

Anthology of Peter Gates

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

*This book is dedicated to those who love words and who use them to build literary worlds of wonder
and revelation.*

Acknowledgement

All those who have put pen to paper to express themselves in words - amateurs and professionals alike.

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Just a man, only that.

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a word picked unused
thrown away
bucket of tears full
words jumbled
choose one then other
shuffle them
mouth caress
spit into
sound no
not that one
pick caress another
spit again
bucket fuller
pick and taste
and spit til
hearing best
flow words
wonderous cacophony
rightness of being
words tasted
taken used
for love

Are You Missing Me

I miss you every day your work
Takes you away from me.
I feel as though a derelict
Upon a storm-tossed sea.
Though gone I feel your presence,
Though present you can't be,
For duty to your calling
Has taken you from me.
I try but there's naught that I can do
To call you home to me.
Why must I be that cursed ship
Tossed about on a windswept sea?
I need your arms about me,
Your sweet lips kissing me.
As you go about your day,
Are you missing me?

Can You?

Can you love me 'til my life is through?
Can you love me so when I am blue?
Can you love me as truly as you I do?
Can you love me as only I love you?
Can you love me?

Can you?

Will you?

Do!

reverie

reverie
damn reverie
awake
ache
in reverie
has love
gone
lost to me
cost to me
too great
bear more
less
thought
in reverie
of loves
return
to me
of she
damn reverie

The Seasons

Winter winds pile glistening white along the fences in the night.
Spring winds bring the rivers down from cloud filled skies above.
Summer winds bring rainbows arcing clear and oh so bright.
Autumn winds play in dancing paper leaves of color that I love.

There is nothing I hold so close and dear as the seasons of the year.
I see them pass through my window glass and marvel at their form.
I dream of home and hearth, of friends, of loves, of those held dear,
And worry not whether weather be of sunlit skies or my inner storm.

Our Love

A stream becomes a river that runs forever to the sea.
The sea becomes an ocean as it is predestined to be.
Our love will go on forever, no reason and no rhyme.
Our love will never wither until there's no more time.

An automobile cannot run a race without tires, oil and gas.
An eagle cannot soar so high sans winds in a mountain pass.
Our love can move itself on our hearts, and soul and will.
Our love can fly above the clouds with winds for flying still.

A road rock hard and endless always leads somewhere.
All storms upon the ocean a sailing ship must bear.
Our love survives the hardships that we ourselves oft make.
Our love can weather any storm and bend but cannot break.

once again

the hurt
no there
not idiot
deeper well inside
twisted blade
turned sideways cutting
screams not I
me I do
steer in abattoir transfixed
gone one blow
not I
release me
let me go
no
stand the pain
delicious hurt
lick wounds
understand comprehend
love comes
yet once
again

And the Fishes Flew

Not a house or friend I knew within my ken, within my view,
While having a cigarette at a roadside bench as I stopped to rest
From miles and miles of travel, destination somewhere west,
Near a sheltered, mountain lake of clearest glass-like crystal hue
Wherein wild geese made love and seemingly the fishes flew.

Being bolder, somewhat older, trespassed, sat on the shoulder
On a granite shore-side boulder. Thought I, who owns this place?
Could let nature take it over? Who could stop the modern race
To build parking lots and pave them over, making lives so much colder?
Would take a person of raw strength and courage, one much bolder.

I removed my socks and shoes, bared my toes and tried the water
As children do in summer heat. Was cold at first then pleasant, warm.
Picked flat pebbles from the shore and skipped them in that early morn
On lake-top clear as did my daughter as I showed her, as I once taught her.
As one time we, near crystal water, laughed as I chased and as I caught her.

My reverie over. Put on my socks and shoes. Walked in the morning dew
Back to my car, back to a journey that would take me far away that day.
Back to a life of travel, back to a life of journey through to pay my way.
I'll remember that quiet mountain lake of clearest glass-like crystal hue
Wherein wild geese made love and seemingly the fishes flew.

Was 7 Below Today

I got up, why I don't know,
At 1 am, looked out at snow.
Stood there with furrowed brow
Concerned that it was colder now.
Turned on the Weather Channel quick.
What I heard then made me sick.
I hated him, the Goddamn prick.
With science and guesswork that dick
With a smile then let me know,

Goddamn, it was cold,
Was 7 below.

As my wont when I get up
With cigarette, full coffee cup,
Left the house all bundled up.
Lit cigarette, sipped from my cup,
And in the cold, dark morning fair
I took a breath as I stood there.
Goddamn! Then realized I did not care
For cold, dark and icy morning air.
Again cursed the guy who let me know,

Goddamn, it was cold,
Was 7 below.

Someone said that I must leave
On this the eve of Christmas Eve.
Get out of town, don't cry or grieve,
Go somewhere warm where you can breathe.
But inside me my conscience plead
"Don't leave me and home in fear and dread,

For if you leave you'll be surely dead",
Is what that voice inside me said.
Stayed I, again cursed he who let me know,

Goddamn, it was cold,
Was 7 below.

anxiety

noise soundless
mind speaking
heard
hard thoughts new
evil a riot
crazy
insane
where she
is unknown lost
worry more
straight thinking
less
but no
lost not
the wire speaks
sustenance thrown
body weak
here
alive not lost
trash anxiety
trash worry
trash doubt
my love
returns
to me
lost not

A Lament on Living

Woke this morning in fear and trepidation
Of wrongness in my home, my own nation,
Where did the hopes, the faith, the pride
Go? Have we been lost? Have we died?
Where has joy in living gone? It's not here.
Why do I lament at the bar, cry in my beer?
Has living become somehow lost I pouted
With glass in hand as I looked and as I shouted
At those poor souls oppressed by hard living,
Drooping heads in hands and not really giving
A damn or care for others gathered hurting there?
I put my empty glass down. Stood, looked around.
Walked to swinging barroom door, homeward bound.
On sidewalk, paused outside and shook my head.
And realized that, yes, we were surely, truly dead.

Fly My Love

Fly my love, fly from me,
For some loves just shouldn't be
Confined within my heart by me
Forever yearning to be free.
I opened my heart and in you flew,
Not a home but a trap to you.
And there I held you so closely in my heart
You couldn't breathe or depart
From my heart in which I held you dear.
I heard your cries, my love, and I opened wide,
The door to my heart confining you inside,
Reached within and drew you out.
And with nary a care or a single doubt,
Held you skyward as you spread your wings
Into the breeze and flew and I then knew
To never lock my heart with love within again
As I watched you soar in joy from me.
And in my heart, that locked and shuttered door
Shall stay open evermore,
That one day, while soaring free,
You may choose to fly home to me.
So, fly my love, fly from me
That one day you may return to me.

Requiem

Yesterday I awoke to sunshine, warmth and joyful anticipation of lovers finally meeting.
Today it is snowing, it is cold, joyless and tear-filled that there shall never be a greeting,
Shall never be a joyous meeting and rapturous joining of hearts in love, for I am seeing
Only barren, endless, mile-deep glaciers of cold, blue ice atop and burying, concealing
The resting place of my broken heart, my soul, my love, the grave of my life and being.
Death lay me there, place my body top broken heart; epitaph "Here lies life lost meaning."
There let my dead body lie beneath blue glacier's ice, frozen soul ever and forever dying.

Me and You

A life in its prime met the aged one time
And love began to sprout anew.
With feelings remembered, so sublime,
Being the middle and end they knew,
Love could come to ancient and prime
And knock both their lives askew.
Neither condemned to live their time
In their solitude, so dark and blue.
Though separated by time, no crime,
And distance abhorred, but true,
They wrote of love, cost not a dime,
To the other, true love each knew.
Perhaps, the future, the passing of time,
Will permit them to meet. Me and you.

Life is Blessed

So many things in life are blessed.
A puppy's kiss, a woman's breast,
A warmed bed, an earned day of rest,
The sun that shines, an eagle's nest,
A fast-racing horse or two abreast,
Clouds playing tag on mountain crest,
A dove's call to her chicks in nest,
A pure soul revealed, undressed,
An A plus earned on a high school test.
As for me, I've kept close the best,
My love asleep, cheek on my chest.

On a Christmas Morn

I awoke on Christmas morn,
Alone again, and quite forlorn
For there was nothing left for me
Beneath my festooned Christmas tree

Waking up on a Christmas morn.

Bright lights a-twinkle, tinsel a-glitter
Decorations on each branch were fitter
For celebration of the holiday season,
Though for me no rhyme, no reason

To arise on a Christmas morn.

No Santa Claus, HoHo or chimney
Sadness only, so cold within me.
No mantle, no stockings hung with care
Made less of me than I could bear

Being up on a Christmas morn.

That a tear came to my eye
Was expected, and no surprise.
Loneliness gripped my beating heart
I could not move or play my part

In rising on a Christmas morn.

There was no one around to care
On whether I could stand or bear
My being alone, so alone with me.
In time, my soul will not once more be

Awakening on a Christmas morn.

But Christmas morn afternoon became,
When family with its cheer soon claim,
Of good food, company and all the crew
Drive away memory, the lonesome blue

Of rising lone on a Christmas morn.

gone no reason

hours

hours

hours

gone

absent

long

unexplained unknown

unbidden

worry angst

red hot ember

worry flames

she hurt

she injured

pain

call now

text

no not ever

perhaps never

abandoned

anger

pain rife

insane

hours

hours

hours

wordless textless hours

pass in vain

again

again

in pain

reasonless

reason less i

At The Premier

Limousines, burnished and polished bright,
Carry her this magic night.
Carpets of red and trimmed with gold
Every seat and ticket sold.

She steps lightly from carriage, the crowd reacts,
Slightly shocked, taken back.
Clad in sheer backless gown, that is slit so high
To display shapely leg and thigh.

Known for dressing at the forefront of fashion
Knows how to show and cash in
By framing her beauty in couture not common
Certainly, in a style not solemn.

The gown she wears may shock, does not detract,
But only frames and proves the fact
The casing be not the most celebrated thing,
But the beauty of the woman encased within.

Make a Choice

So if I enthrall you,
Come when I call you.
I will come to you,
Ask, I'll be with you.

Exists not a measure
In work or in leisure,
You are my pleasure,
My intimate treasure.

I'm calling you now.
Come to me now.
Or beckon me now,
To be with you now.

My call stands forever,
Is yours perhaps never?
Make a choice of either,
Choose one, choose neither.

Why is forever

Why is forever so forever?
Why is love forever never?
Hearts? Why broken ever?

The light you gave to chase the night and shadows from my sight
Is gone, snuffed out, no longer bright and darkness steals in tonight.
My heart no longer beats in steady rhyme or paced syncopated time
With yours. Have we perverted our love, made of it a heinous crime?
Simon and Garfunkel may sing of parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
But songs of love gone wrong are unwanted, no reason and no rhyme.
I want you back, I need you back. I love you so with all my might.
Come drive shadows and the night from about me, hold me tight.
Draw my shattered pieces together with your love, make me right.

Love Within a Stocking

Candycanes, and mistletoe
Ornaments and gifts with bows,
Garlands criss-crossing drooping boughs
And all the lights a-glitter now.

All speak to the family, dear,
That again Christmas is here.

PJ'ed children excited dance
Not by chance or happenstance
About the tree as though entranced,
To stockinged mantel cast a glance.

With no caution, fear or shame
They can tell that Santa came.

On seeing stockings filled with toys
For all the youngsters, girls and boys,
Rock candy, ribbons, and other joys,
Fill each stocking for girls and boys.

Then expectantly to tree they leap
And devour gifts left in a heap.

Ribbons cut and paper torn.
Parents gladdened, not forlorn
That no angry words were sworn
By their children that Christmas dawn.

It then ended as though foresworn
Peace on earth that Christmas morn.

But wait, there on mantel, sad and blue

Another stocking hung for me askew.
And though I wondered, soon I knew
For there within, was love, from you.

heart searching

heart searching
broken
battered
regret I alone
nothing mattered
on cheek
a tear
slowly rolls to fall
to floor of mosaic
my god so prosaic
inane senseless tragic
she left hurried
not caring or worried
favor uncurried
from He
for me
alone with myself again
house not a home again
so so alone again
heart searching

That Dying Heart

There's a shattered, broken part
Of someone's rent and dying heart,
Bring hammers, nails and screws to use
To repair, not worsen or abuse,
That broken part,
That dying heart.

For today I had played a part,
Turned uncaring from that dying heart,
For I in unfairness, brazenly used
Words in anger and words abused,
And broke a part
Of that dying heart.

I learned then to never play a part
Breaking or creating a dying heart.
I found a chart of many glues to use
To repair things broken and abused
To fix that broken part
Of a rent and dying heart.

Learn to never in anger burst apart
Or shatter or break a dying heart.
Learned I then, no tools or glues
Or none else can be ever used
To full repair a broken part
Of a shattered dying heart

Before Chat

If we had met in times before,
We would have been us no more.
We would not have seen each other's light.
As a black cat in a coal mine at deep midnight
Unnoted, unseen, and out of sight,
Would have better seen than we that night.
The wrong of unknowing that open door,
I wordlessly held for you, told the score.

No you. No I. No we. No more

Missing You on Christmas

Cold snowflakes swirl and glitter bright
And fall like autumn leaves, so light,
To encoat the earth with blankets white,
Then, my friend, you will know the plight
Of missing a love on a Christmas night.

It's the very time of year, it is oft said,
To nestle warm in comforted bed,
To sleep and dream of lives well lead.
Think not of all past loves, instead
Dream of loving now, not dread.

Dream of Christmas puddings, dark and pale,
Of stockings hung bursting on the rail,
Of presents bought, and of loves regale.
For one of these days I shall cry and wail
For my lost true love and tell you my tale.

A Day in My Life

Every day, I thank my God above
For you, my one and only love,
Time to time.

In mornings when I wake-up
It's thoughts of you that take-up
All my time.

In the day, my thinking of you
Compels my heart to beat too,
All in time.

In evenings, while cooking in my pan,
I consider myself the luckiest man
In my time.

At night, as I lay down and sleep-in
Loving dreams of you just creep in,
Every time.

Every day when we're together
Your love serves as my bellwether
All the time.

If

If you want me,
Take me.
If you need me,
Heed me.
If you love me,
Hold me.
If you desire me,
Kiss me.

Do these for me
As I do for you,
You will have me
Loving you.

In My Dreams

We have only touched and kissed
In my dreams.
My need and want of you expressed
In my dreams.
My love preserved, like flower pressed,
In my dreams.
My emotions bare, raw and undressed,
In my dreams.
You smile and praise, I am impressed
In my dreams.
Cause my heart to beat within my chest
In my dreams.
These things done as I sleep and rest
In my dreams.
So it seems.

Woman

To hold a woman, makes man a king
To be kissed by her, a blessed thing,
To be loved by her, everything.

Sleep Well

Close your eyes.
Turn out the light.
Your pillow lies
Within your sight.
Lay weary head
On it just right.
In blanketed bed,
Sleep well tonight.

Two Lovers

Once were two lovers, Pete and Cate,
Never met nor had a date.
Caught forever in this sad state,
Could never touch or kiss or mate,
Yet lovers were they, Pete and Cate.

This, to others, seemed a tragic fate to befall those lovers, Pete and Cate, who tried but failed to meet, to kiss, to touch of late in a distant, far off state where lovers were taken to swear their fate. But not our lovers, Pete and Cate. Instead they had to change the date of meeting in that far off state. Postponed their secret rendezvous, almost too late, to ever meet and consummate their love.

Their names yet there still resonate,
Our star blest lovers, Pete and Cate,
For in that distant, that far off state,
They could touch, and kiss, and mate
For beating hearts can never ever wait.

It's strange, folks have said of late, that they arranged and set the date to meet each other in that far off state. Could it be that something great had guided them there by chance innate? Could it be that our Pete and Cate were drawn there by the hand of fate? Who knows? Who cares more at this late date, most certainly not our Pete and Cate who meet there to consummate their love.

A Wish for Animals

Three animals raped a beautiful, young friend of mine the other day.
They knew not what they did while with her they had their way.
She recently had an operation for uterine cysts, five weeks to the day.
She bled, and bled, and bled, and bled. They almost took her life away.
Through His gift of modern medicine, the docs kept the grim reaper at bay.
They were not apprehended. They escaped. They were not made to pay.
As the animals they were, without a conscience or care as they had their way,
They left her, offered no care, laughed, cared not and did not deign to stay.
As retribution for their actions, I wish He grant them the gift of humanity today.
Grant them a conscience, and constant sorrow, constant tears, make them lay
Sleepless, tortured by the memory of what they did to another human that day.
Grant them long, endlessly restless lives. Grant them no respite. For that I pray.

Meeting Annie

Met her in a shaded wood,
Raven hair, flaxen, waxen,
Over almond eyes, dark and bright.
Above unsmiling lips of red.
I pondered whether I could or would
Approach her, or even should.

Unsmiling, she
Stood alone there,
With almond eyes, raven hair
Head turned to me,
Red lips parted, still unsmiling,
Yet so beguiling.

And I there, smiling.

On Memorial Day

Fifty-three years ago, in an eastern land I know, there was a war.
I was there, so I remember those I know, and those in memory store.
Forgotten? No, no, Many lie in places low, unremembered in lore
Lying under crosses row on row, David's stars, crescent moons or more.

In places I know, places where flowers grow, in memories I well know,
They'll lie below, and with time passing now, we comrades will join them so
Those living will now, if the fates allow, lie beside those they knew and know,
Soon there, you know, will not be comrades, no, none left to join them below.

There's a place I know, names engraved just so, in columns and row on row
In granite, carved blow by blow, for those who I know, who died there in throe.
To those still living now, be aware that they know, each name among the thou
Is one and alone though in the crowd, you know. All die alone then and now.

A special day comes now, those with memories in tow, will celebrate and know
Those who gave their lives so, deserve a deep bow, and because of them we do.
Remember those gone now. Those living who know also rate a heart-felt bow,
Celebrate those gone now and those who shall follow. Celebrate them now.

A Memorial Day Tribute

Each, unremembered.

All, unforgotten.

Woman Locked

A woman (beautiful, wanted, needed), as you can see,
Is gloriously personified and so desired by not only me
But by all who see her beauty, as only she alone can be.

Eyes alone can only see the exquisite surface of her, of she.
For vision depends on her reflected light, and that flies free.
Don't think that the image reflected is her, that's only maybe,

For she adorns and decorates herself, as everyone can see.
But beyond and deeper within, locked inside, her thoughts be.
Locked down within, as is her appearance, concealed from me.

Would I had a bar of soap, washcloth, and that damned lock's key.

Raccoon in the Attic

I was somewhat in a panic. There's a raccoon in my attic.
Tappity-tap-tap, nails on floor boards, something abhorred.
Hav-A-Heart trap in the attic too, unused, not once abused.
Raccoons in younger years I thought so cute and adored.
I sit here now, listening, hearing pitter-patter, not a bit frantic.
Just idly thinking to bait the trap, now calm, away goes panic.
Maybe tomorrow I will deal with the critter. Today lazy, bored.
Of procrastination I am guilty, found so as myself I accused.

Not Yet Found

We're poor actors on a stage.
We play no part as best we can.
I have nothing left but rage,
Searching for an honest man.

A Soldier's Life

Born here.

Lived and loved.

Died there.

Too young.

Small Pleasures

Morning, post brush and shave
With towel over shower door,
Face wet from rinsing's lave,
I put head on towel on door.
Instant was the relief it gave.
Can not ask for much or more
Then than head on towel on door.

Good Morning

Arise in awe of the dawn for the sun rises to bathe you in the warmth of its rays and lights your path through your life today.

As you walk it, pause often to regard its beauty, the rainbow of flowers along your path,

The dancing of the leaves in the trees, the music of the breeze causing them to dance,

The stars twinkling out as the blue of the dawn sky blankets them and puts them to bed for the day,

And the smell of your freshly brewed coffee tickling your nose.

Life is to be enjoyed, take the time to do so.

Walk your path in safety, good health and love for life's wonder today.

Walk it with joyous awe, walk it with love, walk it in love.

Don?t Search for Love

In searching for love
You're wasting your time.
For love is elusive
And ever abusive
To those craving love.
A shame and a crime.

Love will see though you,
Avoid and elude you,
Come not to your calling,
It will always be stalling
And never come calling
To enthrall and amuse you.

Love hates being ignored.
Dislikes being bored
By those not having any,
Not paying a penny
For it nor cares of the many
With love on board.

Show that you care not,
And don't need it a lot.
Will make it most curious,
Mad and most furious
With desire not spurious.
It wonders, "Why not?"

Then matters not what you do,
It will surprise and come to you

The Light Went Out

The light went out of life for me.
Lost love. Lost desire. Lost poetry.
Lost all I had that made me me.
But have found new love now, fortunately.
Hope shines brighter daily and now I see
I only faltered, stumbled temporarily.
Didn't really lose and I shall be
Back here, inspired, unencumbered, free.