

# Anthology of dean

dean langmuir



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

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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

**-tiny little mangrove leaf-**

A tiny little mangrove leaf  
to and fro-ed in disbief  
relieved from its duty of nurture  
floated high then tumbled low  
engulfed in its new found future  
was slowly beached by the reach of the sand  
enjoyed the sun and a new found land  
then joined the breezes masterplan  
to find a curious childs hand  
and share the love in nature

## A poemy short story

I live with my lover  
in luscious conditions  
and a mongoose called Many  
for good reasons  
A palm tree  
shades the couch  
on our porch  
Our delight is the rhyme  
of the sea  
As for me  
I come from a country of four distinct seasons  
each bringing new flavour to life  
As for him  
he has not yet seen  
nor felt snow beneath his feet  
or the retreat of summer into fall  
nor blossomings  
that happen once a year  
that remind to be grateful that near  
is the essence of change  
We will live both lives  
We will arrange this to be true

## - presented naked -

Presented Naked

Was a body

Was an image

waiting to be known

A patient, picture perfect moment

waiting to unfold

Waiting for a curious eye to behold

and have the optic nerve to ponder

what the clothing

typically hides

inside its moral expectations

that it wraps around desire

then denies

## **-Let Go-**

Type written-scribed  
Bound in leather then tied  
My desires and dreams hidden inside  
I hide, trapped by a knot I don't try to untie  
Slowly dying-denying existence  
Decades decided by an unaware mind  
Self imagined images  
Lay dormant-unfelt-unalive  
Yet Joy-Peace-and Change  
still wait for fear to know its evil persistence