

# Contemplation

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*This eBook I dedicate to the memory of my late mother Daisy Blackman. May her beautiful presence continue to live on in me.*

## **Acknowledgement**

Late last year was an extremely difficult period for me and that was the generating light which inspired my poetic work.

## About the author

A native of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I've been writing creatively for about 35 years .Got my start really in high school and been at it ever since. Whether writing poetry is a gift or talent or something learned along the way it should be shared. The artistic pipeline needs to be flowing with water and expression.

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## When the Roots are Strong

When the roots are strong  
petals and stems grow long.  
The mystical vines will flourish.  
Nature's fibre and muscle to nourish.  
The ground around them is healthy .  
Stimulation to the earth is wealthy.  
Anchors the ability to persist.  
Pushing deep in the soil like raging fists.  
Satisfying it's thirst by water and rain.  
Durable and tough in it's native terrain.

## Toughness

Harder beyond the bone.

A will cut from stone.

Unbroken will not be denied.

Heart overflowing with pride.

Can take life swords of pain.

Carries on that does not wane.

Answers the time tested bells.

Flames of desire forever swells.



## Dust

Blowing like frantic spirits through a ghost town.  
The demon's breath that will either lead or chase.  
Remorseless once it blinds your face and fills the air with all it's disgust.  
With dirty deeds it travels in a pack of particles.

## Ice Water

I guzzle it down feeling restored.  
Behind the doors there are ancient roars.  
Knights of the past swinging swords.  
Feeding heart, desire that is triple floored.  
Quenching vital spots flowing to my core.  
The juice of life blowing to the shore.

## Sea Creatures

**They exist beneath the gray paned surface.**

**A kingdom of monsters from the past in the present.**

**Nightmares, fantasies shaped into living beings.**

**Eating and mating , terrorizing at different depths.**

**A godless existence only demons, dragons, destroyers.**

**Watching, lurking , preying through the gates of hell.**

## Night Wolves

Savage in their hearts whenever it blows.  
The darkness of nature speaks in the cold night.  
Washing and wrestling through the defenseless leaves and branches.  
Ripping with it's claws rendering no mercy.  
Take cover zealously for there are wolves everywhere.  
Attacks while you sleep turning dreams to nightmares.  
Smells fear and desperation seeing in the forest of life.

## Soaring

A quintessential pleasure to watch a bird soar.

All the innate abilities coming together in one accelerated stream. Whichever the motion or direction it's a majestically beautiful wonder. A celebration of freedom that requires real work. Destined for the purest kind of grandeur on wings.

## Up Above

Peering into to the still sometimes transient world above.

There is an artist's landscape layered with clouds.

Those clouds do take on many forms demons, angels, monsters and royal beings.

Imagination traveling beyond what earthly eyes can view.

The icy blue cover that changes to powder.

Birds flying , gliding below it chirping, speaking to the gods.

One of the truest wonders in life if you only look up.

## The Gardener

Romantic at heart.  
Time to go to work.  
Bring all the proper tools.  
Dressed to get dirty.  
See what the garden needs.  
Test the heartiness of the soul.  
Pull those suffocating weeds.  
Clear the pathway for the vines.  
Cultivate richness in the air.  
Remove the stench of things dead.  
Clip and trim where needed .  
Dig and plant is certainly vital.  
May the water of life flow with energy.  
Service the roots with love and care.  
Keep a watchful eye much like shepherds  
Watching over their sheep.

## Blue

I am gazing into the untouchable blue.  
Whereby my thoughts are really vast.  
Distinguishing what is false and what is true.  
Dreams, desires flashing then fading fast.



## The Cawing of the Crow

Eyes opened from the sound of dread.  
Lying in the new morning light I see crows.  
They really do fly with the feathers of doom.  
On their missions early filling the air in black.  
The cawing of crows part scream and part cry.  
Aerial messengers with their own stories to tell.

## Imagination

An open clamshell of thoughts breaking barriers.  
Inner eyes that can see with unbelievable range and detail.  
The soul of creativity forever famished and adventurous.  
Searching for the truth and understanding wherever it exists.  
Animated colors that travel various transoms.  
A place designed where there is no pain or loneliness or wrong doing.  
It's an altitude by which anything and all things are possible.

## The Motion of Water

Sitting by the Aqueduct pondering life.  
The motion of water arresting all disturbing thoughts.  
Does have a calming effect similar to music.  
Something about little waves flowing into one another.  
How ripples become emotions of the past and present.  
It matters not where it travels a straight or curved path.  
It's direction is certain and destination is impending.  
Beautiful and timeless and relaxing merged into one.

## Lost

Out somewhere in the smoke and ruins.  
Individuals walking down roads not to be seen again.  
Dreams and expectations that cannot be realized.  
People who will never be touched by the glint of day.  
As real as the solemn hills tagged by death. Alone in  
a world you can be forgotten. Just lost or abandoned  
being banned from a happy existence. The sun sets  
on their life for the final time.

## Black Roses

Lay no black roses on my coffin.  
Personally I find no beauty in death.  
Once life's anvil finally falls put me to rest  
with branches and stones. Please, no  
pretense now that I am gone. Let those  
who loved me celebrate with tales and  
memories. Time for this garden caretaker  
to sleep into the clouded dream. I shall  
rest in gray.

## The Masks

Tell me what mask do you wear?  
Compelling to think about the things we hide.  
Some incomprehensible pain deep within.  
A shameful act buried with a elaborate facade.  
Horrors one cannot imagine, living a life of fear.  
Darkness or evil waiting to be unleashed.  
A sickness that no one can ever discover.  
More comfortable being anyone but yourself.  
Expressing what you are without using words.  
Creating a persona that is mysterious and enticing.

## Strands

In all mirrors now I am aging.  
The ashy strands appear at a greater rate.  
The hands of father time touching me.  
An older building standing but showing wear.  
Occasionally will feel a young man's burst.  
Mind, body still good as the seasons change.  
Reality, my Springer Spaniel days are in the past.

## Sand Castles

From the sand it forms standing those unstable structures.  
What enterprising minds, eyes and hands create can be brushed away.  
The tides of life wages war one with waves and nature.  
Pack the walls heavy with grit and dig the trenches deep and wide.  
Feel the contours of every road and the drawbridge is an elegant daydream.  
Footprints in the sand come and go as does the quest for happiness.  
A moment of accomplishment then whoosh! crash! A moment of disappointment .  
Aspirations do die and then they live again.



## Fragilitv

I have been contemplating hard about this life of ours.  
I have drawn the conclusion we are merely brittle branches.  
That some beautiful flowers are extinguished quickly.  
That the solid earth beneath us can crumble and collapse.  
That the imperial gardens can also be destroyed.  
That are minds do succumb to unfathomable pressures.  
That are bodies become tumbleweeds blowing weak and helpless.  
That young birds with blurred eyes don't grow to be hawks.  
That grand plans disintegrate and life can change in an instant.  
That things do happen and what was has now dissipated into the air.

## Tower of my Mind

It has a exalted vision.

It has a full tree of leaves.

It takes no creative shortcuts.

It has roots deeply situated

It has known pain and pleasure.

It has tutored other inquisitive minds.

It has grown from the galleys of life

It has shaped worlds and dimensions.

It has faced darkness and death.

It has walked the timeline of the future.

It has a tough persevering quality.

It towers in and out of realms.

It is a altered grey monstrosity with wings

It is a super extension of who I am.

## The Rhino Mentality

Secure the target in your sight.  
Dig your hooves in the dirt for horizontal flight.  
Fear of the rampage fills the air like brimestone.  
Head tilted with loaded horns combat honed.  
Charging like a brakeless truck at high speeds.  
Pursue with fury the things you desire.  
Striking, piercing with bludgeoning force to what  
you want is something I admire.

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## Cruellest Kind of Desire

*Longing for a woman's sensuous peering.*  
*Longing for her subtly disguised advances.*  
*Longing for her floral scents to permeate the room.*  
*Longing for her lips to curl and beckon.*  
*Longing for her hand to clench inside mine*  
*Longing for her to whisper intimate things on vines.*  
*Longing for her to hook me tight around the waist.*  
*Longing for her head to drift on my shoulder and chest.*  
*Longing for her to say "I Love You."*  
*Longing for her to invite me inside.*

## Elementus

Cast away from a distant star.  
A warrior with great powers falls to earth.  
Uniquely forged of fire, rock and ice.  
The sounds of destruction have rebirth.  
Not axe , sword , arrow or bullet can fell this giant.  
Walks a path that knows only death.  
With every breath it takes temperatures are extreme.  
Many will try to destroy his awesome presence.  
Seeker of truth , dominion and bloodshed.  
An aberration of the ages an unconquerable force.  
He is Elemrntus

## Inspired

Awake from it's sleep the palpitating flame.  
A compelling spark that leads to things possible.  
Is triggered by a spectrum of occurrences in the tangible,intangible.  
Speaks in a multi-language from the same undiminished flame.  
Can elevate you from the ordinary , makes you extraordinary.  
Never disregard it's impact which will truly change a life.

## The Brick Layer

I'm am an artist with bricks under the unyielding sun.  
Building walls, towers withstanding the grinds of time.  
A honorable and hardworking test of a man.  
Basements of refuge forged by hands and concrete.  
Dutiful with every muscle exerted, every drop of perspiration.  
Strong , tough, consistent quite worthy qualities.  
Smoothing on stability with my trusty spatula.  
A proud contractor who shows up everyday.

## Serenity

Is there such a thing?  
A self imposed solitude.  
A time ignorant existence.  
A endless burning flame.  
A place in the heart never broken.  
A mind continuum full of ideas.  
A ocean of emotion opening life's doors.  
A world without harshness, pain, or sadness.  
A calmness within every system of your being.  
A happiness so complete between lovers.  
A meadow of unmatched quiet elegance.  
A moment of peace behind glass of memories.  
A motionless body of water lightly speaking.  
A fragrance in the air that evokes dreaming.  
A safe haven that cannot be invaded.  
A universal attitude to cultivate not poison.



## When Evening Sets

When the sun slides down behind the mountains. The meadow of blue shifts to dark. The dawn is gone and somewhere nighttime folly begins. Below the stars in the silence thoughts of the day seem meaningless. What a feeling one gets when light has been vanquished. We rest, we mourn, we reflect, we anticipate, we fortify ourselves. Eventually the orange blaze will burst open another morning.

## Goof Night Man

Sleep that unchanging sleep forever my beauty.  
In the blissful dark I can feel the absence of breath.  
My pleasures linked to the coldness of death.  
I use charm and romance like a worm on a hook.  
Beautiful women are all but tragic stems and  
limping petals. Something in my soul needing  
to strike and kill. Intelligent and cunning , a true  
master of timing .  
Love in a heart that is crooked and ill  
At the hands of a powerful grasp I claim  
Another .  
Snap , crackle , pop goes the hyoid bone.  
Life so precious and fragile manipulated  
by my strength.  
Look with useless fighting into my lagoon  
Type eyes.  
You have just been kissed by the Good Night Man.

## Disheartened

I see no light at the end of this tunnel.  
I feel no breath of love on my skin.  
I hear no beasts of the wild mating.  
I am far too used to the sound of nothing.  
I am introspective about that thing called death.  
I am over the cliff but dangling on.  
My spirit's pilot light is gradually dimming.  
My will once strong is badly compromised.  
It seems like there are no more options  
Mentality of the prey and not the predator.  
This is what it means to be disheartened.

## **Demon\\\\\\\\\\\\'s Nostrils**

It breathes in the fear and loathing of it's enemies, victims. Breathes out the grotesqueness of its thoughts and maliciousness of it's actions. Burning from it's openings the most vile of mucous expelled. Symbolic of a dark and primal creature. Something truly wicked does this way comes. Does exist in the underbelly of our subconscious. Appears and transforms when we have nightmares. Evil from a different point of view through the demon's nostrils.

## The Homeless

Going by many names  
dispersed between the seams.  
Living on the sliding edge  
gaining sustenance by any means.  
Finding temporary shelter wherever possible.  
Barking within is an emotional prison.  
Managing each day with specific routines .  
Adapts to changing conditions with a primordial instinct.  
Must have s dense and heavy will to continue on.  
Makeshift opportunities with limited resources.  
Survivors of the night to see another day.

## What is the Soul

I think it's a place the very best in us resides.

I think it's a place the absolute worst in us hides.

I think it's a place that interprets things our mind does not.

I think it's a place that feels things our heart does not.

I think it's a place that sees things our eyes do not.

The soul can bring us unexpected gifts. The soul can take gifts away ruthlessly.

I think the soul seems to be an entity in the body but apart from it.

I think everyone has some version of soul.

I just think not everyone actually consults their soul.

## Dreaming

Strangely wonderful what our mind does while we sleep. Over the horizon we go, building characters and tales steep.

## Craziness in the Wind

Like a Genie sprung from it's bottle the whirling winds erupt and descend upon me. Cold and punishing battering my cardboard sleeping quarters. Nighttime canopy of stars provided no solace or comfort. Tussling, turning , fighting the airborne elements seemingly for hours. Not any reprieve in sight for this is my life. Morning light eventually appears and that crazy wind lessens it's aggression. I rise up , gather myself and begin another day of survival.



## Reminiscing at the Playground

Whenever I visit the playground nostalgia grips me. Sandboxes, swings, tunnels , ladders and slides  
16 years into the past.

A warm breeze of memories of my son and I on an adventure.

Sheer joy and happiness along with genuine smiles brighter than the sun.

Childlike journeys he would take as I watched , cheered and assisted.

Time spins by so swiftly one can barely take a breath.

Although William is grown now he is 2 when I reminisce at the playground.

## Swooping to the Kill

Spectacular and lethal are the winged predators.  
Radar type eyes locked in for the kill.  
Judging distance and depth from sky or perch.  
Aerial lords of different kinds over land and sea.  
Feeding time so near as peril , fate bond together.  
Descending to it's target like a feathery blade on fire.  
Approaching quickly at incredible speed the fleeing meal.  
Death dive fully deployed an unmistakable signature.  
Bird pulls up in an angling swoop with talons extended to gouge and snatch.  
The suspense is literally over and the feast will begin.

## Shatteted

Pierced through the chest plate of life's little armor.  
So many things in our existence can break and shatter.  
Although there's nothing worse than a shattered heart.  
When the hole is huge and the pieces are numerous  
All that remains is fragments of sadness and emptiness.

## Oh Silent Night

There's a period in the morning around 3 a.m.  
The night is so silent you can hear whispers.  
Nothing moving with my groggy eyes things are peaceful.  
Perfection beyond nature to dream and reflect.

## The Creed of Spring

Spring is inevitable change.  
Spring is life restored.  
Spring is winds of second chance.  
Spring is extended days and light spring rays  
Burns like torches in a tunnel.  
Brings expired things back to life  
Blazes a path when we lose our way  
Touches rivers and lakes making them twinkle  
Warms the winds that tease and whisper.  
Opens a beautiful morning like an oyster.