in a ring
Nor of them many songs do sing
But set them free knowing them gone
For you'll rejoin them ere long

Delightful Disconnect

I don't want
To touch the ground
Or to be shackled
To things found
Where hearts can't fly
And souls do die
Bereft of air

Don't take me there

Just let me roam
The fields of time
The living feast
Of bells that chime
Concerts of birds
Dances of wind
All merry notes for us to sing

Alone Together

Eye to eye
Heart to heart
Hand to hand
And yet apart

Alone together
Can't be one
Not meant to be
It can't be done

What Breezes Bring

As breezes blow and kiss my face
The whispers that they leave behind envelop me
The souls of everyone I have known
Have just blown in the wind
And sewn a patchwork of love
Out of the nothingness of air
I am so glad
That they are there

The Surgeon Moon (August)

The lakes reflect the Sturgeon Moon
As she calls upon her silver water children
To dance for her
And so create the ballet
Of August nights
Which she stage manages
And lights for them

Invisible

I am such a tiny cog
A little puff of smoke
That with some wiggles on a page
Reaches out to folks

I do not mind my being small
I do not mind at all
I'd rather be invisible
Than anything at all

Girded for Battle

Every morning do I stare
Into the mirror where
I artfully arrange my presentation

A curl here a curl there
As I attitude my hair
And share with my reflection knowing laughter

Now I look like who I am
Oh thank goodness I still can
And with my armor on I'm steeled for battle

As the day wanders on
You will find me going strong
Deflecting all life's arrows of destruction

The Harvest Moon (September)

The old Harvest Moon
Shines his light
And rocks on his porch
With his corncob pipe
Satisfied as he surveys
The rolling fields
And strokes the hair
Of the golden maize

6 am Quandry

Shall we peek out
From the white pillow clouds of sleep
To acknowledge the day
Or stay wrapped in safety
And avoid the fray?

I Know You - I Hear You

Hurry back you said
But I heard
Hurry back time
The Past
Memories

Hurry back you said
But I felt
Don't leave me
So alone
Without.....

The Hummingbird's Farewell

The little jewel is rushing
As she is wont to do
Among the hyssops
Still standing in the fading garden
Kisses for all as she flies
She eyes the next and next
So many to say goodbye to
Before she leaves
So soon
Packing her sugar trunks
For the long lonely flight
Off and away before the Harvest Moon

In Reply to Michael's "The Months" (2018 version)

Seasons come and seasons go
Bringing with them ice and snow
Slush and mud and wind and hail
Rain that's falling by the pail
Microbursts and tornadoes
Tsunamis and volcanoes
Landslides, sinkholes, avalanches
Fallen trees and broken branches
Stop! I think I see some blue
I don't know what that is
Do you?

Blue Silence

Blue flower in the vase
Sitting in the silence
Water is gone
But still the color carries on
Speaking to the quiet
Its blue flower words
As it fades away
And leaves the space
More silent that before

Doing One's Best

To help you
I've made your memories mine
Taken on your pain
Squeezing sunshine from the rain
Dancing alone for two
Making you smile once in a while
That's what I do
We'll be all right
It's worth the road ahead
To see you through the night

The Hunter's Moon (October)

Dark branches are his hide
As he climbs slowly through the night sky
Breathlessly stalking in shadows
The elusive stars
To add to his collection of light
He'll do no harm
They'll be released at dawn

The Beaver Moon (November)

The beavers
Building their ramparts of sticks
Against the coming cold
Work steadily through the night
Among the moon's silver drops
That shine
On their sleek fur, the lake
And the distant stand of pines

You Will Search

When you are ether
And I earth
You will search
And shine a beacon for me to follow
Like a buoy in the night sky
That tolls a deep voiced bell
A sure fix of your location
And a beam of light to connect us
Point to point
Though out of sight

Bring Spring To the World

As your smile evokes a sunbeam
As your eyes the moonbeams bring
As your arms hold promises of love
Let your presence bring the Spring

Remember When

Scattered photos on the floor
Or is that me in pieces
Or is it tears splashing the ground
Over lessons that life teaches

Time Unacknowledged

The hail of time fell
For all to hear it
But she did not
Walking along
As a river flows
Surging from the runoff
Of those hails and snows....
She did not know
Time passes

Where I Find You

I reached for the last summer flower
And you were its center
I found you this morning
In the call of an unknown bird
Scooping water in my hand
Your face ran through my fingers
The fire died down
But the warmth of you still lingers

Autumn

The elfin Autumn has conspired
To fashion herself
As a kaleidoscope
She hopes
To dazzle the admiring sun
To have him with his crystal elegance
Spin her round
To facet her colours
Into a glorious dance

Time's Bouquet

This new Now is a great big flower
About as beautiful as it gets
It's got its place in my golden bower
And mingled with the Past it sits
The large bouquet that they both build
Has its roots in your old heart
And the days that it will fill
Take us back to where we start

Heaven Is All Very Well But.....

What an oddity
Where have they all gone
Perchance you know
Jeffrey Bernard is UnWell
Unwell indeed
His condition has escalated to death
But where has he gone
Just a simple inquiry
I seem to ask so many the same
As I wander through my days
Asking the air
Perhaps it's silly
Kate away with her Calla Lilies
But where did she go?
How could they not be here
I don't want to interact
But do expect
Everyone to stay intact
I don't fathom the Where
Oh dear
The question must be too complex
So few take the trouble to respond to it
Although perhaps I ask too distractedly
To command the respect of an answer
That with half a melancholic mind
I vaguely still hope to find
But then if they could answer me
They would still be

The Last Night

The soft mud pillowing my head
Will be my last embrace
Prone I see the valley and the sun's last light
My last light
As my comrades and I
Prepare to march into
Our last night

The Prairie

There is a flat plain
With wisps of crisp grass
Yellowed and dry
Captured in the mass
Of space and time
The prairie of the life that was
With its wagon ruts
Cut by the wheels of fate and design
As moments rolled on
And left it all behind

The Long Nights Moon - December

The Long Nights Moon holds the hand
Of the cold darkness
And they comfort each other
The one using his light as a beacon
While they slide across the frozen sky
Towards the welcome of the far off dawn
Where, the lantern extinguished,
They head for home

The Letter

Folded it lay and white
Folded tight
On the white of the cloth
A hasty read
Then idly tossed
No seeds
Were planted in the heart
It had flown so far to find
The wind that had carried it
With high hopes aloft
Turned back alone
And imparted with soft sighs
As he roamed
Sad news of a love that died

Separations

The waves pull in and the waves pull out
And the sea's hand cups your sturdy boat
I cannot take to the sea to roam
So must walk back in the dust alone
Back on the path that leads to home
And turning there hear the gulls far cries
As time and circumstance separates lives
You have no choice you have to go
I have no choice life welds it so
And the sun will set and the sun will rise
And the clouds change shapes
And the winds will sigh

The End

Stop struggling little fish
Stop struggling
And I will sit by you
And stop struggling too
Together we will explore
This new state
Of unambitious fate
And because we have each other
We can agree as breath slows
That Quiet is the friend
We will invite to join us
For he too knows
There is no need for noise ever again

Words

Words needed so
Not conjured long ago
Spoken
No not too late
Richer the endearments
For their long wait
Earned merits
Heard earlier
Would be shallow
Welcome long awaited friends
Love more wisely poured
From a mellowed core

The Transom Window

Today the blue and white and lacy branches
Tonight the moon will sport its silver dances
The pinks of dawns that steal the mornings' show
The doomsday clouds of storms the winds that blow
The blazing sunsets burning magnifique
The autumn leaves falling as ground they seek
The sun's relentless glare of days too dry
The sideswept veils of rain that wander by
The snow that falls like theater's magic curtain
In this revealing window's view I'm certain
That I will see your soul after its parting

Our Best

We cannot hold a person tight enough
To save them slipping slowly to the dark
We cannot kiss their eyes and hold their hands enough
To stop the frightened beating of their heart
Our minds can only ride the clouds of their distress
And saddle horses named unhappiness
The best that we can do for them is ride abreast
The best that we can do for them is do our best

Evening of Our Great Content

The slant of the late day sun
Shadows over the garden walls
Stripes the creatures foraging
Their evening nuts and seeds
Dapples greenery with soft light
Sets off bursts of twinkle
As it skims the bird bath
Kisses us
Then dances off to join the night

Rainbows

Rain
And again rain
And again more
But in your room
You are dry and warm
Now at last in a safe place
As if in cotton
And your mind wanders not
Nor does it worry
But settles to the rhythm of the drops
That kiss the windows
And you smile at me
And you smile at it all
A kind of life
A kind life
Where you can't fall
Where you no longer remember
The colors of Fall
But somewhere in your mind
Rainbows still form

Red Cushions

Having just freshened the room for summer
Bright new pillows fewer cluttered pieces
Pretty
And silent
I sit somewhat at peace to see something lovely
Around me
If you can't be here
I will content myself with this
I will tell myself that nothing is amiss
That all is well
That this surely is bliss

Flowers Musing on Rain

Over attentive lover
Prince of Spring and life it brings
Your plenitude far from teasing us
To put on garments just to please
Is causing us to glance wistfully
At our dancing slippers of colorful silk
In the closet still and until
The sometimes overwhelming Sun
Returns to chase you back a while
All's fair in love and war
Where less is sometimes more
Over ardent Rain
Stay back and let the yellow might
Coax us up into the light
Gentle up sweet Rain
And let us dress in colors once again

Someone to Watch Over You

I am the gatekeeper
I do not set the cost
Or raise the pole
But stand silent to watch
As you pass through
Nudging you towards the direction you must take
As you go on to something new
I will remain steadfast
Till you are safe
And only then will I take to the path after you
Waiting for your hand to bid me near
Listening for the song of what we've done here

A Time for Everything

What has happened that
I've turned my back
Completely on the past
I'm suddenly free of all of it
And grieving now at last
Didn't think I had it in me
To come alive again
Your turn to keep me in your heart
Your turn to be my friend
Release your hold and let me breath
The air of sunny Spring
Wait if you like but be discreet
Don't hang about the wings
Don't come back while smiles abound
To cast the kiss of death
Make up your bed and think towards
Your loamy sheets of earth

The Evening Ball

The evening brought the invisible breezes
That danced the trees into the night
Leaves tossed about in a flurry of delight
While dresses of tuile, jeweled on each panel
Were held at courtly arms length
By cavaliers of the dark wind
We can only assume them to have been
Black tuxedo'd escorts by us unseen
Who commanded starlit orchestras to sing
The elegance of their swaying partners
Enchanting the watchers
As the day's light went dim

Troubles

Are you crying?
Even though they said
Everything will be all right
And for a moment you were soothed
Now it's night
And dark
And you realize the truth
That at the end of the day
Troubles don't just go away
But often stay
Forcing us to mold lives
Around these worrisome guests
Until their wants and needs
Have been addressed

The Carousel Ride

And so they put us on the carousel
How cute we are
How adorable
As our little legs run haltingly
Towards the future
Round and round
And some of it is wonderful
Then the gears seem to stick
The protective cover erodes
The rain falls through
The seats rust
Our friends fall off
And there are tears in the horses' eyes

Where We Still Meet

I thought your dying
Meant you would be gone
Why is it then
That as I wander through the rooms
I am hearing you
And you are seeing me
And we have made a pact
To touch the same wall
And feel the heat of each other
In that touch

His Old Hat

Memories linger in that old hat
Which I refuse to wash
By my pillow it lies at night
I sometimes hug it
Sometimes wear it
Savour the smell of your hair
And ride again through our life together
Remembering the green days
And how you'd take it off when you came home

Entirely Gone

Things have to be the way they are
It is what it is
Your soft tweed jacket
And hat and old school tie are here
But the fact is you are not
I must remember this
It's not a lot to take in
That you have died
I just resist
And so I will have to apply myself to try
Not looking for you
In the next room and the next

Carolyn

Today she's off to camp under the Western stars
She'll wake perhaps on mossy bed
And with the Sun
Have breakfast with some honey on her bread
She is a happy soul at peace
And in her garden some sweet woodruff shines
Her kitchen smells of spice and tea and flowers
Her hair hangs down some silver there entwined
And in cold winter when ice forms
Both her house and her good heart are warm

Palette of the Day

Running outdoors to rake gold
And tidy it in piles
All yellows today
The Sun himself, the Master,
Sketches in the corners
With his inspired hand
Adding sometimes a touch of red
In a garden bed
While I work

The Winds on Which We Sail

The Wind and its directions
Daily shifts our hopes and dreams
Northerly the winter gales and frost
Keep us together
Easterly the morning and its dew
We have so much to do
Westerly the gold of evenings
When we sit beside each other in the glow
Southerly the gentlest of all
Is where we'll sail when all is through

Kites

Blow the wind
Loft our kite
Look up and see
Our hands against the light

Climb the string
To catch the view
To bob and weave in
Gusty skies as falcons do

Hear the music
As the breeze
Vibrates the string
And softly starts to sing

Wild Company

I've had turkeys in the grass
And a wild red fox run past
A bear who's there but I have yet to see

A coyote 'neath my trees
Indeed a mangy sight to see
Hugged the brush and slunk away into the night

A white crane who strutted by
Early here one summer day
A more magical a sight there's never been

Now a bobcat has appeared
Somewhere up beyond the field
With his whiskered little ears he's greeted me

So when I think I'm all alone
In my cozy little home
But a little bit forlorn that it's just me

All I have to do is call
Throw a little food for all
And one by one I've got some company

For A While

Always restless
Always on the move
One more place to be
Another road
Tinted fields flashed by
Mist mountains ahead
Unfolding landscapes
Your hand pulling
Urging mine along
Until you found a hill
I couldn't climb
A place I couldn't
Go just yet
You couldn't stop
I did my best
And so, for now,
You've had to leave me
Here to rest

Ode to a Sticky D Key

I have a sticky D key
On my laptop
So if I'm missing d's
It's just a type flop

Bucket List Senryu

I wanted your love
So fabulous I got it
One thing off my list

Autumn Rain

Autumn rain is best
Despite the chill
It sends us indoors
To look through windows
And softens the view
Of watery landscapes
With soup in our hands
Or hot chocolate
We appreciate the dry
As the wind blows

The Things They Do

Our tinted iris orbs
Peer shyly out at others
From a safe distance
Their actions are phantasmagorical
We applaud
As they twirl their inexplicable dances
Aren't they wonderful we say
I wish that I could be like them some day

Lunch at My House

My salad spinner
Took off on me today
Flew across the kitchen
Smashed into a tray
Brought dishes down
As it flew by
But the lettuce is dry

The Four Letter Word

Most believe that finding Love
In the scheme of things
Is grand

We all want someone to
Reach out to us and take
Our hand

But it can be elusive often
Blowing in the wind
Like sand

The Arrows of Time

When young and strong
The stance of men
Confident and agile
They could lift the world
Wanted you to believe it
Until it reflected back to them
From your captured heart
It was unassailable
Their assurance
But left you unprepared
For when the years rusted the armor
And the visor parted
To unmask the vulnerable eyes beneath

The Sheets and Time

Wednesday .. and I change the sheets
This marks the passing of a week
No sooner are the clean sheets taut
Than yet another week is caught
Now hear the clock tick frantically
Time rushes to its metronome
The sheets take with them all the weeks
And quickly so our lives are gone

Staying Alive

Perhaps all the work I did
The nails I drove
The garden beds
I labored in and love
The paint that cheers the inside light
Were a foreshadowing
A Hadrian's Wall
Defense against the stealthy foe
A safe place to retreat
A flight
Which I thought you'd share
But you had to leave
Yet another reason why
I stay in my house of Peace

Quarantine Senryu

On this side of the door
Without access to the store
Send my pizza in

Separate Skins

Oh those young eyes
Watching me
Searching my words
For the mysteries
Of my time before their time
If I could show them every little moment
Sing them every song
One by one
They could tilt their heads
And try to comprehend
They would yearn
But never ever know

Days Like This

This is an August day
The skies are gray
Rain half heartedly falls
Not enough to quench the garden
Above the clouds are stalled
And hang about
The grass grows slowly now
The young birds feed themselves
Bird seed does not sink so fast
In hanging feeders
The parental rush is over
I caught a mouse in a humane trap
And let him go
So he is free
And so am I
It's a restful time to be alive

Shadows

There is a world in darkness of the night
Most of us are strangers to that land
Children of the light
We dare not question shadows
So slip through green fields and flowers
Accept the Sun as home
And when he closes the door
Pull the curtains tight
Set flame to the candle
And wait

The Course

The course has been plotted
The horse taken from the barn
The rider mounted
The journey begins
Over sunlit hills
And down into dark valleys
Wading through streams of salt tears
Fallen from love sick hearts
And broken dreams
The strain of struggle
And on the horse and rider plunge
Whipped by branches
Side swiped by fate
Cheered on occasionally by love
Reaching for trophies
Triumphant
Then tired
Then sore, perhaps lame
When the horse is stumbling
The rider unseated
Ambition melts and fades away
Quiet of home beckons
Takes them in
Enough of the world
Peace is the last cup they'll win

Brave (For Laura)

Que te pasa mi pequeno
What worry is life handing you?
What can we do?
We will try to send a word
To dry your eyes
Make the darkness fade away
And hold your hand
With ink stained hands
Try to understand
We cannot save
But we can cheer you on
Mi valiente

Cross Purposes

And so here I sit
You are gone
Away to somewhere wonderful
I like to think
The selfishness of wishing you back
To the pain you were in
Overwhelms me
I cannot do that
Perhaps you are afraid
To wish me there
Thinking I would miss life
And so..... cross purposes
Speaking strictly for myself
Following you was
All I ever really wanted to do

Garden Art

Sun hit the bird feeder
In such a way
As to paint a primitive landscape
Of left light
And right shadow
With jeweled birds dancing
For all the world
Like summer's last festival

The Great 20th Annual..... For Charity

Bought a lottery ticket yesterday
From a nice old man
The Great Pootatuck Duck Race Raffle
To benefit various Lions Club charities
Only $5
And did I know
I could go to my phone
And scan their thingamajig
To pay online
But I said to him
No thanks
I'd rather pay to win
Your chuckle in real time
And see the laugh lines
On your face
For the honor of losing (again)
The great Pootatuck Duck Race

Sunday Shivers

Unnerving Sunday
No stress no worry
No dark thoughts of the coming Monday
As used to be when there was school or work
But foreboding nonetheless
You can hear time
Not ticking just passing
The sofa becomes transport
Through the quiet
Something vaguely uncomfortable
Teases in the air
But is not shown
I suppose it's quite normal at that point
To hunch one's shoulders
If one is alone

Ennui

Hazy trailing of one's fingers
Through hanging boughs
In Uncle Vanya's garden
The heat of summer
Dragging at one's feet
Supine beneath the willow
Hand on forehead
Springing turf to rest on as a pillow
Ambition lost
A passive giving in
To giving up
Desultory emptying of the cup

Fury

Thunderous awakening
On morning's breaking
By bolt tossing Olympians
Furious champions in their sky kingdom
Who like tantrumed children
Tear gashes in the day's first light
And rend open heaven's cisterns
With wanton blows
Sending rivulets of drops
And gushes of small rivers running
To escape the wrath above

Never No More

Once upon a time
People could hurt
Could wither with a look
Cause duck of head
And send us crying to our bed
But that was in a land
Far far away
Today I'd know exactly
What to say

Lands Sake!

Mother McCree!
Put the chicken in the coop
Tie up the old cow
And get the horses in the barn
There's gonna be a storm
It was telt to me
And while I'm boarding winders ma
You hunker the kids
In the cellar
We can't miss a trick
Or we'll likely be blown down valley
Spread all over this here county
So let's just keep our heads down
Like we done before
And sit and wait for what's in store
We'll be all right you'll see
Cause that's the kind of hairpins
That we be

Old Clock

Tic Toc
That infernal clock
Ticking off minutes
It begs the question
How many till we die?
Like fingers down a blackboard
Change the tune
Toc Tic
Get it over with
How can anything pace so slow
And yet run so fast
It's got stamina I'll give it that
Not that anybody asked

Worry

My heart
Worries for you
Wherever you are
In the ether I wish
Warmth
And not the black cold
Of the galaxy
That you are not lonely for me
As I am for you
That time stretches hands
To us both
Through what is now
Such an empty space
That what we were
Will always be
Just one more touch
Would reassure me

Wanderlust

Oh that you could shatter yourself
That a thousand pieces of you
Could scatter to the four winds
So you'd feel yourself placed everywhere
Not confined to any one time or space
Or other boundaries limiting your view
Arranging yourself thus
May leave me bereft
But satisfy your wanderlust

August Garden

Aging flowers
In the August garden bowers
With fading colors
And wilting strands of green
Still lift their gallant heads
To offer themselves
From their beds
As sustenance to restless birds
Who dance over the offered seeds
Now outnumbering rosy petals
Wrens singing thanks
To dying friends

Too Soon October

Early for that faint October shiver
That creeps in like mist
With a haunting twist of mind
And so
A slightly leaden heart
Looking to the rear instead of forward
Not escaping the clamp of past fears
The sweat on the brow
Where are the hands of comfort now
Momentary panic of alone
Then tell myself before I go to sleep
That in the morning shadows will be gone

Sugar Baby

Sometimes I wish I could drink
I have enough of Scotland in me
You'd think it would come naturally
But no
Oh I have experienced the thrill
Of forcing the issue and feeling ill
Or sipping a tall one then gripping the wall
As the world around me was blissfully high
But it's just as well I must admit
That I won't be drinking my calories
I'll put them aside for another treat
Like something decadently sweet

Unattainable

You may cry to the moon
Let tears run
And entreaties scream in the air
Tear your hair
Despair as you have never done
And cannot do again
But there are certain things or people
That you may not have
For each it is a different loss
A different pain of heart
In spite of what you have acquired
A wound forever picked at
Never healed
Always on your mind
That one thing that you lack

When It's Time to Run

Two years ago today
You left for Death
And I say
Happy Death Day
Regardless I am left alone
But you have found our new home
Where horses nicker in the fields
You tend them
While you wait
As wait we must
Till this foolish life of flesh
Moves on to dust
Watch for me!
Have a horse saddled for me!

Fire and Wood

The fire is lit
Flame kisses wood
And the two in their embrace
Send love into the room
Where warmth will soon
Undulate in shameless fashion
They travel timeless distances
From palaces of Caesar
And Nubian huts
From prairie homes
And sailors' berths at sea
Marc Antony and Cleopatra
Wooed their heat
In coolness of Alexandrian night
And watched the dancing flames and wood
By competitive moonlight

Beginning

If the mountains are where
You want to call home
Don't go there alone
I'll come in spirit and watch from afar
As your roots grow in the woods
While vistas of air and clouds
Surround you
Fox, bear and eagles will share
And take you in
I will guard your dreams
As if they where my own
Because we are
Both kith and kin

The Harbour

There are no carpets on the floor
So if a fork falls
There is a formidable noise
I guess that doesn't matter
For a little Monday meal
Just the two of us....
On a Friday night
Full to the brim with people
There must be quite a din
If one likes that kind of thing
For now let's just slip
To the table at the back
Where barely a soul passes by
And in our harbour
Be two much traveled ships
That in that harbour's darkness hide

Love

Going about your life my dear
Isn't it the carpet your feet
Want most to tread
Isn't it what we fear we will miss most
When we are dead
Become bereft over when its music stops
Or climb triumphant to its mountain tops
So for now let's dance on its soft causeway
Bask in its warmth like moths
And let it work its magic on our dreary day

Witchcraft

Sometimes I wonder
Does poetry take us on voyages
Where otherwise we might not venture
Do you feel pain when images written in rhyme
Call for crying
Do you surprisedly dance
The Red Shoes of words tugging pulling relentlessly
Over gaiety that poets choose
Leaden despair, heart moving messages
Laments in the air over a love that palls
The wishes of the unloved followed by verbal hugging
Hope for a future
Hope gone for any future at all

Moccasins

Gliding through life quietly
Like moccasins in the forest
One drop of water
In a cloudful of rain
One shining drop
On the edge of a leaf
For just a moment's breath
Then into the foreverness
Of that last descent

Frost

Beneath our shoes
As we walk across the grass
Another day
Early morning calling
The rising of the frozen dew
As the sun lifts it gently back into the air
We humbly urge the sun to also
Lift it from our hearts
For it has settled there

The Red Tree

Luminous in the early sun
Your colors
Embodying the points of his soul
From notes of deep despair
Lighter shades of laughter
Sometimes deep red anger
Or shimmers of translucent tenderness
All of him
Hanging in your branches
Like ornaments
One by one falling away
These cold nights speeding their journey
Soon to be gone
As he had to be just two years ago
But it seems ever so long

Green

Around
And woven throughout
Runs the green ribbon
Of early Spring
Of new leaves
Of daisy chains on downy brows of youth
And in those days
Of enough green
To tie together young hearts
And hopeful hands
With verdant tendrils
Looking down we cry in pain
As they turn brown

Blue Eyes

I remember the blue
Turning my way
It's not that there was anything
Particular to say
A gaze with a hook
That reeled me in
And a lasso round my heart
The hook remains
My heart still constricted
By the loss of you

On My Mind

Inseparable from myself
Your no longer face
Punctuates everything
Passing as thought these days
Your wings slipstream consciousness
Escape the feral world
Race the wind
Take me to a better place

Holiday

When rooms are small
Too warm
Packed with wine and holiday good cheer
Family shuffles cheek to jowl
Like horses at the gate
Which when opened
Spurs them to the course
Jockeying for position
Loudest voices prevail
Above overwhelming din
The food eaten in excess
Declared success
Wine exuberantly downed
While one or two of us
Discretely eye the door
Take to the inside lane
Planning escape in our cloaks
Of insubstantialness
Hoping to flee
Before the coffee pours

Was It You?

Fingers curled around my hand last night
No one was there of course
But it was real and felt just right
I wonder if my visitor will come again
To let me know
Exactly who it was that offered comfort so

Ho Ho Oh No

Shall I put the Xmas tree up?
Think I'll wait another week
Looking at it for a month
Might make my Xmas spirit sink
All those golden balls and tinsel
Will soon lackluster become
Ho ho hoing way too early
Makes me weary and then some
Xmas songs I'll want to hear them
On the eve of Xmas day
Lest the notes get very dreary
And so merrily I'll wish them
Get ye hence and get ye gone

First Snow

White dance
Of frozen dew
Risen from summer halcyon mornings
Now sifting through gray skies
Melting in eyes as they look up
As ever before
Sweet tasting
But still the wonderment

No Home

If I sit with you on concrete
Warm myself with blasts of precious heat
Rising from unyielding subway grills
Put newspapers round my chest
And on the ground of cardboard home
Eat half sandwiches of strangers
Pull my hat low over my eyes
To hide the ever present shame
That takes on a persona all its own
If I add to this my overflowing tears
To those you no longer think to weep
Would that take away my guilt and anger
Could understanding ever help me sleep

Leaden Heart

I smile
Oh yeah do all the right things
To keep darkness under wraps
While hours of the day tick by
So as not to off put
Don't ask to know me too well
It will disappoint
Laugh and they'll laugh with you don't you know
Etcetera ad nauseam
Ah well I ask
What's the harm in that

Notes

You tolerated when I sang
Even smiled
I couldn't sing a note really
So I dance around the house now
I do that pretty well
More my thing
But since you're gone
If I'm not crying I am singing
My badly fluted notes take off
Involuntarily skyward to you
Maybe the journey will round them out
Take off those rough edges
And play for you like the harp symphony
They're trying to be

Dark

Winter's white
Belies the fact
That it is Dark's season
That he is master
That he has no mercy
For the light
But encourages shadows
As we shrink into ourselves
He is a foretaste of death
Some of the cold to come
That Spring will not follow

Smothered

And that is one reason why
People have to leave
Gaia is heaving
Trying to breath away
The weight of us
Buried in the rubble
We are not vegetable
Or mineral
Just a sci fi phenomenon
Warned about
On old TV
Just rubbish really

The Trade

Take it all away
It's a bargain
All this stuff around me can go
If you'd just show yourself again
We managed with so little
In the beginning
Surely we can do so
At the end
Amongst the stars
We could spend each other
Like valuable commodities instead

Red

Seething anger
Volcanic fires
Stars exploding
Hot sparks in the dark of night
Dresses colored to incite
Passions inflamed
Arteries pulsing
Red rivers of Life

Green

Verdant valleys
The hue of home
Shamrocks
Eyes peering
Beneath auburn hair
Bewitching twilight
In the glades
Soft moss in the shade
Arwen's gown
Trailing through the ferns

Yellow

Festoons
Delights
Begs carefree dances
Dresses the day
Demands smiles
Tickles eyelids
Drives shadows away
Adorns tresses
Of Nordic children
Retreats at sun's flight
Remains as pinpricks
In the black night

Blue

Not always sad
Often mellow
Familiar as the sky
Or winsome eyes
Hair ribbons and oceans
Forget-me-nots, harvest bells
Choose their colors so
Dress their days
Said to be true
Its language is deep
The evening glows with it

Purple

Meet me over grapes in a glass
At a bistro set in a periwinkle sidewalk
Under a lavender twilight
Where heliotropes scent the air
We'll watch people pass
Put violets in our hair
Hold hands across the table
And hum Deep Purple in our hearts

Brown

Tweeds and leather boots ramble
Under late autumn skies
Where dark bark of trees
Are etched in snow dust
And windfallen nuts
Are strewn over brown landscape
Cold winds follow
Trailing back to wooden cabin warmth
A log fire
And tea in a pottery mug

The Colors of Christmas

Bedeck with green
And the berries of December red
Over our heads white mistletoe
To reinforce the seasonal message of love
But add the brown of gravy
Over the cream of mashed potatoes please
And yes
Honey of the roasted onions
The yellow of the golden butter over the peas
Now let's hold hands around the festive table
Share the pink, brown, caramel, honey, black
Of our entwined flesh
Warm each other with a smile
And feel our little gathering most blessed

The Glow

I sit
And as I sit
The years roll backwards
To dew on the grass
And green
And flights of birds
And you
Night is black as pitch
As I sit
Except for the glow you left me
Such a gift to lantern
What is left of my journey

Home

Sweep the skies of gulls
To free their enormity
And gently encourage clouds
To thin themselves in the vast blue
All to good purpose
To scan our sights
Over our future ephemeral home
Where anxieties have tired themselves
Into non existence
And Love as sustenance
Will be our sweetmeats

Resignation

I think there's a dusty road ahead mate
Though far be it for me to predict bad tidings
Never mind
Mind over matter
Let's push on
Face the music
When the wind kicks dust in our face
Maybe we'll slow down
Have to cross that bridge regardless
And all that
My hat is firmly on my head
I'm guessing there's a full stop coming down the road
But some peace of mind
In not knowing the worst

Awful Imperfections

People
All swift and sly
To point out flaws with a giggle
Like polyester
To put slip into insults
To better slide them deep
To hurt the heart
We pretend we didn't hear
But oh, we did, we did

On My Way

Alone and in silence I speak to you
And without a sound
From afar you answer
There are no ties here
No connections pleading stay
And I, half in another realm
Avidly study maps for the journey
Home

Last Dance

Early Autumn bees
Showing their appreciation
Pollinating still for honey
Away in a far off hive
Flower dancing
Sending a soft vibration
Into crisp air
The only sound now
But for the rustle of dying leaves

Spring Ascending

Such a hush
The sun streaming
Early Spring
Quiet underground awakenings
And flurries of feathers
Awareness of old repetitious activities
That are yearly new
Never tiresome
Raises a collective sigh

Libra Distressed

Man you really rocked my scales
When you died
The blasts of wind
That blew over your passing
Teetered the fortress of the past
Like a microburst storm
Mortar rearranged itself
And windows flew
All I could do
Was put my head in my hands
Watch the destruction
Wait it out
Some of the damage
I fear
Will be permanent

Plans

Let's drift towards tomorrow
Try to shape it to our will
Hope fate allows
Our little fantasies and foibles
To flourish
While Time sits in our palm
Like a heart
Throbbing and trembling itself
To death

Speed

Slow till the quiet road
Then manual shift
Love of my life old car
Moves into the wind
Roaring in the opposite direction
Forward in time
Unfettered
Thrumming the engine
Like an Abba song

Longing

Hungry longing
Following through life
Compelled to fill an emptiness
Longing that's one step short of tears
With fearful walls that silence builds
And battles we can't seem to overcome
Ah the hopefulness of journey
Where the only prize worth winning
Is a love

Knowing

Never claimed to understand
People or the lay of land
Didn't know myself at all
Couldn't sort out short or tall
Stumbled over left and right
Why the sun was gone at night
But no doubts at all I knew
When we met that I loved you

Secret

We hide
Under layers of survival
And dangers above
Safe in beds of denial
Under threats
That chafe and callous us enough
To deflect when the rains come

Morning Moon

Breathless
Take in the beauty of the sleepy moon
Night's labors ended
Nightgowned in the flush of dawn
Sliding beneath the sheets of satin skies

Timeless

Birthday unknown
How old are you?
You can still reach for the morning sun
And woo the shameless moon
Laugh at birds' flight
Love the sea
See joy in green hills
A sip of wine
A dance
Perhaps no age at all
Neither old nor young
Just a ribbon

The Daydream

The past has dissipated
Into clouds
Those clouds being
Strands of me
Unwoven then rewoven
My tapestry
Now being mostly in the air
Drifts away
Quite free

Safe Observation

I can handle what's out there
From in here
Housed in my brain
Lights out
Curtains drawn
The peace here is exemplary

Away in Every Sense

Let's float away
On our imaginary lives
Like thistle seeds
Hoping for a purpose
Leave us to our own devices
To separate darkness from light
To decide wisely to love a bit more
While Time waves us on
Till we are out of sight

When

When the have to's are over
The should do's are done
And the grass grows tall
Around their rotting frames
We will laugh again
Feel some fondness for ourselves
Breathe deeply of the freedom
Lift our faces to the sun

Irony

The irony is
That as our accomplishments mount
So does their insignificance
Looking impartially
One can see them vaporize
No longer count
As Time dances

Where But in a Garden

Where but in a garden
Does life begin and end
On such a scale
In such a framework
That every beginning can be witnessed
Then followed through its allotted time
To an end so fitting
Back into the earth
Nestled among dying friends
And scarlet leaves

Summer Clouds

The clouds that cross the summer sky
Languishing before hot lanterns of the sun
Softly call for the rain to follow
Whisper damp rustles to the trees
And moist kisses to the heat baked earth
Cast shadows over us
Tying us to all
And all of this to us

Music

Disciplined breezes send notes
That drift through tunnels of our hearts
Tilting our heads we
Like enchanted lovers
Anticipate the next musical sigh
That weave emotions of our past
Into airless melodies that dance

Faun

Meandering among the grasses
Eyes doe like on the next blades
Head bent, content
Warmth of the sun on her back
She will give her attacker life
As he takes hers
And meanders in her stead
With blood in his fur

This Morning

A brown moth laid his whiskered head
On yellow porch boards
As though they were a featherbed
Oblivious to the house sparrow's frenzied wings
As she ran her daily chores
To the chorus of morning road traffic
And music I play indoors

Without You

The dark of winter outside
The light and warmth of inside
The world spins on without me
Invisible I sustain myself with observation
I peer out as clouds drift in cold winds
And acknowledge the thin walls
Between comfort and annihilation

Wishes

Let us leave
Harsh lights
Harsh words
Harsh policies
Harsh men
Return instead to
Sunsets and rises
Rain on our cheeks
Wind on the wing
And gentle spring

Steering True

I cling to my contentment
Make a home for it
Encourage it
And nourish its little light
And together we
In the most vulnerable of crafts
Embark on a sea of tranquility
Knowing full well
The hazards we face
From the world of humanity

The Shallows

Oh the fancy dresses
The jewels
The trowel thick makeup
That covers false hearts
And shallow faces
They glitter and twirl beneath chandeliers
So unaware are they
Of the dark to come
Where those who feast on shadows
Await their inevitable decay

Again

A lone dove
Called for a mate
On this still very cold
April morning
Spring will come regardless
The hush of winter
Replaced by songs of longing
And love
Nature will stand again
In diaphanous gowns of Irish green
Deer will walk daintily
Over the brown of last year's leaves
Time will roll another inch in his bed
And the sun will weave its gold
On barren branches

Woe

You are now singing a tune
Of extraordinary gloom
Holding nothing doomlike back
Cheerfulness is what you lack
While puffed up clouds go drifting by
All you do is sit and cry
Oh the sun may shine again
But for now its constant rain
And even if it does shine through
Not sure it will shine for you

The Last Tomorrow

It will end
That makes it all bearable
The last hurrah will be doable
Whether a wail or a whisper
The tale told
Night will cover the last day
What's left of us
Will be taken away
Home will go oh so quiet
Acquainting itself with our absence

Gray Clouds on a Sunday

This afternoon
There are no dancing sun rays
Clouds having run themselves into
The ceiling of heaven
And bled the black of the night sky
Into the day
Gray surrounds like chimney smoke
And heavily cloaks
What should be the weightlessness of summer

Blue Clogs

Blue clogs sit absently by the door
Watching now for the garden glory
From the inside window
Not going out much lately
They remember running towards
Horses, life, the sun
And a man full of adventures
The woman who wears them
Only occasionally ventures now
Since the man is no more
Her wandering is done

Last Goodbyes

Wondering about death sometimes
And when so doing
Wondering if one will be brave
Like soldiers in their foxholes
At Peleliu
Or wives and husbands of 9/11
Texting home their last goodbyes
I think
If they could do it
So can I

Too Long

Is there anything worse
Than the prospect
Of a long life
Of fading away slowly
While being filled
With losses
And all the sad knowledge
That erases solace

A Little Life

Such contentment
In the early morning sun
Strolling out to feed the birds
Seeing the soft morning moon
Still in the blue sky
Breathing
No asking why
Just the wonderment
Of the early hours
Marching on towards noon

His Pain

It hurts so
To see his pain
The realization that
He is vulnerable
Has taken light
Out of his eyes
Filling them instead
With rain
That someday he will die
A premature bereavement
Is now a truth
So previously hidden
That its sudden revelation
Is the cause of
Sad wonderment

Quiet

Stay absolutely still
Don't shatter peace with voices
Other than the birds
The silence will perhaps
Estrange you from out there
But leave you very much at ease
In here

The Good Times

Best days of my life
Youth with one to love
Highs beyond the sky
Just being alive
The air
Miracles in everything everywhere
A sharing hand
Horses, green days, land
No meaning
All meaning
They don't have to come again
They're with me here

Summer of Dreams

This summer reminded me
Of those summers
A swelling of my heart
How far apart
The then and now
A hunger that wants nothing new
Just to go back
To those summers that I knew