

On a Reach from Barstow to Ventura

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Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

*Dedicated to Shirley, beautiful and brave, conquering all that life can deal
with love, grace, humility, and determination. A model for any young woman to follow.*

Acknowledgement

To our cocker spaniels Hilary, Mandy and now Olivia...like family

I hear a certain cadence of a song these days, but heaven can wait while I stretch the clouds across my bed just a little longer and enjoy the hearth of a home and family, life's warmest blanket.

About the author

Clearly deranged individual and searching for
chocolate anywhere he can find it

summary

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Dice

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Deserted

Tire tread
gravels
the sand tissue
as asphalt
lipsticks
flesh warm ground.

Hills callous
on rusting skin,
like knuckles from
potter's hand,

while iron pressed
sun
creases your eyes.

Turquoise glass
fires
in eyebrow clouds
while the candle held
of you
melts the facial
in a rearview mirror.

Dice

Black

blurs into white

while lightning sketches

where you've been.

Ivory pages

oscillate

below case-hardened light,

as palm read

carbons

the fingerprint of dice.

Piano keys

compose into flight

intend towards the ground

and define.

Barstow Blues

Fire flys angle down asphalt in a sun wake
sand dries forever on faces by the almost green
of echoes owned in a pocket of
never mind
minded
Arriving in Barstow
a scorpion sky narrows
to island eyes
of coiled killed, ripe rattlesnaked.
How the desert scratches
The whiskers you keep
When the everywhere of nowhere drips

Escape

the cool currents of a turquoise finger painting melts the sun down
on us, as we
dogs from the backyard
for a first time
roll under the barbed wire the cactus in the garden
feet bared to the hillside of felt
like hands to glistening hair
we escape
steep hills to climb
the tree next door
stairs to an attic
heads bent to see wildflowers color these feet
at the top
hidden by branches
lost in old photos we turn slowly, underwater
in a tidepool
a lake rose
over the mountain, to sail, through the valley
with the sky
blending like trout to stream or hawk to cliffs
people pass below
like birds at dance on a shore
while leaves dream

Rainbow Drift

Like brief water
etches into blacktop

The eight to five
Of river drift
Writes into clay its cadence of thought
Driftwood strays to the swing of Blue
And Osprey cloud Sails
Into sand
Guitar streams tune the horizon
As still lifes' grip these canvas eyes
While breezes think
Among wind chimes
Song and senses
Sift away the edges
of crystal at rest with
a rainbow

Memories

Seagull stream
charts wings spanned clouds above lighthouse lean
As shoulders arch
To woolen breeze
Billowed brine grizzles
from the wince of jetty,
while marina mood dyes gray the dock's marrow
Memories of her breach from ocean's bathe
And feather a cradle of teak
From the lilt of mast and tendon, guitar grain splinters,
Eyelashes the canvas
And waterfalls to sea

Lost and Found

Hands without leaves
Wear bracelets of rain
Cars ride on waves
That retreat
Down the street's inlets
Broken guitar strings
Shimmer on sidewalks
That bend into green
Babies rock
In hopeful arms
By quilted fires
As small fingers dip
In a puddle of eyes
On doorsteps,
Untied shoelaces drag
Through the mud?
Find among the dirty windows of a sandbox
A toy, its face a wide smile
Just after the rain

Sundowner's Dream

Leaning in the doorway
branches reach for the breeze
to sweep the tide in my room.
While the sun moors
the light kindles in my room
then wanders into night.
You trace my thoughts
with leaves that roam through evenings
spread beneath the sky.
The cold of the streams of a violin
nearly freeze the trees,
as the bed begins to soothe
and the sun releases its lines.

Ventura

I hear the ocean's ruffle
That laces the shore
And the palm trees,
Designing the wind
I sift through the used sheet music
Of streets
That kiln dry within adobe elegance
And pie crust tile
Roses blink at me from tweed hillsides
On a Ventura reach to harbor's tend
Below a mission's stance
Waves manicure the sand
And discuss the tide
You and I
Secure the sunset ...define the calm
And invest the breeze

The Symphony

Sunset rehearses backstage
as porch swing prattle rosins the tender
of audience refrain
Grass stepping stones half note the family quilt
and fade into white wine's tone
As symphony paints the foreground
leaves handle the stars and resonate
to the ground
Stylus adheres
to the tune
of conductor
as violins antique
the theater wooden with composer intent
Emotions chord keyboards
to the throb
of baton
and composes you and I into Ventura

Special Delivery

Midnight at the four way and an asphalt stage turns the footlights red
Engine idle
drifts
like dial tone
under old light
to background vocals called by us
Negatives of you develop
in back pockets
while windows
let the breeze autograph our hair
First gear
pauses
in the synchronized mesh
as the moon
occurs
and the hospital focuses
Typecast in a movie
that reels
into a carbon paper sky
the thirty five millimeter of you
cries from our eyes into doctor's hands