

uncryptically

crypticbard



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

*This first collection is dedicated to online poets both past and present, looking toward future days
together.*

Acknowledgement

Many thanks to all who make online poetry an experience worth coming back to, developing and nurturing. It as and will most likely be the best way to make use of internet time for the poet that finds themselves in a digital environment.

About the author

The Cryptic Bard is only cryptic on a couple of layers and once past those the heart and mind is free. The Bard's catch line is: "Cry Petey! The bards are coming!"

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?teqsun?

the only light

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becoming keeper and herald

unlimiting

some things, we overlook

think of me

think of you

think of others

rosy cheeked

long distance for now

piano old

sea sponge fraying

reed music

Amber frosted reeds
in the summers wind
swaying, dancing,
synchronised now
syncopated and back
shouting then singing
xanthine etudes
boisterous and raucous
bright and nimble
leaving pliant
graceful kisses
on a soft smooth cheek.

5-7-5 a.1

birds chitter chatter
perched high upon tension wires
cable party line

is it not your day?

Belatedly, towing a rust-worn Saab, where
many dreams and adventures are wrenched
from a youngster's brooding petulance ...
Gravel crunches under a pair of balding tires
guttural screaming to a downbeat of debt
spewing silently from a tattered billfold.

What a present: timely to an empty fridge,
in the hallway, a growing pile of washing
impatiently reeking of malodorous intent.

no poetry by numbers

numbers do not the soul touch
or rouse from depths of reverie
whose shallow sepulchral beauty
surface deep revelations aplenty
plead with matrimonial vows, thus
parchment scribbles & ceremonies
do not a marriage make and
neither will ice cream make us
any colder after calories kick in
poetry's soul may ride its form
but transcends its empirical parts
its triumph for all to behold:
at last, Pinocchio sheds his strings

Happy birthday, William Wordsworth

It's May the 12th, 2022 and you graced this world 212 years ago.
A gorgeous night it must have been, and quite liberally serene,
Whence through these lands the daily toils would cease
While supper and vespers mingle with children's whispers
Perhaps unmoved by lofty aspirations bring before God
Unfettered by reservations, their heartfelt adoration.

Goodbye, Dad

yesterday at dawn
the moment a cloud-filled sky
blanketed grey
my eyelids scroll to see
and feel you waiting, free
through this jungle and
its concrete mountains
no longer away from thee
a second hand orbits
on poker-faced landscape
thought without thinking
sight without seeing
listen without hearing
solitary, anonymous,
scrunched forward
melancholy doldrum
on a dawn as dark as night
there shall be no burnished
dusk or starlit twilight
nor shall buds blossom forth
and on arrival, upon your urn
shall alight a lone plumeria
and a crystal tear

Ballad of Billy McGee

With disdain they looked upon one Billy McGee
a boy that promised never to be;
a rep that's scarred and scratched,
for sure his name's mismatched
as darker skin ya'ever did see
on blackish hair with reddish flecks of Billy McGee.
A red haired aboriginal boy
matches were only a toy
and he was caught red handed
and always branded
the troublesome fire starter.
Poor boy had no farda
he was stolen in a generation;
trouble, his one destination
for any of his wild-sown seed.
Never had a chance, Billy McGee.

waterfront recital

ribald footprints
of a silent, broken guitar
rendezvous with an ebbing tide:
recalcitrant thoughts wash away
along this sandy shore.

Rotterdam

Red train rested at Rotterdam station
Over the border to meet a friend
Trains all over Europe pass here
Today is a bright and sunny day
Every person glows in its brightness
Realising not a former disaster, that
During the 40's destruction erupted
Along these very streets, evacuated
Murderous bombs wreaking havoc

Poet, Speak! or forever be silent

a poem is the funeral pyre
of pulsations, once exhumed
but now still present;
fueled by the flame of our
rue-filled memories
a poet is the gathering together
of thought and hope
that intermingle with the
burnished trim of
a late afternoon sky
and poetry is a dream
garbed in bilious words
whose raiment is laced
by meandering verse and
be-jeweled by barely parted lips:
It takes but a whisper
to free the wandering soul.

fly south

streaks through granite sheets
feathers flap against tinged sky
 stalks sway in the breeze

harvest moon

shadowy sheets cover, dark, shining lips purse; pointy ears prick skyward as corn stalks pondered
chanting scarecrows curse in a sea of dreams left over

a nag called Time

An untamed spirit
She's been called
She waits for no one
And to none bow down;
No whisperer nor wizard
Could ever break her:
She goes on at her bidding
Deadlines send you reeling.
Tangle with her and you're done for,
How you'd come through, no telling.
But brash or brave
I must face her
Each second hand
A pulse-raiser
And time harnessed
shall be my steed into some future sunset
that I should still meet.

You That Have

You, who have hope
in things yet to be done,
words yet to be spoken;

You are blessed.

You, who have faith
in things never to be seen,
words never to be spoken:

You are beloved.

You, who have trust
in things already done,
words sincerely woven;

You are gifted.

You, who have love
in things freely given,
words taken in and shared;

You are loved.

how I came to be

it's when you looked my way
and first took notice of me...
that is how I came to be.

no promise of regret

As long as there are no longer
tears of sorrow and regret

May the kindest gestures
of filial affection ever beget;

our friendship has been
blest from shore to shore,

each wondrous exchange
our devotions now restore

thread diving

*people are our real legacy;
one day sure, entire poems
shall have been forgotten,
while remains a phrase or
a feeling drawn from wells
deeper than memory can
reach, or device can retrieve
much like thread-diving as
we scamper for posts buried
by traffic and flood posters...
follow, subscribe, or friend
buttons can only do so much
so we hang on to what we
have and hold dear, today
saving each precious moment
if bookmarked sentiments
are promises all will be well
we'll boldly breathe again*

when roses bloomed

There you are,
Playing domestics;
Passing each other

Cups & saucers

While I sit back,
Being waited upon
To take it all in -

This apparition
Of simple bliss.

Why was this not possible
When roses bloomed
In the garden?

report card demolition

Fresh and clean
to smell and feel
my favourite jeans
like second skin
but as i zip up
i feel a lump
a wad of fluff
a foreign feel
i pulled and fished
but there remained
fibres and particles
in the pocket deep
i pinch the bottom end
and pull from inside
'til it's fully out
a white-washed tongue
letting the wind

take up in its wings

the remaining fluff

of what once was

my marks and grades

of a school year done

obliterated, disintegrated

into lumps of pocket fluff

ode to the ferry pilot

Up on screen I hear them scream,
bright and vibrant, happy and sad-
words and stanzas on a digital pad.
I will always remember your poetry.

Within your verses each line offers
wonders - mysteries of thought,
universalities in observations caught.
I will always remember your expression.

A frequent flyer, expectant passenger,
beyond the distant shores I travel;
safely aboard your verbose vessel.
I shall always remember your name.

steadfast chestplate

toy soldier,
all for her
steadfast,

forever--

except for
one glaring
clerical error:

her tin heart
beats for another
toying; callous

sends him off

to slaughter; a
battler with no
shield or armour.

??

?

elegy for Jonathan, the prince

stately tall you meekly stand
on your finger the signet band
for my sake you shunned your crown
for my breath your devotion fierce
you gave for me your sword and squire
your hospitality did never tire
proud brothers in battle or play
companions going about each day
in your shadow I had no care
my home's cupboards were never bare
song and merriment never missed
hunger a stranger to my lips
your place at court set second to mine
your heart pure - best fruit of vine
your eyes reflect esteem so dear
no man's affection held so near
O gallant Prince in battle slain
my soul cries out for you in pain
Saul's crown you've set upon my head -
a long-held secret I shan't covet
My lord, one could never repay;
the debt of friendship's love dismay?
to live this life as noble and true
to generously care and give as you
Prince of the Realm, if you could hear
the *Scroll of the Upright*, loud and clear
in the *Song of the Bow* proclaimed
praise of our filial bond inscribed.

a lullaby

Hush now
don't fret
the lights are dim
my little pet
Sleep now
my love
wings tucked in
my little dove
,

'til all my breath is you

How have you inked
this palpitant heart?
Well, let me tell you:
Your barbs extend
long and deep and far,
far enough to pierce
skin of my resistance
with needlepoint of
your persistence.
But not only skin
deep; you refuse to
settle for what I
had to offer, deep--
you broke skin and
plunged deeper than
anyone ever did go
pierced right through
very venal lining
polluted my bloodstream
with your insistence
infusing ink of thought
rushing in its onslaught
sucked through mitral
port into my ventricle
left graffitied and stained
your ink spreading toxin
'til all my breath is you

Spring's possibilities

When your winter breaks into spring
think of new and wonderful things
while autumn creeps passed your window
break this winter free of sorrow
wait upon seasons - wait on life
live each day loving - escaping
weave each day's new strands - engaging
one day looking back - mem'ries rife.

if we had wings to fly

Much like Icarus, off they go;
until condensation metes them
reality's condescension:
Whose goals and objectives
are minute in life's greater scheme;
wings fashioned from floss harps-
Yet they soar each firmament;
nary a doubt would sway resolve;
no tempest or tumult could dissuade.
If you chance upon a cloudless day
catch their echo of jubilant cries
and contemplate your turn to fly.

Midnight Rendezvous

Join me in this boat of drunkenness,
Come with me and we shall both be drunk.
Let's sway beside what we think ourselves,
Swerving as the waves swell beneath us;
Lifting us to where lonely sounds warp,
While many other things become clear.

Come upon my mind, your tongue in mine,
And utter words that rend this turmoil;
The sound of madness not to be stilled,
Our silent voices, raging waters.

The world will list to one side of us
And back to the other in one beat.
Ghosts wail in the howling of the wind;
The sweat streams from a thousand souls,
They fling their drunken bodies upon us;
We feel only their salty wetness.

All at once they crash against this boat;
Their breath will chill the flaming sea,
Then drift back again to drowsy depths,
As our oars cut through this heady wine.

here

Here are words no longer spoken
of memories now faded and broken
hearted, but their onslaught remain
whose friendship and esteem contain.

After all these intervening years
this ever filling cup of hopes and fears
bring these straying thoughts to bay
while days accrue and debtors pay.

Now being none the wiser, although
some things may ail a father, bestow
a gift no king's horses or men could offer
today shall likewise slip into forever.

Dear child, your heart is ever learning
more and more each day, you're turning
more like the self that you imagine
live each moment through this world's raucous din .

crocus buds

crocus buds burst forth
peep and poke through dunes of white
winter bows to spring

when the sun begins to shine again
vital truths on wood-lined paths arise

gems inside

as soon as it's spoken as soon as it's heard words evaporate words depreciate so we try to keep them frozen and chisel them onto poems with a hope, come melt-time a fossilised facsimile resides

spiral noose

breathe:

all else

is

do

wn

wa

rd

spin.

bells appeal

.
peeling bells
rusting fine
heave and sigh
peal at twilight
embers thrashing about
glowing whispers
.

considered exchanges

turn your gaze to power
of life and death:
they lie dormant,
seeded potentialities;

a flower's expectancy
in each quiescent tongue
and those who love either
will surely sup of their fruit

a poet's tears

some time, somewhere, out there

someone had said
that one part of poetry
is a reservoir that holds
all the sadness of this world

What then does this say of a poet?

it is not seen how
that portion poets bear
bare on virginal leaves
all their flight and fears

are tears morphed in pressed ink

What is 'forever' to a heart?

It's never easy to step out into the sunlight
away from the safety of your walls - indoors.
Sometimes you forget just how hard it can get,
Until a door slams shut in your face midstep-
knowing that you threw the hinges of yours.

It's never fair when you give your heart away,
only to find their forever ended yesterday-
That you will from here on forward love on,
caring for both your heart and theirs-
the un-requitedness would be for sure.

It's never too late to hope and dream of good;
all will be well if we trust in the heart we love-
that what has brought us together upholds,
until a window opens up and lets light in again:
darkness has no place - forever eternally bright.

Elyssa, fugitive princess

tragic queen Elissa, foundress
of Carthage. Her brother, Pygmalion
slew her husband, the chief priest
Acharbas and in the uproar fled
with Tyrian nobles, bearing gold
on a fleet of Phoenician ships.
Then on Mauritanian coastline
she bought some land to build
a new city-state, from the vantage
of Byrsa on which her citadel stands
'circumfenced' by strips of ox-hide
strung along the perimeter of the hill
The Berber chieftain rather stingily
offered as much land as a ox-hide
could cover and later on sought her
hand in marriage as the city grew
in wealth and regional importance
but she threw herself into flames
of a priestly funeral pyre to Tanit
in self-immolation for the dead
god of vegetation, Adonis-Eshmun
Dido, as she was known, hence was
elevated to goddess and patroness
of that great Punic realm of Carthage

open sesame

*people's cupboards and fridges
tell a curious tale of everything
some a cluttered obstacle course
others an impenetrable rain forest
some coyly veiling their secrets
others flamboyantly revealing
mysteries both shallow and deep
behind doors their treasures keep*

.

so, fill us with good things

there was a vacancy in a place
where an abyss engulfed chastity
a concept strange and quite suspect
in a world were we value prospect;
a rarity to sanely slumber at night

and receive sagely uttered sentiment
whose aid in these moonlit promises
birth occupancy in vacillating crises
perhaps a constancy redeems piety;
another word that reveals this malady

simply hope

. brioche mornings bright, sunny fluffy moorings cast away off sun-kissed horizon, ne'er set
dreams astray ?

wash

.
Spun out of control.
Bobbing then pomeled, squashed then bloated.
A lone occupant within the confines of a tumble dryer
at full spin....
An impatient hand lifts the lid off
with deft, well practised fingers
hopeful that in so doing would speed up the process.
The spinning abruptly stops
resuming only when the lid is firmly shut
securely in place.
With a banging and a rattling
the tumbling ensues... digits lifting
assured the interruption overridden.
The mind opens to the fact that
there is one entry and one exit
on this front loader churning
Its machinations moistens the
dank air and frigid tiles with
a slimy condensation.
A final click breaks the dense
silence.
From inside the searing metal tub
emerges a once bright red garment
its fabric faded, familiar, and frayed.

.

i lurv u

mess with this heart
why don't you? still
oblivious to all you are
all the effects you have
messing this here heart

swagger into the room
head careening, askew
slurring pronouncements
your fond affections spew
I lurv you..... I lurv you

why burden this heart
when sober, always aloof
hardly your eyes meet mine
tongue-tied and twisted
no words, no touch, no smile

wake up, sober up and see
there is so much more, here
more than cooler cans in hand
or that awful look in your eyes
as you sway, pleading, with me

Are you my butterfly?

My butterfly is no longer mine,
I wonder if she ever really was;
When she alights on my shoulder
I know she wants me to hold her -
Flies off and she's mine no longer.

My butterfly so frail and fine,
I wonder if I was ever hers;
When she returns to kiss me again
I know she's more than just a friend -
Flies off and gone forever more.

windswept smiles

long, top down drives even shirtless tans sweet strawberry kisses and glorious watermelon stains
laughter lifting through the trees glimpses of sun blest promises sugar coated whispers catching in
the breeze fruit bowls, waterholes and refreshing icy poles interlacing fingers share starry nights
and lazy days .

harvest

.
over many moons and calendars
over many many miles of verse
both in sharing and receiving, lines
feeding an ever emptying purse
may these blossoms fruit among their vines
.

twilight promise

.

a husk, a shell that's fallen off
the back that bore its longest day
to struggle for release supreme
from odious yesterday redeemed

i gaze in stupefied wonder
and peer into the dusky swirls
of the distant pealing thunder
that offers me a new day's thrill

.

desire

flame

.

running faster than
you can flutter a lash

flash

rushing swifter than
we can sniff a flower

fresh

rippling quieter than
they can queue on Black
Friday

harmonisation

music and words
together
pluck on heartstrings
forever

let's dare to hope again

in spite of what surrounds us
whatever circumstances are
we learn to find peace
within ourselves
regardless of what's

going on around us,
learning to self-soothe
kind of thing and find
we all come through
to the other side, strong

persons we've missed;
our friendships through
a new season approaching
and a sense begins to form
that peace rising up from

inside the very core of you!
and it's a happy moment
this first day of autumn
here, although summer
is quite happily overstaying

so colours are changing
and the breeze is blowing
face the horizon, your hair
a banner waving, highlights
in sun beams, catch and shine

at the table, with you

Thereupon a banquet spread
delectable dishes arrayed
greens, meats, fruit, and wine
marine, fowl, farm, and vine
Alongside me your visage bright
imbibing, ingesting, we sup
from selfsame platter dine
my heart yours and yours mine

that focal moment

It may be dark;
but tonight
effervescent lights dance
to a blaring par-tay tune

while in the shadows, we parlay...

reach over me
and flick the switch;
let bokeh find clarity
in our fervent embrace.

change that rope

The well has not gone dry,
less frequented maybe
by both the drawers and
the occasional passersby.

The stones are loose;
between them, mortar dissolves-
by clement or contrary
weather on seasonal cue.

The vessel is parched
and longs for its lover
by pulley once lowered
its rope frayed with disuse.

what writing can be

.
often it is the only
etched thing
between you and
improbability.

no stink kicked up,

no feigning love,
no affluence
can even
hatch it.

.

after war, peace

.
bridge of light flashes

blue oceans cross currents

rainbow cloudless skies
.

The Rhymester

There he goes pacing, this young man,
I see his shadows through the shades;
Drawn to lift them but didn't dare
For then his face he hid and fled

I know my shadow is all he'd see
From behind the blinds that us divide
He reaches out and reaches in
His arms are weak, too frail and thin

He cries out with all his being
Screaming, cursing, with voiceless words;
They fly and hurtle towards me,
Scratching, gouging, making craters.

'Why?' he asks, the eternal, WHY?
Flailing his arms against that sky.
I reply with hoarse crackling sounds,
Noises of one without the answers.

I stand before him fixedly,
Stared down the shadow at myself
It is dark in there, in his room
But at night this Youth's windows glow.

At the time when all is quiet,
What is it he might be doing?
He reaches in and reaches out,
Arms not needed to block the sun.

The shades roll up of their own will,
No blinding light to sear his face
And then his sparkling eyes meet mine,

His silent words bestowing life.

Summer Moon

There is a mystery about her
That even at night she casts shadows;
You'll find her playful as well as kind,
No other friend in the dark to find.

She's out when it's too early for bed,
When the lights are on and the sun has fled;
Her face smiles with a soft silver glow,
Her breath you'll feel as the night winds blow.

She invites you to join her in play,
To have some fun at the end of a day;
That you may smile in your dreams tonight,
And in the morn get up fresh and bright.

home

thoughts for that House that Time built
where a life had been lovingly wrapped
in emotion and garlanded with thoughts:
share with us, like unto fragmented bits
of tinsel confetti or silvery-speckled sand
in the briny breeze of life-catching sunlight
that reflects who you are in flowing words-
well-used tree-lined avenue of yesterdays

silent glow

silent glow

some things we overlook

summer streets

summer streets

branches of a tree

branches of a tree

promise

.

a husk, a shell that's fallen off
the back that bore it's long day
a struggle supreme to be released
redeemed from odious yesterdays

i gaze at this in stupefied wonder
and peer into the dusky swirls
of the distant pealing thunder
that offers a promise of new days

.

restless

Is remorse a prison to the soul
the sole utterance of reproach
that if not to myself be True
the possible best in life accrue

What if regret creeps on the morning
a thief stalking the shadow of dawn
as fresh from bare motive drawing
crystal arteries of a day that is new

or shall we allow the mind meander
let it's "work" find itself crowning
there in its core uncover simplicity
strip away a mournful state of heart

pact

would you
for the love of
me
tie this lace
upon a tree

when the wind
upon it blows
my heart
on yonder river flows

tidy gloomy trim

TRIM, slim, and shiny

I search and rummage

through the vanity

my nails all grimey

Trim claw-like integument

clip--clip-- snip and clip

get them all in shape

file them, keep them squared

TRIM, slim, and shiny

back into the vanity

the drawer is never tidy

my nails no longer grimy

long night

long night

penny for a lost thought

<https://imgur.com/a/7aa0dMN>

reminiscences

*memory is a child seen
and waiting to be heard*

outback

haiku

the budding senescent

~ imPRESSions ~

What's a decade here and there?

imPRESSions

read to your satisfaction

imPRESSions

Chatterton's redress

~ imPRESSions ~

with you

~ imPRESSions ~

new moon

~imPRESSions~

dangling carrot

~ imPRESSions ~

forsaking all else

~ imPRESSions ~

the other side of the coin

tossed in the upward of the downside
flips and turns, glinting in the sun
what will it be today, latch key kid?
as you step onto that creaking, broken
"home sweet home" frayed and faded
fading still

buffeted in the upper bunk of insomniacs
'dis funk sho n'all' can see what's coming
down its warren, rabbit holes abound
as you edge along a swinging tight wire
don't look down, sharps and broken glass
waiting still

scratches on top corners of empty pages
scribbles and riddles eventually forming
thoughts of a house Time won't ever build
shards spray and sparkle, catch waning light
fragmenting images take on moonlit flight
flying still

and the moon whispered

~ imPRESSions~

tempest

~ imPRESSions ~

that's a wrap

~ imPRESSions ~

thanks for the applause

~ imPRESSions ~

the insolent bystander

~ imPRESSions ~

waterfront solitude

~ imPRESSions ~

do you still remember

~ imPRESSions ~

non-elegy

~ imPRESSions ~

frequent flier

~ impressIONS ~

would-be people's queen

~ impressIONS ~

thicker than blood

~ impressIONS ~

impervious impermeability

~ imPRESSions ~

waning gibbous

~ imPRESSions ~

re(ad)writing poetry

~ imPRESSions ~

Hey! You bit my sandwich!

~ imPRESSions ~

live fed matins

~ imPRESSions ~

hands off that snooze button!

~ impressIONS ~

days of the living dead

~ impressIONS ~

come together a-poeting

come together a-poeting
in collegial harmony
and cast an olive branch
on needless animosity
therein find revelries of
that true marriage of minds

deep water treading

beautiful daughters, useful sons loophole lawyers slimy creative cons both work the system rather work with the system either that or tire and cramp floating adrift while deep water treading

darkside bright

~ imPRESSions ~

to be seen

~ exPRESSions ~

site timeout

when a timeout occurs
and all them eggs are in one basket
each and every one of them forget
unless on another one, poems stack;
no hope at all to get them back
just this day at the café for writers
throughout the day, timed out

behind each poem

~ imPRESSions ~

as the smoke clears

~ imPRESSions ~

and I try to be brave

~ imPRESSions ~

sunrising sunset

~ imPRESSions ~

star gazing

~ imPRESSions ~

take two

<https://youtu.be/1qDy4OMAgY>

~ imPRESSions ~

looking for a real bargain

~ imPRESSions ~

not to be messed with

~ imPRESSions ~

Paper Boat

~ imPRESSions ~

longing for summer showers

~ imPRESSions~

Strindberg Principle

~ imPRESSions ~

to be agreed

we will not always agree; that's the apogee
and we can always strive not to disagree disagreeably
when we agree to disagree agreeably; sweet perigee
are we agreed?

singularity

~| imPRESSions |~

until the next post

~ imPRESSions ~|

advance of the hermit of Chester (1066 A.D.)

~ imPRESSions ~

karaoke verse

~ imPRESSions ~

through the night

~ imPRESSions ~

licence to keel

~ imPRESSions ~

2/50 orchallenge

moloch's dagger

~ imPRESSions ~

rude regret

~ imPRESSions ~

a feather called MacAroni

~ imPRESSions ~

coaster poetry

~ imPRESSions ~

dare we open the windows bleak

~ imPRESSions ~

witless waxing

~ imPRESSions ~

toward-winter verse

~ imPRESSions ~

rail branches

~ imPRESSions ~

forgive me, pater

~ imPRESSions ~

main architect

~ imPRESSions ~

end of the month

It's placed on Amazon's kindle store in the UK;
The Writing Group, is more about poems
and thoughts that have been transcribed in a
poetic fashion while in the thick of participation at
and about Online Poetry.

https://www.amazon.co.uk/Writing-Group-Frederick-Kesner-ebook/dp/B0B8RNVQ7Q/ref=sr_1_1?crid=2KG04U9X3GUHQ&keywords=The+writing+group+kesner+frederick&qid=1667198103&s=digital-text&sprefix=the+writing+group+kesner+frederick%2Cdigital-text%2C397&sr=1-1

Your support is highly welcome & appreciated
and the attractive pricing is light on the pocket!

~ imPRESSions ~

falling leaves

~ imPRESSions ~

with you

~ imPRESSions ~

minding your portals

~ imPRESSions ~

seasonalities

~ imPRESSions ~

fill each unruled page

~ imPRESSions ~

in there somewhere was goodbye

~ imPRESSions ~

sea change

~ imPRESSions ~

asteriskos

~ imPRESSions ~

fallen

~ imPRESSions ~

muffly muppet

~ imPRESSions ~

transitions

~ imPRESSions ~

ode to Phillis Wheatley

~ imPRESSions ~

irreconcilably different?

~ imPRESSions ~

substacking

~ imPRESSions ~

where might you be?

~ imPRESSions ~

capricious recollections

~ imPRESSions ~

fastidious malignment

~ imPRESSions ~

skinned alive

~ imPRESSions ~

negotiable leave

~ imPRESSions ~

germinant style birthed

~ imPRESSions ~

new car

~ imPRESSions ~

benefit of drought

~ imPRESSions ~

ice fishing anyone?

~ imPRESSions ~

granny's steinway

~ imPRESSions ~

never led astray

~ imPRESSions ~

baggage claim delay

~ imPRESSions ~

antipolarity

~ imPRESSions ~

inimitable contrivances

~ imPRESSions ~

what i'm not saying

~ imPRESSions ~

crypticbard

~ imPRESSions ~

with John and Paul

~ imPRESSions ~

carillon

~ imPRESSions ~

eternally connected

~ imPRESSions ~

angel envy

~ imPRESSions ~

booth chill

~ imPRESSions ~

head gear all in poe

~ imPRESSions ~

there

~ imPRESSions ~

shapeshifting

~ imPRESSions ~

Mr Right

~ imPRESSions ~

not all that glisters is gold

~ imPRESSions ~

grand coterie

~ imPRESSions ~

I am not your cup of tea!

~ imPRESSions ~

silver threaded web

~?imPRESSions ?

aubade 2023

~ imPRESSions ~

a vantaged perch

~ imPRESSions ~

put a ring on it

~ imPRESSions ~

basted glow

~ imPRESSions ~

on the banks of the Oise

~ imPRESSions ~

the silent quill

~ imPRESSions ~

of resolute anticipation

~ imPRESSions ~

pygmalean ivory

~ imPRESSions ~

CBD

~ imPRESSions ~

once

~ imPRESSions ~

fee free

~ imPRESSions ~

commit to pen

~imPRESSions ~

Why do we trust in you?

~ imPRESSions ~

ever closer

~ imPRESSions ~

not to be messed with

~ imPRESSions ~

trinketry

~ imPRESSions ~

flowershop blather

~ imPRESSions ~

memorial garden

~ imPRESSions ~

pinch and a punch

~ imPRESSions ~

tongue in cheek

~ imPRESSions ~

peering and squinting

~ imPRESSions ~

inside out

~ imPRESSions ~

hidden valentine

~ imPRESSions ~

more than counting sheep

~ imPRESSions ~

star signed

~ imPRESSions ~

cure alls

~ imPRESSions ~

cursors and curses

~ imPRESSions ~

anthologizing

~ imPRESSions ~

within reach

~ imPRESSions ~

confrontational history

~ imPRESSions ~

your holy book or mine?

~ imPRESSions ~

wharfside reverie

~ imPRESSions ~

headstone mash

~ imPRESSions ~

no longer mine

~ imPRESSions ~

going, not gone

~ imPRESSions ~

supplication

~ imPRESSions ~

exist-inguished crises

~ imPRESSions ~

skyward

~ imPRESSions ~

church with no parishioners

no other quiet place to be had the noise held at abeyance for once a clear line of thought within an ocean that is quelled no other reason to escape to the hesitation means no mediation for once meditation brings relief within a garden that is well trimmed no other family to hold dear the abandonment our souls steer for once a soul stirs in anticipation within a crested grotto hemmed

~ imPRESSions ~

out of depth

~ imPRESSions ~

purple martin calling

~ imPRESSions ~

old soul

~ imPRESSions ~

chiseled out

~ imPRESSions ~

awkward footfalls

~ imPRESSions ~

battle and dream

~ imPRESSions ~

flight delayed

~ imPRESSions ~

drifting home

~ imPRESSions ~

murahachibu

~ imPRESSions ~

hanami

~ imPRESSions ~

stairs

~ imPRESSions ~

full stop

~ imPRESSions ~

seasonal diabetes

~ imPRESSions ~

life from home

~ imPRESSions ~

Kernou

~ imPRESSions ~

bedtime symphony

~ imPRESSions ~

come and get it

~ imPRESSions ~

pyrite-technic

~ imPRESSions ~

hearticulate

~ imPRESSions ~

luminaries

~ imPRESSions ~

lift

~ imPRESSions ~

summer breeze

~ imPRESSions ~

air quotes

~ imPRESSions ~

manstocity

~ imPRESSions ~

Johnnie Walker

~ imPRESSions ~

young love's shimmer

~ imPRESSions ~

we're living in a meridian world

~ imPRESSions ~

coronated

~ imPRESSions ~

Mumble, the cat

~ imPRESSions ~

plumbing depths

~ imPRESSions ~

wilderness calling, again

~ imPRESSIONS ~

bygones gone by

~ imPRESSions ~

giant's demise

~ imPRESSions ~

stars and gripes

~ imPRESSions ~

cannery row

~ imPRESSions ~

prehensile pledge

~ imPRESSions ~

first snow blues

~ imPRESSions ~

muse assistants

~ imPRESSions ~

fair go

~ imPRESSions ~

scare

~ imPRESSions ~

blessing

~ imPRESSions ~

leading you home

~ imPRESSions ~

a small night music disarray

~ imPRESSions ~

fare thee well

~ imPRESSions ~

a little poem?s wayfaring

~ imPRESSions ~

leap of faith

~ imPRESSions ~

always

~ imPRESSions ~

beats

~ imPRESSions ~

splice and sail

~ imPRESSions ~

empty bookends

~ imPRESSions~

to change

~ imPRESSions ~

mimesis by torchlight

~ imPRESSions ~

squelch

~ imPRESSions ~

pop goes resolve

~ imPRESSions ~

manicured thoughts

~ imPRESSions ~

door

~ imPRESSions ~

dancing koto

~ imPRESSions ~

good lad

~ imPRESSions ~

minutiae

~ imPRESSions ~

Faraday's lack

~ imPRESSions ~

weedkillers

~ imPRESSions ~

winter furnace

~ imPRESSions ~

new bloom

~ imPRESSions ~

break of dawn

~ imPRESSions ~

truest frame

~ imPRESSions ~

summer fête

~ imPRESSions ~

Oktoberfest

the next day

reading the room

each time you leave

~ impressIOns ~

Cemetery

~ imPRESSions ~

spend yourself

~imPRESSions ~

voice of one gone

~ imPRESSions ~

kitchen reverie

~ imPRESSions ~

absinthian reveries

~ imPRESSions ~

lone plumeria

~exPRESSions~

flamebuoyant

~ exPRESSions~

fly

~ imPRESSions ~

recital

~ exPRESSions ~

untimely demise

~ exPRESSEd ~

darkish hopefulness

~ exPRESSions ~

stick to it

~ exPRESSions ~

Spendthrift

~ exPRESSions ~

Promises

~ exPRESSions ~

of thunder and fire

~ exPRESSions ~

Pandanus

~ exPRESSions ~

a vantaged perch

~ exPRESSions ~

a thought out of joint

~ exPRESSions ~

Chatterton?s Redress

~ exPRESSions ~

smokescreen

~ exPRESSions ~

gingko tree

~ exPRESSions ~

Welcome to my limbo

~ exPRESSions ~

N-tropy

A year-end getaway
by air and land and sea:
may you N-joy, N-ergise,
N-corporate new found things;
return to us safely N-ervated
and keep away all form of N-tropy

pitcher plant

~ exPRESSions ~

until that day comes

~ exPRESSions ~

To Persephoné

~ exPRESSions ~

limbo

~ exPRESSions ~

Atacama symphony

~ exPRESSions ~

pareidolia

~ imPRESSions ~

wishful thinking

~ imPRESSions ~

Branches of a tree

~ imPRESSions ~

poetically breathe

~ exPRESSions ~

There be no poetry-by-numbers

~ exPRESSions ~

Pearly whites

~ exPRESSions ~

?teqsun?

~ exPRESSions ~

the only light

~ imPRESSions ~

lone light

~ exPRESSions ~

becoming keeper and herald

~ exPRESSions ~

unlimiting

~ exPRESSions ~

some things, we overlook

~ imPRESSions ~

think of me

~ exPRESSions ~

think of you

~ exPRESSions ~

think of others

~ exPRESSions ~

rosy cheeked

~ exPRESSions ~

long distance for now

~ exPRESSions ~

piano old

frost laced teeth of cracked leather
course through bare back thighs
frigid sheen of yellowed ivory
caress tentative fingertips
nose, cheek and ear
incline then enquire
old smell, old sound
ancient piano sing

sea sponge fraying

by the sea face in face
a child's visage open
fraught in fear, freedom and friendship
predators, salt, sand
waves crash, rocks cut
chest crushing breaths
from watery garden sea sponge plucked
beside shells and stones
by a farcical display
feigning, fawning, flaunting: fearful now
petulant sand in shoe
soaks nothing better
no return, no exchange