

Anthology of H. Ray Davis

Presented by

My poetic Side 



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A Look Back

My mind wanders back to a time unbridled and young, memories stained by what might have been. So many lives I have touched and in turn have touched me. Like footprints on the ground the fine Details sadly washed away. Forever haunted by fleeting expectations of possibility. We were more beautiful than we will ever be, more graceful than the dance of the gentle rain falling in a morning pool, captured like snapshots in our minds. I will freely give myself to become a part of all things living and dead, like a star exploding in the heavens to become one with the cosmos, I become all I have loved and have been loved by, the taste so sweet like sugar melting on my tongue I will embrace that flavor.

H.R. Davis

Absence Of You

My heart is failing. To accept there will be no more stolen moments, no kiss nor embrace. The sting of loneliness can no longer be quenched. We are separated by circumstance and time. The absence of your aroma is ever with me, my senses are empty. We will meet in another plane far from the constraints of this world. Until that day comes, let darkness consume me. You were my light.

H.R. Davis

Garden Lament

I am alone. I yearn for the comfort friendship once allowed.

The romance of my time, once plentiful, now eludes me. Yet I stand.

The makers voice once audible in my heart, has been silenced. Tho I pray through tears of despair, I am deaf. Yet I stand.

My nature is faith, tho the fury rages around, I will be steadfast. While battles are won and lost, oh lord I await your call. Yet I stand.

H.R. Davis

A Man No More

To exist is a poor imitation of life. Make no mistake people will keep you alive, not that you might enjoy a fuller life, but for their own selfish reasons. You are drained of all your life force to quicken their bodies one last time. Is it not enough that you fought the fight, ran the race and kept the faith? Who should be denied a peaceful passing? I have become a madman. I will be remembered for my outrage at what I have been reduced to rather than the passion I demonstrated. I say bury the dead for their labored time is over. I am starved for the peace that the grave allows. I have been a father, a husband and a friend. I crave a long awaited rest. God forgive me for what I have become.

H R Davis

Alone

I wake every morning with the fear that the elusive love I feel will leave me. The agony of the memory of you will fade. The thoughts of you and all the passion that I hold so close. Kissing the nape of your neck, so intertwined it was unclear where one began and the other ended. I cast myself in you! You are the very air that feeds the fire that burns within me. I am lost in you.

H R Davis

Indebted

My dear, I am in debt to you.

For the times I have looked at you, my eyes are filled with joy.

I owe you. For the sweetness of the things you have spoken to me are like drops of honey melting on my tongue.

I am in debt to you. For the brief times I have held you I have lived a lifetime of love.

I owe you. For all of the nights I have dreamed of our next meeting.

I live with the constant aching of feeling my hand on your face and the hope of a look of contentment in your eyes.

I am sure I will live my life a debtor. How could I ever repay the happiness you have given back to me?

Before you my smile was only a reflex, but now a permanent thing that glows inside of me.

My love, I am in debt to you.

H R Davis

The Night

Words can seldom define the feelings before sunrise. The mind is a tomb of forgotten pain and pleasure often buried or fortified beyond our reach. Long nights spent kicking the very covers that hold warmth give way to quiet utterance only whispered in the dark, the sum of your misery reduced to a mere sentence. Solitude has been a kind companion. My mind is a wasteland filled with far too many graves.

H.R. Davis

Letter to Chrissy

Dearest Chrissy,

It is not by choice I share these thoughts, but rather a necessity. In all my journeys the memory of you has remained a constant in my soul. We shared something so true and innocent, it is imprinted within me. all things since have fallen short. It exist only in my mind and I feel I must purge myself. it is a cruel spirit that possess me.

H.R. Davis

Letter to Joy

I still recall our first meeting. I was taken by the way the light danced on your golden hair. Your picturesque figure silhouetted, cast shadows. In a room full of people, suddenly it was just you and I. It felt as though I had lost my balance. As I held your gaze it was if a lance had pierced my heart.

In that moment I felt as a newborn child looking out for the first time. Was it possible to be in love in a fraction of the moment? You were such a graceful conquerer. for when you touched my hand all of the hurts and anxiety of my past fled.

My dearest, I have loved you from that very moment and will continue until the breath leaves my body.

I see the perfection in you that I had grown blind of so many years before. How could I ever be worthy of you?

I had been asleep my whole life, but you had awakened me.

Forgive me for the smile on my face when you spoke your name, it was so appropriate. Joy

Cry Out To Heaven

Oh dear God. You have set your hand against me and it is no less than I deserve. The blessing you have given me, I have squandered. My flesh moves on me like a crawling thing of the ground. My spirit pours out like water.

You have removed your warmth from me and I can no longer hear your voice in my heart.

Dear Jesus, take this burden from me. Take my life!

Do what you will with me, but please quicken my soul one last time. Forgive me for embracing the filth of this world. Forgive me oh lord and bless me accordingly to your unfailing love. Let your light shine within my heart, even as you shine within mine.

H R Davis

Smoke And Mirrors

They will look back and be able to say I saw the rise of technology. A time when we lost our souls. When women lost their grace and men lost their masculinity. A time like no other, where our lives become illusion. We are all lost souls wandering through a mist, Every moment cataloged through picture and embellishment. They will say it was a time of vanity and madness.

H R Davis

These Days

In my youth my life was filled with song and music. These days a book, a melody and a warm place to land will have to suffice. My view never changes, I look out the same window at the same trees..... It has been said that life is measured in chapters, some longer than others.

A poem is nothing more than a page from someones journal, maybe no more than a whisper of a forgotten verse. For me, a reminder, or a fear of a feeling I may never know again.

H.R. Davis

The morning after

My darling,

As the sun rose this morning, I walked, my hands feeling the morning dew still wet on the field, my thoughts were filled with you.

In the half light of dawn I recalled the gentle lines of your face. The soft lines of your body.

My dearest, I am completely unworthy of your affection, but if it be Gods will, I will rejoice.

No man could be more blessed.

I can no longer bear the bitterness of being without you.

I did not realize how dark my life was until your love light shined into my heart.

I was empty you see, but now I am filled.

My cup runneth over. I love you.

H R Davis

A New Love

I love and hate the moments I spend with you. It is the ephemeral things that we can never have again. We love them while they are there and we hate them when they're gone. We will never have that same moment again. My hands on your face. It is such a fleeting second that I can never recapture. I love our moments together, but if I had my way I would freeze those times when you are pressed against me.

Hubert Ray Davis

Missing You

I can no longer see myself. The mirrored stare that once reflected my face is now gone.

I spend my time alone now, reflecting on those nights we spent together.

Feeling your breath on my chest, my fingers in your hair.

A dim recollection of your hair falling gently back onto your face when I would pull it back.

The vision of those times flash through my mind like a slideshow. This house feels so empty now. I imagine hearing your footsteps, as you would walk through, but they are growing faint now. I turned in bed, as I always did, to touch you, but my bed is empty now. I am missing you.

H R Davis

The Long Night

I've heard you can never go back home. Home has never been a literal place for me, but rather a state of mind. Fires that were lit throughout my time that were either smothered or left behind to die, embers of some still glowing in your memory. Constantly searching you find sparks of the past, most unable to be rekindled. It seems along your path you leave pieces of your self, given away or taken, you can never regain those. So you are fragmented across time without possibility of ever being whole. I am alone. A fraction of the man I set out to be. We all wear the mask of what we choose to show everyone, so afraid to ever let down the veil in fear of being exposed. No peace is ever found. Maybe we are meant to be isolated behind all the barriers we have constructed.

H R Davis

Helplessly hoping

My dearest love,

I have been struggling with the distance between us, but my love for you sustains me.

You are everything that is pure and beautiful to me in this world and I miss you so much.

I am sometimes able to fool myself to believe that you care for me as much as I care for you, but the reality of circumstance is a harsh master.

My heart tells me that we will be together, but my mind always reminds me that it would be easier to hold back the tides.

I am a fool that is reaching for a bright light, but I am your fool and you are my bright light.

With all my heart, I love you.

H R Davis

For A M

Winter Chill

My years have made me weary. I know neither love nor hate and all romance has lost its flavor.
The notes of would be lovers fall flat on my ears.
A ray of sunshine and a place of comfort feeds my soul.
A warm blanket knocks the chill in the winter of my life.
The struggle with your own mortality can drain the art from your imagination.
As for me, the fear of becoming useless paralyzes me.
I long to slumber under the shade of an old tree.

HR Davis

Untitled

There is no greater labyrinth or catacomb than the aged mind of a man. While the primal chambers fight for survival the halls of despair pray for death.

H.R. Davis

The Cycle

The cycle

The sorrows of this life are beyond measure.

Mortals are raised up in the spring and are hewn down in the winter.

Like shedding tears in a rain shower, they are washed away.

But spring will surely come again.

The flowers will bloom and so to the thistle.

So do not despair.

While the plant may wither the seed will certainly live on.

H R Davis