

# Mirror of my Soul

Tamara Beryl Latham - The Poet



Presented by

*My poetic Side* 

## Dedication

*This book of poems is dedicated to my immediate family here in the United States, as well as my relatives in Australia.*

## **Acknowledgement**

A special acknowledgement is extended to Harvey Stanbrough (Pulitzer nominee), Michael Pendragon, Michael Burch and Madeline Salustri, who have helped me in one way or another along the way.

## About the author

Tamara Beryl Latham is a widely read poet, both on and off the internet, who is originally from Brisbane, Australia, but she now resides in the U.S. Her work has appeared in numerous anthologies, publications and literary reviews. She was a member of "The Workshop Poets," who were associated with the Milford Fine Arts Council, Milford, CT. and she has taught two poetry classes at Ansonia Middle School, Ansonia, CT. Tamara has done several poetry readings at both the Milford Fine Arts Council and Barnes and Noble, Milford, CT. Her poetry has been featured on "Poetry Today," WRTN 93.5 FM, a radio station from New York that was hosted by Florence Henderson. A while back she was Forum Moderator for Classical Poetry on Moontown Cafe, an internet poetry site.

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## The Trinity - $E=mc^2$ (Sonnet)

**" God, Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit are One and the same and all three are just different forms of energy. "**

### The Trinity - $E=mc^2$ (Sonnet)

*(Three separate or interchangeable entities under one Godhead)*

where Energy = God,  
mass = Jesus Christ,  
Holy Spirit = (Speed of light)<sup>2</sup>

Copyright # Pau 2-098-293 "The Trinity," dated June 17, 1996

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The ball of light that sweeps the sky may be  
transformed to Energy for they are one.  
We cannot look upon it maybe He  
said: 'Do not look directly at the Sun.'  
And so, He came as Mass and briefly stayed  
among us advocating truth and love,  
then He was resurrected on that day,  
transfigured to the Father high above.

We'll soon expire into spheres of light,  
as Mass reverts back to pure Energy.  
We'll learn why Einstein's formula was right,  
and comprehend his depth of theory.

Each moon now formed contains the soul of one,  
redeemed in revolutions 'round the Son.

## Dueling Violins - Sonnet

### Dueling Violins (Yanni's Song) - Sonnet

1998 performance, "Live at the Acropolis"

*Karen Briggs & Shahradd Rohani (dueling violins)*

*Anticipating each half-note he brings  
to life, her fingers stretch to find the grooves.  
Perfection springs, as sound is bounced from strings,  
then quickly as Baryshnikov she moves.*

*His chords a hurried sequence, devil's notes,  
seduce her hand then challenge fast her bow  
which glides across the bridge the music floats  
beyond the Parthenon, but so few know -*

*this duo, he in black and she in red,  
sleek racing cars, fine-tuned, pumped full with fuel  
who drive life into wood that's long been dead,  
while savoring each aspect of the duel.*

*Smooth liquid notes of eighths slake all who thirst,  
resounding Grecians, once again, are first.*

## It's Who You Know - Sonnet

### It's Who You Know - Sonnet

*We're saddened when "they" give themselves the prize,  
referred to as the literary throne.*

*How ironic prior to "their" demise,  
"they" find the time to pass it to "their" own -  
who now convince the world how great "they" were,  
expressing this by word, by mouth, by deed.*

*Yet, there are those of us who don't concur,  
sequoias of the world not of "their" seed.*

*For "we" abandon life to pen our verse,  
betrothed to words that lust the vellum page,  
exposing nepotism's ugly curse  
upon artistic minds, "we" vent our rage.*

*As pressure builds the lava flow's abrupt  
when bearded mountains, white with time, erupt.*



## Magdalena (Sonnet)

### Magdalena (Sonnet)

*Five loaves of bread, and two fish multiplied  
to feed the waiting masses, weary now  
from travel, sitting calmly, occupied  
in thought, and reverence. I wondered how*

*mere mortal man accomplished such a feat,  
without the use of trickery. I knew  
that He was Christ, elected to complete  
prophetic scripture laid down for the Jew.*

*In awe, I kissed His feet, my long brown hair  
had dried the tears my eyes failed to contain,  
in flashback, at the cross. Yes, I was there,  
head veiled in black; a shadow in the rain.*

*The time draws nigh when faithless cease to laugh,  
as wheat is separated from the chaff.*

## No Greater Love Than Mine

### No Greater Love Than Mine

*By failing candlelight  
the written word,  
scribed upon this page  
on Autumn eve,  
with quill and ink,  
from the Poet's desk,*

*shall shake you  
from the depths  
of marble tombs,  
wake your sleeping heart  
upon this earth,  
then trumpet and resound  
what is my soul,  
my breath, my pulse,  
my reason to survive.*

*"No greater love exists  
than mine for you."*

*The voice immortal,  
as the robin's song,  
shall ring, reverberate,  
unto the wind,  
and whisper there  
through all eternity.*

## One Tear Removed

### One Tear Removed

*My heart has stopped!  
There is no sound  
within these hollow walls.  
No pumping as it were.*

*Oh God, no beat!  
No drum that sounds the rhythm of the day.  
No melody that sings your serenade.*

*Enter the night!  
Cooling desert flowers with her breeze.  
She spits; then laughs,  
as star shed tears  
to wash your footprints from a routine path.*

*I search in vain  
to find a reverie; a fleeting song,  
where you once lived  
dancing in the shadow of the sun.*

*Yet, what remains  
is just a silhouette within my mind,  
which quickly turns to stone  
without remorse,  
then walks away in haste;  
a living thing,  
one tear removed  
from a desperate scream.*



## Requiem in Blue

### Requiem in Blue

*Into the twilight hour she flees; her tears,  
stream as babbling brooks and yet her road -  
too dark to notice shadows in the night,  
too bleak to see the creatures braced for flight.*

*They stalk her every inch along the way;  
she's forced, by will, to quicken her snail's pace.*

*At once, she feels claws gripping at her back.  
A devil's brew in crimson, thickly flows;  
and yet, the dark obliterates its path,  
along her thighs to fill her mud-soaked boots.  
And in this fleeting moment she is trapped.*

*A second creature lunges at her throat,  
she gasps for breath; the larynx severed through.*

*No time, at all, to think about the kids,  
her husband, and her futile shattered life.*

*The silent screams are seen within her eyes,  
yet, there are none to witness her torment.*

*And in that nanosecond she fades to blue:  
her brightest hour, as she succumbs to death.*

## Scattered Song

*Unrelenting sun, Tennessee.  
Lava ball flung into the sky,  
red as the pits of hell and twice as hot,  
sweating out our souls in mid-July.*

*Yet, the waters of Connecticut run cool.  
Her ships drift across my memory  
to sail beneath an ebon quilt of stars,  
as melancholia closes in on me.*

*The clock slowly beats away the time.  
Hours elapse to days too bleak to count,  
but the landscape briefly permeates my mind,  
when Fall runs through the hills as liquid gold  
to scatter leaves vermilion, copper singed:  
remnants of a life not meant to be.*

*Though you are there and I am here too long,  
every star I see I think of you.*

## Schizophrenia

### Schizophrenia

*Willows bend  
with weight of stressful times,  
near the stonewalled garden  
flanked with light.*

*Their voice, the wind,  
whispers joyless notes,  
then shrieks  
the Banshee's song  
within my head.*

*Ravens' perch,  
in lieu of flight, content  
to watch  
as evil wraiths  
eclipse my mind,*

*where I committed  
flee the forest maze,  
whose rubber trees  
distinctly scope my gaze,*

*while raging storms  
mask full an opiate sun,  
then electrify  
to quell delirium.*

*Shadows dance,  
jump*

*through the artist's palette  
of tranquil hues,*

*splashing colors  
of the spectrum  
on my thoughts,  
then leap  
in a kaleidoscope  
of hope.*

*Jonquils sway,  
as images serene  
direct my feet,  
along a snake-like path  
to garden's edge,*

*where I,  
no longer marked  
by feral glares,  
cool and haunting  
hard, fixated stares,*

*view "Veronica Spicata,"  
single bloom,  
within a Monet landscape  
titled "Life."*



## Shadow Dance (Pantoum)

### Shadow Dance (Pantoum)

*Clearing the obstacles that line his path,  
she dances between shadows in his mind.  
Although she is the object of his wrath,  
at times he speaks of her as being kind.*

*She dances between shadows in his mind,  
illuminating corners that are dark.  
At times he speaks of her as being kind,  
while her love registers to find its mark.*

*Illuminating corners that are dark,  
she whispers words that speak to him alone.  
While her love registers to find its mark,  
she lives and blooms where nothing else has grown.*

*She whispers words that speak to him alone.  
A pearl which hangs upon a jeweled strand.  
She lives and blooms where nothing else has grown,  
an orchid in the barren desert sand.*

*A pearl which hangs upon a jeweled strand,  
reflecting love that bathes his soul in light.  
An orchid in the barren desert sand,  
she fills his blinded eye with treasured sight.*

*Reflecting love that bathes his soul in light,  
his slate skies are transformed to azure hue.  
She fills his blinded eye with treasured sight,  
her love touched with the grace of floral dew.*

***His slate skies are transformed to azure hue,  
although she is the object of his wrath.  
Her love touched with the grace of floral dew,  
clearing the obstacles that line his path.***

## Sonnet on a Star

### Sonnet on a Star

*If I could write a sonnet on a star,  
then bottle it and toss it to the sea,  
would it travel to the corners of the earth,  
and echo there the love I hold for thee?*

*If I could write a sonnet on the moon,  
then bottle it and toss it to the winds,  
would it find your heart so you may briefly know,  
where your love ends is where my love begins?*

*If I could write a sonnet on the sun,  
then bottle it and toss it throughout time,  
would someone from a distant galaxy,  
find no greater love than what was mine?*

*Yet, I cannot write a sonnet on a star,  
nor moon, nor even on the blazing sun,  
nor bottle words to send them where you are,  
nor coerce our separate hearts to beat as one.*

*And so my darling, you will never hear  
the humble words of love I wrote for thee.  
They remain encrypted, tightly sealed,  
and yet, they travel on eternally.*

## The Christmas Angel

### *The Christmas Angel*

*As snowfall paints the Christmas scene this eve  
and burning embers in the fireplace fade  
to cast the faintest glow upon the room,  
which shines upon our weighted Christmas tree  
of antiqued ornaments and candy canes,  
red garland and a hanging carousel.*

*My eyes seek out the top, the highest peak  
and I find solace, peace, contentment there,  
in an angel whose flowing satin gown  
holds pearls which hang from loops of golden thread.*

*And at her back are spread two gilded wings:  
tranquility to still the raging heart.  
I see the ray of hope shine in her face  
and in her eyes I see my birth, my death.*

*Yet I, contented, knowing she stands guard,  
gaze nightfall from a frosted window pane  
to find the star of peace there in the sky  
and whisper gently as I watch you sleep.*

*"May the Christmas angel light your path  
and grant you what you dared only to dream."*

## The Darkest Halloween

### The Darkest Halloween

*Under cloak of a midnight sky,  
on Halloween, the moon was full.  
An eerie sight soon caught my eye,  
I viewed his body being pulled.*

*The dirt unearthed was moist and fresh,  
once the grave where he'd been placed.  
A man of forty, so I'd guessed,  
I could, just barely, see his face.*

*When I moved in closer still,  
five tombstones there surrounded me,  
and chanting in the night air filled,  
the prophecies of mystery.*

*On this day, so prophesied,  
chanting of a thousand witches,  
would raise the dead from all the tombs,  
all the morgues and crypts and ditches.*

*At the stroke of twelve, or so,  
while stirring fast strange witches brew,  
their voices filled the midnight hour,  
and chanted 'til the stroke of two.*

*Potions, cauldrons, signs of death,  
raised my hair, as I held my breath.  
"Ravens, Banshees, Owls and Trolls,  
raise the bones of forty souls."*

***Witches moved to form an arc,  
and in the center placed the man,  
then dripped the blood of forty larks,  
that severed both his lifeless hands.***

***When the chanting nearly ceased,  
his hands began to fly like bats,  
and to the air white doves released,  
soon followed by black howling cats.***

***Beyond fear, I was a wreck.  
I told my feet to pick up steam,  
but one hand grabbed me 'round the neck  
on this, the darkest, Halloween.***

***So, next time as you walk alone,  
in the dark, on a moonlit night,  
remember the rest of his bones  
are out there to fill you with fright.***

***The witches "sign of the five,"  
are points of a star bringing death.  
At this moment you're still alive,  
while I am still catching my breath.***

***Each Halloween at midnight,  
his body still roams, that's no joke.  
His hands are still able to fly,  
and next time they'll fly at your throat.***

## The Holocaust - A Poem of Remembrance

### The Holocaust - A Poem of Remembrance

*Skeletal frames  
whose beaten hearts  
once bore  
the heft of Hitler's war,*

*who knelt in mass,  
in silence quaked,  
with stifled groans  
beneath the veil of death.*

*Through reddened  
tear-stained eyes  
they prayed in vain  
for meager crumbs  
of hardened,  
moldy bread.*

*While Kristallnacht fueled  
raging fires  
that burned old memories  
and future dreams.*

*Death trains droned  
(broken bones were stacked)  
as clinking of the gold  
removed from teeth  
shattered the serenity of night.*

*Yet, through the horror  
of sacrificial lambs*

***an image loomed  
within a vapor cloud:  
Rachel, weeping drops of blood,  
'My children are no more.'***

***And what remained,  
were piles of sable ash  
(unmarked by granite stones)  
that filled the earthen pits.***

***Yet, I still weep  
for what was flesh  
reduced to bone and cinder -***

***for those with silent tongues  
who turned away.***

***If tears were oceans,  
mine have formed them all.***



## The Monarch's Touch- Sonnet

### The Monarch's Touch (Sonnet)

*Her scepter raised in majesty, she dares  
to rule this jeweled star Britannia though  
dark eyes of former Kings and current heirs,  
gaze down on her from portraits. Does she know*

*or even care what they may think? You see,  
she rides a horse as well as any man,  
then dons her crown and welcomes Dukes to tea  
while scrutinizing every battle plan.*

*Elizabeth! This gown of dignity  
that flows, the river Thames reflects her grace;  
her confidence. Behind doors privately  
she smiles back at the chamber mirror's face,*

*then states in perfect English, as she should  
"Elizabeth the Second, you done good."*

## The Moon Thing

### The Moon Thing

*In the black of dreary night,  
on an eerie mountain top,  
through his clouded one-eyed sight,  
did he see the moon thing drop?*

*Like lightning from a bloody sky  
it kissed the earth with one foul splat,  
then it stood upright with a sigh  
and walked off like an alley cat.*

*With horns protruding from its head  
it turned, approached him on all three.  
Was it alive or walking dead?  
This thing shrouded in mystery.*

*Its wounds exposed the blood and gore,  
like mangled veins, within its chest.  
It shrieked and grunted, then it roared,  
while he begged God one last request.*

*The moon thing jumped, or did it leap,  
as his heart began to pound?  
He dared not voice even a peep,  
not one resemblance of a sound.*

*The moon thing spewed a sickly bile,  
as its eyes flashed carmine red  
and then it split itself in two;  
a clone, a second walking dead.*

***Then suddenly they jumped at him,  
their stance in ready for attack.  
He felt them gnawing at his ears,  
then his stomach, nose and back.***

***While blood was oozing down his tongue,  
a metamorphosis took place.  
The two moon things changed back to one,  
and then it leaped back into space.***

***He lay a pulp of blood and guts  
and barely moved, for strength he lacked.  
With one last breath his eyes closed shut,  
while all the world faded to black.***

***To all who read, some choice advice,  
especially those with clouded sight.  
Do not seek the mountain high!  
The moon thing lives, but you may die.***

## The Path Through Time

### *The Path Through Time*

*What path lies barren  
near the weathered oak,  
near the graveyard  
where the old church stands,  
whose organ music  
filled the inner walls,  
in days of old,  
when people gathered there?*

*What rustic path  
leads me to the cabin,  
whose logs are aged  
and laden with fresh snow,  
whose battered door  
still hangs with rusted nails,  
whose lamppost stands  
within a loose support?*

*What rock-strewn path  
leads my feet to wander  
through dreary, dusty halls,  
and lifeless rooms,  
where loosened planks  
shriek the wind's outrage,  
and cobwebs fill  
such placid emptiness?*

*When life deals a blow  
too great to bear,*

*I journey to this god-forsaken place,  
consume the peace  
within her hollow walls,  
then drink the music  
of a gentler time.*

*near the weathered oak,  
near the graveyard  
where the old church stands,  
whose organ music  
filled the inner walls,  
in days of old,  
when people gathered there?*

*What rustic path  
leads me to the cabin,  
whose logs are aged  
and laden with fresh snow,  
whose battered door  
still*

## The Song of Lucifer

### The Song of Lucifer

*From the crypt his voice is calling  
deep Satanic, eerie moans.*

*The stars drift through a blood-drenched sky  
then harmonize with piercing groans.*

*The graveyard's still, no sound escapes  
through cold, grey lonely, granite walls.*

*While God and mankind lie asleep  
it's at this time that Satan calls.*

*In each looming necropolis  
(where for years the dead lay still)  
he elevates sleek marble tombs  
with little more than iron will -*

*then sings "The Song of Lucifer"  
as the dead in slumber rise,  
and chooses who will savor hell  
with deep hypnotic, blood-shot eyes.*

*Those poor souls who Satan's chosen  
run amok like scattered sheep.  
Eternal torture in hell's fire,  
"Pray the Lord my Soul to Keep."*

## Veronica (Villanelle)

### *Veronica (Villanelle)*

*While I stood in the midst that final day  
and held a handkerchief of linen white,  
His form moved past me as I knelt to pray.*

*Daylight was masked by ebony and grey  
and yet I kept His movement in my sight,  
while I stood in the midst that final day.*

*His garments, torn and tattered, soiled and frayed,  
hung loosely, He appeared devoid of fright,  
His form moved past me as I knelt to pray.*

*Cries of lament were heard; yet, none would say,  
He was the Christ, our Savior, and the Light,  
while I stood in the midst that final day.*

*Though obstacles were cast into His way,  
He trudged along the path; refused to fight,  
His form moved past me as I knelt to pray.*

*I moved to wipe His brow without delay,  
His imprint cast forever, sanguine bright.  
While I stood in the midst that final day,  
His form moved past me as I knelt to pray.*

## **We Two Ships**

### **We Two Ships**

*This poem was inspired by the 1989 movie, "The War of the Roses,"  
starring Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner*

***My heart  
beats heavy  
with Winter  
and melancholia,***

***as I envisage  
how we two ships,  
under a crescent moon,  
once moved in sleek beauty  
on placid swells,  
but now pass stubbornly,  
almost defiantly,  
on raging, murky waters.***

***We lived,  
you the Titanic  
and I the Andrea Doria,  
doomed from the beginning,  
catastrophic at the end,  
to gulp one last  
histrionic breath.***

***Yet, in that final  
ebb and neap,  
we knew our song  
would be swallowed  
by the sea,***



***our wreckage hurled  
into its blackness,  
and our ghosts;  
prisoners locked in iron,  
would become its treasures.***