

Anthology of dean

dean langmuir



Presented by

My poetic side 

summary

fauna

Dining with Divine

Dim Some

-Read Me-

-Just Be-

-Conduction-

SCENT

R.I.P my W.T.F

The Poet tree

-Whisper of a Poet-

-Hey Poets-

Seasoned Reasons

Angels Tears

-ruminant-

Symphony thru the coulee

-palm the breeze-

-Isn't it symphonic-

-some 5-7-5 thoughts-

-somemore 5-7-5 thoughts-

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fauna

The howl
downwind the coyote
it quites fowl
upon their waters
joins and drifts between the shores of silence
waning with the moon.

The loon,she cries
before she dives
bobbing offspring ripple,as they dine the
dawns delights.

The geese
they goose
their goslings
thru the reeds,that feed and shelter
tiny feet they web the minnows
as they eat.

The owl
hears howls of wind and fauna
only it can see
the deer,turn a ear
to the scent within the whispers.

Dining with Divine

I was invited to a dinner
my heart drove me to attend
the address,psalm 85#10.

Loving kindness and truth had met
thru prayer and consultation.
Righteousness and peace,they kissed in celebration
as my soul took pictures of the night.

I drive around,my memories circling
sometimes in despair.
Finding out,I never left,
that I am always there.

Dim Some

My home is lit
with 10 watt bulbs
I'm not to bright myself
The rose colored shades
the fly seems to like
I've taken a liking to myself
There's no denying
Enlightened I am
just a little dim

-Read Me-

Pages-say-read me
Sages-pray-heed me
Rages-plee-please me
The ink
never cares
what it shares
it relies on
you & eye

-Just Be-

To be-a bee
would simply be
a being of wonder.

O but-to be
the me,my I can't see
would be
a being of ponder

-Conduction-

Recognition

Deja-vu

Electrified by your conducting presence
that opens latent switches.

Esoteric

But, Please let me know.

I explore

Anticipating more.

Of these Mystic pleasures our souls
have shared before.

SCENT

My olfactories

remind me

Your scent is amongst me

My mind plays a movie of the past

May it play long enough that you see

Someone else should know you

R.I.P my W.T.F

R.I.P. my body

W.T.F. my mind

L.O.L. my memories

A.S.A.P. thru time

May the poem

that breezes you

Tittilate

delight

Ignited neurons nourished

More in word,than with the sight

The Poet tree

The Soul

Sowed seeds

Before there was time.

Designed parks, to hearken

the Poet Tree

Trees-that love can penknife in the paper of their bark

Trees-that linguistic leaves can shadow with their shade

Trees-that roots can go deeper than the deep has ever known

May your Soul, sow the seeds that you need

Please replant them as your own.

-Whisper of a Poet-

A simple poem
a line, or two
words and you together.

A few more nouns
with vowels anew,
can disembowel forever.

OR-enlighten with the poignant touch
of a hammer made of feathers.
Listen for the whisper, of the Poet.

-Hey Poets-

May you whirl
the world with word.
Embed a vowel that touches.
Impale wrong with write.
Change the scenery in a mind.
Propagate some wisdom.

Seasoned Reasons

They say there is a reason
for these seasons in our life
I think these seasoned reasons
I think they tell a lie
There only here to tell us
stop seeking for the "WHY"
the Why is Why
the Where is Where
but the What is the When of the Who

Angels Tears

A listening ear
hears Angels cry
May I never cause a tear

If I did,may I vanish
simply disappear
Raised in Love,you leave that to others
too suffer in the mirror
and cause a another tear to drop
on the crown that causes fear

-ruminat-

I ruminat,alot
as a cow,I'd be bovine
I root and tusk
my way thru life
I relate more to the porcine
When you smell,of the canine
feel a tad feline
What's a sort to do?
I'll ungulate these thoughts
these rams,they tend to batter
Then take myself out to the barn
and talk to those that matter

Symphony thru the coulee

East

Thru the coulee

the Meadowlark plays her flute

Melodies yawning with the echoes

of their dawn inspired song

They wake the willows shadow

Tickling flora with their fauna

Clinging softly to the dew

that waits the morning sun

-palm the breeze-

Oh! to feel the sand
that touchs seas
with trees that palm the breeze
Too shadow with a rock that blocks the sky
Too allow exotic love to dance upon my skin
absorbing as it pleases
May my soul
castle with the celtic
before I die

-Isn't it symphonic-

Isn't it symphonic
how the notes
that flow and follow
the pull of the string
can mind
the bend
of the bow

-some 5-7-5 thoughts-

Know when you read this
that words are on a mission
to rip you apart

the skin of the drum
conceals the hollow cadence
waiting for a touch

If you don't know,hear
there's a keepsake box within
seek the key that locks

In staggered review
I am grateful that I see
you need some caring

Music-low enough
to gently wave the inks kiss
paper melodies

Scented touch it stirs
grabbing the strings that hide
on bridges to the heart

Grateful smiles sipping
the giggles within the wine
teeter off the lip

Individuals touch
Bespoke personalities
find your likeminded

-somore 5-7-5 thoughts-

Seven Senryus
sitting on a shelf subdued
waiting for your time

Liberating poems
words used the way they were meant
cathartic lightbulbs

Violins go thru me
what is inside these people
projecting these notes

Mysterious moss
absorbs my unlit shadows
relieving my soles

I see straight thru you
your complexity intrigues
then becomes a poem

Why expose me now
people can wait to see me
I hope I am brave

In my hermit cave
thank you Maya for the paint
I am poetry

A pot worthy thought
my daffodil said to me
blooming as it spoke

Life, share your essence

Please, bless me with your knowledge
I will pass it on

Emerging ziegist
understand the new ambience
know your ethos

May I Ubuntu
thank you Africa for this
simplification

-Layman Sages-

The layman and their layman words
cut thru the shite
the poet has tried to for ages
Listen to the mind the book has not affected
ponder what it thinks
and know these Sages are not aware
of their wisdom

-The Arrange of Art-

Notes touch brushes
That canvas the music
That writes the poem
That sings the song

The Arrange of Art
is divine
To the beings that convey
This human Thanks You
In Awe
I sing and belong
to this Melody

-the picture hangs a wall-

The picture
hung a wall today
from gallows
a thousand words can't explain
The picture
simply felt denied
of the color
that would highlight
it's features

=showering with lilacs=

I showered with the rain today
Amidst a Lilac grove
Embraced by their branches
and their Love within their mauve

With their fragrance,absorbed
I walk scenting the naked forest
with my essence
from the Lilac
that betrothed me

Write your own Story(1st sonnet)

If you read your story from a stranger
Would you contemplate and would it engage
Does music flow,or try to rearrange
your songbook,poignant notes upon the page

Within this chaptered past,from anothers view
Do you see what you want to recognize
or deny this person is even you
Character percieved behind unlike eyes

Emerging birth,awakened genesis
Developing mounting traits day by day
Read between the lines,find your nemesis
Listen to this menacing foe I say

Then put this book upon your mental shelve
Begin to write a volume two yourself

-Colored Words-

LISTEN TO THE COLOR
TO hear how silence and
THE empty speak
COLOR this language all your own

USE THEIR WORDS WITHIN
THEIR loud, but you cannot hear
WORDS of no sound, they play
WITHIN the inner-inner ear

EXPLORE YOUR SILENT PLACES
YOUR spaces you can sing
SILENT hymns that chorus
PLACES life begins

-emitting blue-

Woven amidst the fabric
that's emitting Cobalt Blue
Are threads of unknown colors
that pattern with their hues

This mind has never seen before
such a score that could shame the symphony

Music somehow follows the blue
as it touches behind my eye
A little piece of cloth from eternity
In my fingers, as I cry

-enlightenment-

enlightenment

lends it's listen

to the shadows sharing

wisdom

to the whispers

you ignore

-remnants of sapphire-

Remnants of sapphire
stay upon the shore
the color of the past
I wanted to find

The wake
from the boat that I sail
ripples blue on what I left behind

Freedom is the love of the lonely
Seeking to be found

-A Poet knows-

A Poet knows

The dragonfly

The butterfly

The nymph

They do not know

if the wings

of their write

will flutter

when they're touched

-run or stay-

I don't listen
to your words
I look thru
to see your intent
A good vibe
I will stay,I will chat

You are who you are
your dictions depict it
But your values
speak louder than words
A bad vibe
I'll say Hi,then I'll scat

Do people run away
from you
Or do they stay

-Sung with passion-

A voice heard me today

it pierced the skin

before the ear.

My inner tears

were resonated enough to share

4- craniumisms

I looked up at a Crane today
then one flew by.
I'm used to looking
at the sky.
But not seeing double.

Then I thought
if a Crane
built a nest
on top of a Crane
We would all Crane our necks to see it.

-Souls walking by-

There was a mannerism
a charisma
an essence

There was a sense
a feeling
a reverberation

There was a longing
a recognition
that a like minded spirit
had just walked by
with a scent
that still lingers

-The Heart-

Oh, the heart
it ticks
it pumps
it feels
things we don't understand

it hurts
it shapes
yet it beats
when we don't want to

Senses Love
when it's not there
then surprises
with a tear
on the hear of others

When I listen
I cry

Father-Son

Hormones demonstrating
the seek of the mind
reminiscent of my own
Was my Son's
at the age
of questioning

With,a Jolt
the enquiries
refreshed aspirations
with each breath
I took
As,I Focused,on mellowing
his puberty.

Knowing flaws
enshrined in Love
Will pass
their best.

As a Father
if,he doesn't prick me.
I'll feel
I have failed.

We need to raise
individual souls
who can flourish
with the nourishment
of being themselves.

-Eloquently influenced-

Eloquently influenced
my manner
shifted
the presence
of what I seemed to be.

This change
of scenery
you see
is still me.

An elegant illusion

-Silent Flame-

We have to be more
than just live to die
More than a movie
or stories apply
These were my thoughts
as a moth used her wings
to fly above a silent flame
seeking light
not nearly the same
as she had sought before

-Wells of Wisdom-

In my recesses
I must confess
I do not have a clue
These cavities
They abound
They abound
I now its true
Something tells me deep within
a search will reveal to you
These same little wells of wisdom
Wishing for pennys of truth

-words-

The pen never wants
to burden or bore
but if it is words you are into
take a read
Listen as they
twist and shape
What you think you know
They are far more clever
than you indeed

-the-

The sigh
in a realize
The see
in a reveal
The feel
in a tear appearing
The real
in a mystery
If my mind
understood
what my soul does
I'd be a better man

-intention-

I don't need joy today
I'd rather be myself
Happy, can sit on the shelf
till I need it
Drama & Madness
Regret & Sadness
need my full attention
I'm used to all of this
Apparently, I don't mind
It's how I find
I bide my time
(dare I mention)
Yet, somehow
I hope this awareness
Shares its full intention
To the Truth
that you keep offending
Sensing it will find you in the end

-me and my pen-

Me and my pen
sit writing on a tabletop of glass
I ask the pen
What do you want to express?
Does your ink
want to make one think
or console with a smile?
I gently apply presence
to the nib upon paper
While
Waiting
for a response

-I wept-

I wept today
for a passion
of an existence
that was burdened
then set free
It wasn't I that cried
It was freedom

-Symphonic sadness-

The cadence
of a lonely heart
The beat of a tired drum
The sound of a tear
repeated
Together they make music
in my soul
Symphonic is my sadness
as it listens

-Silent Glow-

Seems to me
in my calculation
We are all doomed to die
Don't ask why
You will never know
Accept the silent glow
in your surrender
to wisdom
that wants
too flow some more

-Melodies sing their last note-

When melodies
sing their last note

When the breeze
says goodbye to the chime

When the glass
meets the floor

Silence is captured in time
Yet the mind soon forgets